The Outlook

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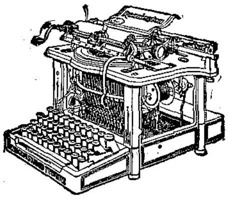

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The Outlook

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President Roosevelt on Trusts The President's New England trip reached its culmination of interest in the speech delivered on Monday of last week before an audience of nearly five thousand people at Boston. Like the address at Providence, on which we commented at some length last week, that at Boston was concerned almost solely with trusts and the relation of the Nation and the State to great industrial combinations. These two utterances by the President form an important contribution to the discussion of what seems certain to be for some time to come a foremost issue. In view of this fact The Outlook will, in its next issue, reproduce for careful reading and permanent preservation the text of these two speeches in a revised and complete form. Pending that publication, we need only call attention to a few of the more striking points in Mr. Roosevelt's Boston speech. At the outset he disclaimed all desire to present a patent cure for trusts, and expressed his firm belief in the theory that in the long run the average man will do the right thing, and that, not hysterical excitement, but the average good sense, applied continuously to public questions, will deal rightly with such questions. "It is worse than useless," he said, "for any of us to rail at or regret the great growth in industrial civilization of the last half-century. The practical thing to do is to face the conditions as they are and see if we cannot get the best there is in them out of them." And the direct application which followed was equally clear:

> I am far from being against property when I ask that the question of trusts be taken up. I am acting in the most conservative sense in property's interest. When a great corporation is sued for violating the anti-trust law, it is not a move against property; it is a move in favor of property, because when you can make it evident that all men, big and small alike, have to obey the law, you are putting the safeguard of law around all men.

The best safeguard, President Roosevelt declared, lies in giving such power to the National Legislature (by Constitutional amendment, if necessary) as will make it possible for Congress to enact good laws about trusts for the whole country—such laws, for instance, as Massachusetts has on its statute-books, applicable only, of course, to that State—with such additional regulation and supervision as may seem needful, wise, and Constitutional. "Publicity as to the essential facts in which the public has an interest" would cure many evils. The present Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, could be relied on to enforce such laws as Congress has made, but they must be broadened and strengthened; "at present we are going to do the best we can with strawless bricks, but remember they are bound to be strawless." Moreover, added the President impressively, in conclusion:

> Wise laws can do something, and we are not to be excused if we fail to insist upon those wise laws. Honest administration of the laws can do something more, and still less are we to be excused as a people if we condone or connive at a failure to administer the laws by the public servants of the people. As those laws have been enacted, after they have been enforced it will remain true here in this country, as has been true in every country throughout history, that the fundamental factor in each man's success in life must be that man's own character—the total sum of the qualities of truthfulness, earnestness, energy, thrift, and business ability on his part.

⁂

European Comment on Mr. Roosevelt's Speeches America's principal commercial clients, England and Germany, have naturally been quick to comment upon the spirit of President Roosevelt's speeches regarding trusts. The English comment has in general been as favorable and intelligent as the German comment has been unintelligent and unfavorable. Almost without exception the London press pays tribute to the President for his courage in speaking on the trust question in a region where he might reasonably expect to find opposition to his ideas. It does not fail to point out that Mr. Roosevelt appeals from what is described in England as "a capitalistic caucus" to "the electorate at large" on the question of bringing vast commercial combinations under National control. The London "Telegraph" considers that "the Presidential pronouncement upon trusts may prove within the next two months to have raised the most epoch-making issue in American politics since Mr. Bryan's schism on silver." The "Standard" declares that "the definition given by Mr. Roosevelt of the position which commercial combinations ought to occupy is precisely what is expected of a man of the President's temperate, logical mind," but adds that "the suggestion of governmental supervision of capitalistic rings is admirable in theory, although it is not easy to surmise how it can be made operative." The "Pall Mall Gazette" says: "President Roosevelt's pronouncement leaves no doubt that he intends at least to scotch some of the leviathan enterprises which are deleterious to the general community. At the same time he is too wise to ignore the fact that the tendency of commerce is in the direction of a concentration of forces and that this force needs guidance and not blind opposition." Only two German editorial opinions have been telegraphed. The Berlin "Post" declares that "Germany, indeed all Europe, must be on its guard against the American trust danger," while the "Kreuz-Zeitung" foolishly declares that "American arrogance is directed not only against Germany, but against all Europe. This arrogance is the outgrowth of the Puritanical belief in the United States' God-given mission and its own invulnerable position."

❀

The Coal Strike A most important development in the discussion as to the rights of miners, owners, and the public was last week contributed in the utterances of ex-Mayor Hewitt, President John Mitchell, and Justice Shiras. These utterances we quote and comment upon in an editorial on another page. In the actual events of the strike the week saw no decisive gain on either side, while both continue to assert that only the complete surrender of the other can end the struggle, and that such a surrender is near at hand. There has been some increase in the number of men working for the operators in certain mines, some washeries have been reopened, and there has been a little actual mining of coal. It is to be again recorded, unhappily, that violence and bloodshed have followed this activity; the best friends of the striking miners, including their recognized leaders, are the most earnest in denouncing all kinds of violence, while maintaining the right of the strikers to influence strike-breakers by persuasion and argument. In West Virginia, where the disorder has been greatest, an entire regiment of militia is in the field, and it is reported that guards have been fired at and attempts made to derail cars containing soldiers; several men have been injured more or less seriously. General Gobin, of the Pennsylvania militia, has issued orders to the officers in command of the troops in the Panther Creek region, where there have been serious disturbances, no longer to permit insults or assaults on the soldiers to pass without arrest, and to fire to hit if necessary.

❀

Navy vs. Coast Defense The great war game which is now going on at the eastern entrance to Long Island Sound is not simply or chiefly a spectacular performance. In no other way could officers and men of both army and navy become acquainted practically with some of the conditions and emergencies that might occur in a real war. Nothing of this kind has before been undertaken in this country, and the annual maneuvers of the British navy, although conducted on an extensive and imposing scale, have not, we believe, been combined with simultaneous movements on the part of the army. The problem which is now being worked out is, in its essential points, the determination of the question whether it is possible for Admiral Higginson's fleet to pass, by surprise or force, through the defenses which guard Long Island Sound, the land forces being under command of Major-General MacArthur. If the attempt is successful, the road to New York City would be open, although, when the vicinity of the city is reached, there are of course very important defenses to be considered. Both the War Department and the Navy Department have been engaged in unremitting labor for months preparing for this mimic contest. An elaborate and complicated system of rules and directions has been adopted which will govern the judges in determining what points have been won or lost by each of the contending parties. Broadly speaking, a strong enemy's fleet, without torpedo-boats, is supposed to make a sudden dash upon the eastern end of Long Island, with the hope of securing a naval base by making a landing. It is expected that day attacks and night attacks will take place. It is possible that Newport or New Bedford may be a point of attack, although the more probable course will be to force a passage between two of the islands—Fisher's Island, Plum Island, and the other fortified islands or sand-bars which form a chain between the northeast end of Long Island and the southwest coast of Rhode Island. Here there are only two safe channels, and these are guarded by Fort Wright and Fort Michie, both of which are furnished with the finest possible searchlights and coast-defense artillery, while they have lately been crowded with military reinforcements. An interesting part in the operations will be played by the Signal Service, which has established a marvelously complete network of telegraph and telephone wires, heliographs, and other visible signals for night and day, wireless telegraphic instruments, and even balloons. The actual maneuvers began on Monday, and the time set for their completion is ten days.

* * *

The Reform Administration and New York Charities

Inasmuch as New York City spends as much for charities as all the other cities in the United States combined—five million dollars a year, out of a total of ten millions for all places with more than four thousand people—the manner in which its charities are administered is of more than ordinary interest. At the beginning of his administration last January Mayor Low put this important department in charge of Mr. Homer Folks, who had for several years been the Secretary of the State Charities Aid Association, and had won a National reputation among experts in this field. Mr. Folks was, however, something more than an expert, and he has avoided the besetting sin of this class—contempt for popular criticism—by giving personal attention to every suggestion or complaint that has come to the department from any quarter, provided it was not made anonymously. Many of the complaints, the Commissioner reports, have proven groundless; but their investigation has thrown new light upon conditions and led to improvements. But these changes have been merely incidental to much larger ones that have been inaugurated. The most important of these, perhaps, is the improvement in the food supplied. In Tammany's efforts to economize, this had been reduced in quantity and quality below the standard required for the proper nourishment of the sick and aged. Commissioner Folks has increased by one-fourth the amount of beef furnished, and has added butter, prunes, oatmeal, and several other articles to the dietaries of the city's dependents. The claim that the "reformers" are less "good to the poor" than Boss Tweed and his successors will have little to stand upon at the close of this administration. A second change of hardly less importance to the health of the city's dependents has been the rapid concentration of all consumptives in a special hospital. A third change of the same order has been the extension of the plan of boarding tiny children in private families instead of attempting to care for them in great institutions. The appalling death-rate among the foundlings, which reached nearly one hundred per cent. at Randall's Island a few years ago, has been reduced to about fourteen per cent. This change from institutional to family care, however, it is only fair to say, was inaugurated under the old régime. To reduce the expenditures of the department, more carefully drawn bids have been required, more efficient management has been introduced in the almshouse bakery, women nurses have been substituted for men, servants on public payrolls but assigned to duty in officers' houses have been dropped, able-bodied epileptics have been required to do farm work or accept discharge, the rolls of children cared for at public expense in private institutions have been overhauled, and in general the responsibility of able-bodied parents for the care of their children has been enforced as it has not been before. This principle of parental responsibility, it may be said, is less regarded in New York City than anywhere else in the United States. Indeed, New York is in this respect more like a European city than an American one. In English cities, according to Professor Fairlies's new book on "Municipal Administration," poor relief costs more than the schools; in New York it costs between one-third and one-half as much. In the rest of America it costs less than one-sixth as much. The American ideal is that educational opportunities should, so far as possible, be distributed upon the Socialistic basis, "To each according to his need," but that material support should, so far as possible, be distributed upon the individualistic basis, "To each according to his deed."

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Mr. Hill on the Mississippi River So many newspaper interviews with eminent persons have been printed that to fastidious people interviews nowadays have become slightly monotonous reading. There are two men, however, who rarely grant an interview to a newspaper reporter which does not elicit attention from all readers. These men are Mr. Abram S. Hewitt and Mr. James J. Hill. Interviews with both were published in last week's papers. Mr. Hewitt's interesting statements we chronicle elsewhere. Mr. Hill's had reference to the opportunities and needs of American trade with Asia. As we have to send our products across but one ocean, whereas England and Germany must needs cross two in order to reach Asiatic ports, Mr. Hill predicts that the lion's share of Pacific Ocean commerce will come to us, first, because of our natural advantages, and, second, by reason of our Yankee acuteness and enterprise. The population of the Orient with which we might trade constitutes, he declares, about half of the population of the entire earth. Now, says he, "the shortest and cheapest route from our cotton-fields to the Orient is by the way of Puget Sound." In this Mr. Hill does not speak altogether as a philanthropist: he is naturally influenced to advertise the advantages of his transcontinental railways with their Western termini on Puget Sound, where the great steamers of his Pacific line receive their cargoes. Again, as Mr. Hill's personal interests would not seem to be furthered by the building of an Isthmian Canal, we are not surprised to learn that, while he would not oppose the canal's construction, even at the cost of half a billion dollars, in his opinion, as reported, the sum of forty million dollars spent in deepening the Mississippi River between New Orleans and St. Louis would yield better ultimate results. It must be borne in mind that the vast system of railways which he now controls has St. Louis as its southernmost terminal. Mr. Hill's individual benefit aside, it is true that the South is of all the regions of this country the one most needing commercial advantages. Even with the present inadequate transportation facilities the Oriental markets alone are absorbing every year ten million dollars' worth of our cotton goods. These markets have counted for much in the increase from a six-million-bale crop twenty years ago to the present ten-million-bale crop. We may reasonably expect at least an equal increase in the decades to come, and very likely the increase may be as prodigious as is predicted by optimists. In any event it will need greater water and railway transportation advantages. While the piercing of an Isthmian Canal will mean incalculably much and is a vital necessity, a comprehensive scheme of Mississippi River improvement would greatly benefit not only our principal Southern industry, but many others.

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Affairs in Cuba If press despatches from Havana are to be believed, the resignation of the Cuban Minister of Agriculture, Señor Terry, is only one indication of a lack of harmony between the Administration and Congress. The cause assigned for the resignation is Señor Terry's conviction that his plans for aiding Cuban agriculture have been blocked by the radical element in Congress. He was generally regarded as one of the most energetic and capable members of the Cabinet, and his withdrawal undoubtedly weakens President Palma's political position. Critics of Cuban affairs intimate that the basic trouble in the relations between the President and the Congress lies in the fact that Señor Palma, having been supported as a candidate for the Presidency by both of the important political parties, belongs to neither, while his Ministry is a combination of members of both parties. It is affirmed by these critics that for this reason the parties in Congress divide only on personal and not on political and legislative questions, and that it would be better if what one paper calls Señor Palma's "almost angelical independence" were abandoned and he were openly to stand with one or the other. It must be recognized, however, that the position of the first President of a new Republic is an anomalous one. It would be a matter for wonder if no political difficulties were to appear, and we see nothing in the facts as so far developed to indicate that the tact and patriotism of President Palma will not prove equal to the task before him.

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Victor Emanuel III. Last week King Victor Emanuel III. of Italy arrived at Potsdam and Berlin on a visit to the German Emperor. The King has been promoting closer commercial relations with France, and, as regards Russia, has both improved dynastic relations and has made his first visit as monarch to the Czar. William II. finds himself, therefore, compelled to take special notice of Victor Emanuel's visit to Berlin; he met the King at the station, and repeatedly embraced him; the Imperial princes, the Chancellor of the Empire, and others were present; at the royal table the King sat between the Emperor and the Empress; the decorations of Potsdam and Berlin were on a magnificent scale; there was a splendid military pageant, and the Kaiser, in his speech, called attention to the fact that friendship between Germany and Italy had now endured for three generations. The young King may well be proud of such recognition, due largely to himself. He has shown both independence of judgment and force in action since he came to the throne. He understands perfectly that Germany's relations with Italy are, first of all, commercial; and he has insisted that the Triple Alliance should be renewed without an obligation to special military burden on the part of any one of the signatory Powers. Moreover, between Germany and Italy there are no hereditary resentments such as still exist between Austria and Italy. It is in these latter relations that the Triple Alliance has been a power for peace; but for it, interruptions of peace might have taken place, and in spite of it Italy may ere long peacefully regain the Trentino province, now belonging to Austria. In truth, the King of Italy is a kind of balance between the Triple and Dual Alliances. Belonging to one, his relations with the partners of the other are so increasingly close that he occupies an enviable position, and may regard himself as a kind of arbiter between the two rival trusts of the European continent. That he does so regard himself is indicated in his praiseworthy desire to introduce economies in the direction of disarmament. It has been persistently reported, and not denied, that, aside from his wish to pay visits of courtesy to the Emperors of Russia and Germany, he also wished to see them in order to propose a reduction in Continental armaments. It is understood that from the Czar he has received every encouragement, and that he visits William II. with Russia's support in this special matter. Furthermore, the young King has taken this step on his own initiative; it is his personal act, and not his Government's; but in it he has the undoubted sympathy of the Italian Parliament, which realizes perfectly that the maintenance of a huge army is a more crushing burden for Italy than for the four other Powers represented in the two alliances. In his mission, therefore, Victor Emanuel is serving at once his own country and all Europe.

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The Italian Mafia Mr. Sedgwick's article in The Outlook for August 30 on the Musolino trial at Lucca, Italy, calls attention to another and in some ways more important trial just concluded at Bologna. In 1876 Emanuele Notarbartolo was appointed Director-General of the Bank of Sicily, a position which he owed not only to his honesty and business capacity, but also because he was expected to be courageous in protecting the bank against the peculations of certain officials. His signal success in this special work naturally aroused the enmity of those who wished to misuse the bank, and in particular of one Palizzolo, who secretly plotted against Notarbartolo, and, by an outrageous twisting of bank documents, finally elicited from the Board of Directors a vote of censure against the Director-General. Signor Notarbartolo did not resign, however, as he felt his conscience clear. In order to get him out of the way, Palizzolo then invoked the offices of the Mafia, that famous or rather infamous Sicilian secret society which has undermined the morals not only of the island but also of much of the Peninsula itself. Thus armed, Palizzolo appealed to Prime Minister Crispi to depose Notarbartolo from the directorship of a Government bank; and the Premier, a Sicilian, who knew perfectly well the mighty power which lay behind the request, basely sacrificed the man of integrity to the false witness of a thief. Crispi appointed Palizzolo's nominee Director-General, and from this time forth the bank was gradually looted by the Mafia, until finally those of Notarbartolo's friends who were still in the Directory petitioned Parliament to order an inquiry. The Government dared not refuse, and it uncovered an unsavory history. Notarbartolo's name was again in every one's mouth, and it was thought that he must inevitably be reinstated, when, in 1893, all Italy was shocked at the news of his murder.

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Justice in Italy The Government arrested certain persons on suspicion of having committed the crime, and would have arrested others but for the fact that most of the police were found to be in the Mafia's pay. The very persons who were arrested were encouraged at their trial, when the witnesses against them faltered in testifying—as was only natural at the thought of certain and terrible vengeance from the Mafia. The Government itself actually transferred magistrates and otherwise paltered with the course of justice. The trial dragged discouragingly. If others were terrified, there was one witness, however, for the prosecution, namely, Notarbartolo's son, a young army lieutenant, who worked body and soul, day and night, towards an unmasking of the murderers. With infinite pains he collected and sifted evidence until all the circumstances leading up to the dreadful deed stood out clear as daylight. Then he transmitted his zeal to those whom he begged to testify. They did so, and at the psychological moment Lieutenant Notarbartolo appeared and capped the climax of testimony with such intimate and compelling knowledge that the Court actually convicted Palizzolo and his accomplices. As capital punishment does not exist in Italy, the men were sentenced each to thirty years' penal servitude. Thus ends a nine years' trial. In its progress the Government has summoned about twenty-one hundred witnesses, involving a total expense of nearly a million dollars. This trial and that of Musolino may be the death-blow to a worse than mediæval tyranny; they ought correspondingly to encourage the administration of justice throughout Italy. At all events, not only the Government at Rome, but every individual Italian, will feel a certain sense of relief from what has been an intolerable secret domination.

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The British Academy King Edward VII. has just granted a charter for the incorporation of the British Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological Studies. The petition for the charter was signed last January by fifty-one eminent persons, of whom Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the historian, Lord Acton, the erudite authority on history, and the Rev. A. B. Davidson, the Hebrew scholar, have since died. In the opinion of many, the petitioners made one mistake: instead of asking for a chartered Society, they asked for a chartered Academy, thereby occasioning much popular confusion of thought. Through the brilliant history of that literary oligarchy, the Académie Française, the word "academy" has come to mean in many countries a kind of official aristocracy of letters. Thus so apparently slight, after all, has been the influence in England of the word in connection with the time-honored work in the domain of art of the British Royal Academy! The specification in the title of the studies to be promoted shows at once, however, that the new organization seeks no comparison with what we know as the French Academy, but rather with those affiliated French academies which compose the Institute of France. As a scientific body, then, the British Academy should be of undoubted value. It will deal with facts and with obvious matters of competency or incompetency. In its three departments it will establish a higher standard of scholarship; it will both co-ordinate and concentrate research. While the dream of Matthew Arnold and others for a British literary authority is not yet realized (and it could never be realized in England as in France), it is, nevertheless, a rather felicitous accident that a certain connection with literature is established at the outset by four members of the new Academy; for a more permanent place in the world of letters than in the world of history seems to be assured to Lord Rosebery, while literature pure and simple, rather than mere biography, has apparently been the gainer through the work of Mr. Morley and Sir Leslie Stephen; and Mr. Balfour's place in literature also seems more distinguished than his place in metaphysics. Though British historical, philosophical, and philological scholarship is adequately represented in the membership of the Academy, it is unfortunate for its influence in one department—philosophy—that the most eminent among English philosophers, Mr. Herbert Spencer, must be omitted from the new academicians, owing to the great scholar's habitual refusal of all honors.

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Church and State in France

A notable contribution towards elucidating the problem of Church and State in France is the just published letter from the Bishop of La Rochelle, a prelate at once liberal and far-sighted. His letter is remarkable, first of all, because he indulges in no recrimination, nor even lamentations. Instead, he recommends to all an entire resignation to the will of the Government. However, since grievous misunderstandings have arisen between Church and State in France, and will always arise, the Bishop formally demands that they be separated. He declares truly that each loses in dignity and in prestige in these continually renewed quarrels. While a concordat between them exists, it can be abrogated if both parties agree. The Bishop's letter will not be pleasant reading to many of his co-religionists, even to some of those who would see Church and State separated, for, while they might consent to a separation of the two bodies, they would hardly forego the financial support which comes from the State. They would affirm that in 1789 the Church in France was outrageously despoiled, and that the *Constituante*, or Parliament, in decreeing that ecclesiastical property was henceforth at the nation's disposition, made itself guilty of theft, hence it is but just that, even in case of separation, the State should still contribute its present large annuity to the Church.——Another comment is from the pen of ex-Abbé Bourrier, now the editor of the "Chrétien Français." In a recent number of that paper he also protests against the continuance of the present partnership between the Church and State, and, in particular, says that the present conflict in France is but the battle of the mediæval against the modern spirit. This has been caused, not by the priests, but by the monks; the work of the latter, so far as it conflicts with republican loyalty, must be destroyed. Many French monks have been only "the exploiters of religion." M. Bourrier warmly resents the charge of MM. Brunetière, Charmes, and others that the Government's recent action had at its base an opposition to religion itself; and he quotes Premier Combes's declaration the other day in Parliament that religion is the greatest moral force in humanity.

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The Old Catholic Congress

We are glad to note that the Old Catholic movement is far from being fossilized. The fifth International Old Catholic Congress, which has just closed its sessions at Bonn, Germany, was particularly interesting because for the first time we have official statistics of the number of Austrians who, on account of the "Los von Rom" (Emancipation from Rome) movement, have left the Roman Catholic for the Old Catholic communion.

Bishop-elect Warnsdorff, of Austria, stated that the Old Catholics had gained no less than seven thousand Austrian members since the beginning of the emancipatory mission. Most of these are Germans in speech, the minority being Czechs. It is interesting to compare this proportion with that, as reported, coming from the Roman Catholic Church in Austria, and affiliating with either the Lutheran or the Reformed branches of the Protestant Church—nearly nineteen thousand persons. Another interesting feature of the Bonn Congress was the address of Bishop Webber, of Germany. Referring to the dogma of Papal infallibility, proclaimed in 1870, he said that a reform of the Roman Catholic communion in a proper Christian spirit—that is to say, working from within outward—has never been possible since that date. In this many critics, Protestant as well as Roman, will not agree with the prelate. Bishop Webber added that religious catholicity, in distinction from the political Ultramontanism of the Roman Catholic Church, is organized in the Swiss, Dutch, German, and Austrian Old Catholic Churches, and that these churches will never allow themselves to be reabsorbed in the communion of Rome. In a similar strain Archbishop Gul spoke for Holland, and Bishop Koslowski for the Poles of Chicago. The Bishop of Salisbury extended the sympathy of the Church of England, and the Rev. Dr. Nevin, acting for the Bishop of New York, did the same service for the Protestant Episcopal Church of America.

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Young Men's Christian Association World's Convention Prince Bernadotte, son of King Oscar of Norway and Sweden, was elected President of the World's Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations recently held in Christiania, toward the expenses of which the Norwegian Parliament made a special grant. King Oscar held a reception of the two thousand delegates in attendance. The Prince is President of the Stockholm Association, which has a building valued at $120,000, and is a leader in the Association movement among his countrymen. There were thirty-eight delegates from the United States, among whom Mr. James Stokes, of New York, was elected one of the honorary Presidents of the Convention, and Dr. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia University, read a paper on the American Association, commented on elsewhere. The papers were presented in Swedish, but with translations into other languages represented in the Convention.

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Thomas Gallaudet The news of the death of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet will cause mourning in many lands. He was the worthy son of a worthy father. When a young man, that father, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, living at Hartford, Conn., had frequent occasion to pity a neighbor's little daughter who, through scarlet fever, had lost the power of speech and hearing. He finally managed to communicate with her by a system of signals with the fingers, and it was not long before he taught the girl how to read. Others similarly afflicted applied to Mr. Gallaudet for similar instruction, and the result was the young man's consecration to the noble life-work of promoting the welfare of deaf-mutes. He went abroad to perfect himself in the sign language, and, returning in 1817, founded the celebrated institution at Hartford, the first permanent school in America for the deaf and dumb. It is interesting to note that, as the elder Gallaudet married a deaf-mute, the son, Thomas Gallaudet, did likewise, devoting himself to his father's endeavor and consecrating himself specially to the work of the ministry. The story is told that at the outset of his career he found a young girl dying with consumption. She was a deaf-mute and could not even read, as she had never been instructed. The young clergyman succeeded finally in making her understand his sign language, and in that way gave her the consolations of religion. She died shortly after having signaled: "I leave content and sure of my welcome." Dr. Gallaudet then called his mission "The Awakening of Sleeping Souls." Not only did he found St. Ann's Church in New York City for deaf-mutes as far back as 1851, but he was constantly traveling from State to State and across the Atlantic to preach his silent sermons to the afflicted. At least eight deaf-mutes have been ordained as clergymen in the Protestant Episcopal Church through Dr. Gallaudet's work, which over a quarter of a century ago became organized as the Church Mission for Deaf-Mutes. Appreciative of the loneliness of these peculiarly afflicted persons, he formed clubs for them, the most famous of which met in the closed bar of the Fifth Avenue Hotel on Sunday afternoon; for years it has been the custom of the proprietor to give up this room on Sunday to quite other uses from those of week-days. Dr. Gallaudet died at the ripe age of eighty years. There are few cases in history of finer work done for humanity by father and son than that presented by the two men who have made their name a synonym for the loftiest charity.

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The New Seminary at Atlanta

The establishment of a Congregational Theological Seminary as far South as Atlanta, Georgia, a thousand miles from the line in which such institutions extend from Maine to California, is a noteworthy event. Two or three hundred churches of white people in Georgia, Alabama, Florida, and Louisiana, formerly known as "Congregational Methodists" and "Free Methodists," were recently received into the fellowship of the Congregational churches. Their pastors were, generally speaking, below the educational standard which Congregationalists have maintained. The Seminary at Atlanta has been established for their benefit and that of the young men hereafter entering the ministry of those churches, or of others likely to be organized by Southern Congregationalists. The seminary expenses of a student there are reckoned as barely one-third of what is requisite at the North. At present the new Seminary is well housed and in progress with three instructors and nineteen students, mostly pastors of churches. It owes its existence to the Congregational Education Society (at Boston), organized nearly ninety years ago. Not to mention a score of strong and prosperous colleges which owe their life to this Society, the numerous academies it sustains in the newer sections of the country are doing a work of National importance.

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Vacation Bible Schools

Recently the teachers and friends of the Daily Vacation Bible Schools established by the New York City Baptist Mission Society met to report progress. Their statements showed a great advance in work done, and in popular appreciation of that work, over last year's report. It has not been realized as it should be that the school vacation of July and August is the richest opportunity of the year for the churches of the poorer quarters of any city. In the metropolis, despite the Department of Education's commendable act in opening public-school playgrounds, thousands of children have still no resort but the heated streets. The Rev. R. G. Boville, the Secretary of the New York City Baptist Mission Society, and Mrs. L. J. P. Bishop, an authority on work among children, have long recognized, as have others, the need for the daily opening of every church building to help in housing, entertaining, and teaching thousands of boys and girls whose tenement homes are too hot to hold them during July and August. Mr. Boville was successful this year in obtaining ten church buildings to be used as daily schools which should not only supplement the humane work of the Department of Education, but should at the same time give an hour's daily Bible instruction, dealing naturally with those elementary moral problems which enter into every child's life. Mr. Boville wisely opened these schools to children of all races and creeds, and obtained the services of a dozen or more student workers, mostly from Union and Rochester Theological Seminaries. The school sessions began at 9:30 A.M., with devotional service consisting of music, Scripture reading, and Bible drills; at ten o'clock occurred the Bible study for the day; at 10:30, some industrial work; at eleven, games; and half an hour later a march and dismissal. The half-hour designated as the working period gave a wide range—drawing, clay-modeling, basketry, color work, sewing, elementary housekeeping, music—all were found interesting to children. In truth, the children of New York City streets are generally busy at something; these vacation schools, therefore, have afforded golden opportunities for directing child-energies into proper channels. Mr. Boville and his co-workers are to be congratulated on the success which has attended their efforts. Their example might well be followed in the poorer quarters of every city.

Mosquitoes and Malaria When mosquitoes were discovered to be the means of transmitting malaria, it was evident that boards of health and sanitary commissions everywhere should undertake more seriously than ever the problem of mosquito extermination. In many places strenuous efforts to extirpate these pests have been made, and nowhere, we believe, has this work been more intelligently performed during the past two years than in the community of Montclair, N. J. According to the circular which the Montclair Board of Health has just issued, mosquitoes breed in slow-running, quiet, or stagnant water; it may surprise some to read that the Board adds, "and nowhere else." By doing away with such pools or streams, therefore, the Board believes that the insects may be exterminated. In Montclair it has endeavored to make the chief breeding-places uninhabitable by spraying them with oil, but it must be remembered that any small pool which remains on the surface of the ground, even if only for a few days, is likely to become infested with larvæ. Not only must these pools and damp places be drained or filled in, but rain-barrels and water-tanks should be done away with wherever possible; if they must be maintained, they should be carefully covered with mosquito-netting. Under no circumstances should flower-vases, wash-tubs, and pails be allowed to stand half filled with water. Cisterns and vaults should be made so tight that mosquitoes cannot enter them to lay their eggs, and gutters should be kept unclogged so that no puddles may form in them. Manure-piles should be covered and frequently removed. Empty bottles and cans must not be allowed to accumulate.

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"Foreign Pastors" The Southern Presbyterian Church has begun to participate in the movement initiated a few years since at the North, in which local congregations sustain their own foreign missionary, who is sometimes designated as the "foreign pastor." The Presbyterian church at Selma, Ala., has undertaken the support of its own missionary to Africa, a negro, Dr. De Yampert, who has sailed to join the Congo Mission, of which we gave an account by Southern correspondents, August 16. Dr. De Yampert, a graduate of the Tuscaloosa Institute, sustained by the Southern Presbyterian Church, goes out as a qualified medical missionary. Miss Althea Brown, a graduate of Fisk University, Nashville, also went by the same ship to join the mission.

Arbitrate the Arbitrable Points

Last week Mr. Abram S. Hewitt gave out from Bar Harbor, Maine, a statement of reasons why the coal companies could not accept arbitration, and this statement, published by the daily press all over the country, has been adopted by President Baer, the spokesman of the operators, as an exact presentation of the whole case. In substance it is as follows:

> The unhappy controversy now existing is not based upon any reasonable claim which labor can make for shorter hours or better wages. It is true that Mr. Mitchell alleges this to be the object of the strike, but as a matter of fact it is notorious that the real object is to secure the recognition of his National organization as an authority entitled to decide upon the rates of wages and the conditions of labor in the coal fields wherever situated.
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> If this demand be conceded, it will not be possible for any man not holding a union card to secure employment in the coal fields. This will amount to a denial of the right of every man to sell his labor in a free market. The concession of this demand will make Mr. Mitchell the dictator of the coal business and put him in control of votes enough to decide the next Presidential election.
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> The right to labor is inherent in every human being, and cannot be surrendered without the sacrifice of individual liberty and of private property. It therefore cannot be arbitrated any more than the right of a man to his own home if it shall be claimed by an outsider who proffers arbitration.
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> The demand of any man or set of men, not occupying public office, to decide upon the conditions upon which labor shall seek its living, and to make it subject to a license from irresponsible leaders, whether representing capital or labor, is in effect a claim to the power of life and death, and can never be conceded without a base surrender of duty to greed.
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> The only solution of the trouble is for Mr. Mitchell to order the strike off without delay. When this is done, if there be grievances to be arbitrated, they will be promptly adjusted between the local operators and local unions. The right of association is not in question. This is admitted by both employers and employees. What is denied, and properly so, is the power, by the issue of union cards, to refuse employment to non-union men, and thus condemn them to ostracism, starvation, and death. In this day of free discussion and the publicity of all the facts through the news-

> papers, there is no possibility that any coal operator could or would resist demands which are founded upon justice.

This statement of the case naturally made a profound impression, but, in spite of the high standing of its author, it has been accepted with marked reservation by many of Mr. Hewitt's warmest admirers. "If," it was said, "the controversy has been over the right of the union to restrict employment to its own members, why were we not told so two months ago? Why was not this point so much as mentioned in President Baer's statement of the operators' position, and why was his main argument directed against the presence of any union whatever among the miners?" The country, therefore, was not entirely unprepared for President Mitchell's reply to Mr. Hewitt. This reply was very brief indeed. Mr. Mitchell did not argue the question of the possibility of arbitration, or the right of workmen as well as stockholders to make collective agreements binding upon the minority. He simply insisted that Mr. Hewitt had missed the issue now being contested. "The members of the miners' organization," said President Mitchell, "have never sought to prevent non-members from working with them in the mines, and they have no intention of seeking to abridge the right of any mine worker to become or not to become a member of the organization in the future."

Mr. Mitchell's assertion is, unfortunately, a little too sweeping to carry conviction. Unions, when they have the power, are as likely as corporations to insist upon their own interests, regardless of the rights of others—and an insistence that all their fellow-workmen must enter their organization is one of the most frequent of their demands. But the possibility of unreasonable demands on the part of the union is no argument against arbitration. Indeed, from the public standpoint it is another argument in its favor, for the public must protect itself against the dictation of class selfishness on either side. Mr. Hewitt declares that it is intolerable for any man or set of men not occupying public office, "whether representing capital or labor," to decide upon the conditions upon which labor shall seek its living. If that be true, the present contest over the conditions of labor is preeminently one which arbitrators representing the public conscience may fitly be called upon to decide.

The day following Mr. Hewitt's interview urging the impracticability of arbitration in the present strike there was telegraphed from Pittsburg an interview with Justice Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, which has received much less attention, but deserves more. In it Justice Shiras said:

> Arbitration is the logical method of settling labor troubles such as this one, which affects the general prosperity and comfort of a great section of the country. The method and enforcement of this arbitration is a subject for the lawmakers of the Nation, but arbitration itself is logical. There is now one great difficulty standing in the way of an arbitration. Many of the labor unions are not incorporated. Until they are no law can be made binding, as no contract or agreement could be enforced upon them, while the operators, on the other hand, could be held liable.

This opinion of Justice Shiras seems to us to indicate the line which the thought of the country is taking, and must take, as the result of such a crisis as the present. The demand for compulsory arbitration is not coming from the labor unions. They are perfectly willing that a set of men representing labor shall determine the conditions of employment. It is not coming from the syndicates of capital. They are willing that a set of men representing capital shall determine these conditions. Both sides are willing that the public should suffer while they fight out their battles. But the public also is becoming alert for the protection of its own interests, which are disastrously sacrificed when the conflict between unions and syndicates prostrates a whole industry. For this reason the heavy hand of the law must be laid upon both sides to compel both to accept the arbitrament of the public sense of justice. Already, despite what Mr. Hewitt says, the law compels arbitration when two men lay claim to a home; and the public interest is vastly less jeopardized by a private conflict over the ownership of a home than by a private conflict over the control of an industry on which the whole public depends.

This, however, relates to future legislation. The more pressing question now is, What may the public demand in the present crisis before legislation may be had? In our opinion, it was the duty of the coal companies to accept the arbitration recommended by the Civic Federation. That body seemed to offer a kind of Hague tribunal for the determining of just such a conflict. It had the confidence of both sides, and its decisions would have enforced themselves through the sheer pressure of public opinion. But this proposal has been rejected, and the operators have planted themselves upon the position that there are some things which cannot be arbitrated. This position The Outlook has never disputed, and it is ready to grant that it is philosophically impregnable. There are some things which cannot be arbitrated—questions of conscience, questions of honor; but questions of policy, questions of common fairness, can be arbitrated and should be arbitrated. If the operators believe, with Mr. Hewitt, that the question is now at issue whether the trades-unions shall dictate who shall be employed in the mines, let them, if they choose, exclude that from the subjects upon which arbitration will be accepted. If there is any other question of principle, or even of policy, upon which they are unwilling to accept arbitration, let it also be stated and excluded from arbitration. But let them state upon what questions they are willing to accept the decision of impartial arbitrators, and let us have arbitration upon these. The temper of the miners from the beginning has shown that small concessions would restore the peace. If the warfare is continued through the unwillingness of the companies to arbitrate upon any point, the injury done to the public is nothing short of an industrial crime.

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Books of Interpretation

The August number of "The Bookman" contains what the editor calls a literary map of the United States, prepared for the purpose of showing the different sections of the country which have been, in a sense, pre-empted by certain novelists, and showing, also, large sections of the country which have so far received no attention from writers of fiction. It is, of course, a purely secondary matter where a book is written; the essential thing is that the book shall be true and artistic. Aside, however, from the literary elements which they contain, certain books have great value as interpreting the character and life of localities. One reads Miss Jewett or Mr. Allen, Mr. Page or Mr. Harris, because these writers produce literature; but incidentally one learns a great deal about New England, Kentucky, Virginia, and Georgia. The work of these writers has a double value: it is both artistic and it is interpretative of vital conditions. Large sections of the country are finding interpretation in our literature; chiefly, of course, in our fiction. What Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, among others, have done for New England, Mr. Page and Miss Johnston for Virginia, Mr. Harris and Colonel Johnston for Georgia, Mr. Allen and Mrs. Banks for Kentucky, Mr. Tarkington for Indiana, Mr. Garland for Minnesota and other sections of the Central West, Mr. Cable and Miss Grace King for Louisiana, Bret Harte and other writers for California, will, in the course of time, be done for all parts of the country; and if the great American novel, the single interpretation of our national life which shall attain a final supremacy, is never written, it may be expected confidently that a group of great American novels will be written.

Among the many important services of literature to the great new community which has built itself into a nation on this continent, not the least will be the interpretation of each section of the country to every other section. M. Brunetière enumerated among the causes which retard the higher civilization in this country the distance between centers of population and activity. This obstacle has been overcome to a certain extent by the rapidity of communication by railways, telegraphs, and telephones; but it will be overcome still more by the interpretation which a large body of literature will give; by the thorough acquaintance with the whole country which each section will gain through literature. Sectional ignorance breeding sectional difference has produced tragic results in the past; national knowledge producing national unity has brought about blessed results in the present, and will bring about still more blessed results in the future. The North needs to understand the South; the South, by reason of its long isolation, needs especially to understand the North and the West. The East needs to understand the West, and the West to comprehend the East. A few years ago there seemed to be developing in the Far West a new kind of sectionalism; a distinct and menacing severance of feeling. The events of the last few years have carried the country past that danger point. The West is knit to the East as the East is to the West, by ties which never can be broken; but, in spite of the habit of travel in this country, there will still be in all sections many people who will never look beyond their own horizon; who must learn the habits and spirit of other sections through books.

The Outlook has noted from time to time of late years the increasing number of books interpretative of Southern life, explaining the Southern point of view, making the Southern attitude towards certain grave questions comprehensible by the Northern reader. Not long ago, Miss Ellen Glasgow's "The Battle-Ground" was commented upon as an admirable interpretation of the older and later Virginia life, at once vivid, sympathetic, and dispassionate. Miss Glasgow writes as a Virginian who knows at first hand and almost by instinct the material with which she is dealing. Mrs. Mary Tappan Wright's "The Aliens," which came not long ago from the press of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, has great value as a revelation of the social ideas, the charm of manner, and the peculiar bent of thought on certain questions disclosed in an old Southern community.

Although not a Southerner by birth, Mrs. Wright has evidently made a very close and sympathetic study of the delightful old Southern college town which she describes, the location of which many readers will have little hesitation in fixing. The novel is written in a rare dispassionateness of spirit, and the result is a contrast of Northern and Southern ideals and breeding which is not only very interesting, but which is of great importance as bringing about a better acquaintance between two sections of the country which have been widely separated, not only by differences of conviction, but by social traditions and methods of intellectual training. It has been an easy matter for Northern writers, entirely ignorant of actual conditions in the South and with no adequate realization of the difference of historical conditions between the sections, to comment dogmatically on the Southern attitude on the race question; such a story as "The Aliens" puts the candid reader in a different temper; and while it will not bring him to the point of view of a certain group of Southern people, it will make their attitude comprehensible.

Still more definite in its disclosure of old Southern conditions is Mr. Walter H. Page's "Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. The great majority of books dealing with the South which have come into the hands of Northern readers have either pictured the Southern society before the war, or the negro since the war; for the most part the Southern farmer has been out of sight.

Mr. Page's three essays have to do with this "forgotten man;" with the class who constitute the democracy of the South as contrasted with its aristocracy. It is of old "Jeff Meddlin," who lived in a ramshackle house, plowed a poor farm, and only twice in his whole life went out of the county in which he was born, that Mr. Page writes; his children and grandchildren Mr. Page has in mind. He describes their lack of educational opportunity, their isolation, the conventional leadership to which they were subjected in politics, and the still more conventional and unfruitful leadership to which they were subjected in religion; with the result that they fell far behind in the race, that their country is still largely undeveloped, and that the "forgotten man" is in sore need of being remembered. The Southern people cannot be correctly divided into "gentlemen" and "poor whites." The number of large landed proprietors and slaveholders has always been greatly exaggerated; this is true also of the elegance and elaboration of their life, although not of the charm of their manners. The great mass of the Southern people came of honorable, sturdy stock; they were in no sense aristocrats: and they are very much like the rural population of other parts of the country. In describing the background of the lives of these people and of their inheritance, Mr. Page has contributed a deeply interesting page to past and to present history; and his book serves the purpose, not only of showing the need of the notable educational movement in the South, which is

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one of the most impressive and hopeful signs of the times in this country, but of giving that movement added impulse and stimulus.

To these books of interpretation may also be added, for the Northern reader who wishes to understand the policy of the Old South, its logic, its historical causes, and its inevitable development, Mr. William Garrott Brown's "The Lower South in American History," which bears the imprint of the Macmillan Company, and the scope of which has already been pointed out to the readers of The Outlook. It is not a history, but an essay in the department of history which it is to be hoped Mr. Brown will cover more thoroughly and completely in the future. It is a sketch in large outline, admirably done, which ought to be in the hands of every Northern student of life on this continent.

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A Great Instrument

The paper prepared by Dr. James H. Canfield, Librarian of Columbia College, to be read at the conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations held at Christiania, Norway, recently, discloses a vitality in the spirit and work of the Young Men's Christian Associations in the United States and Canada which will not surprise those who have kept themselves in touch with Association work, but which ought to give all the friends of that work fresh courage and zeal. There are few instruments for the betterment of young men of greater possibilities of usefulness and power than the organization known as the Young Men's Christian Association. When one thinks upon its significance, first, as an organization of world-wide dimensions; second, as officered and directed by young men; and, third, as dealing with the enthusiasm, the force, vitality, and idealism of youth, its possibilities for good seem practically unlimited.

The growth of what is known as The Students' Movement, which has been reported from time to time in the columns of The Outlook, is one of the most hopeful signs of the times among the religious movements of the world, and therefore among those movements which look for the betterment of the race. When that movement was inaugurated, no one suspected its latent possibilities; no one dreamed that such a band of students in the leading colleges and universities could be knit together and develop such enthusiasm and such practical power for good. The Young Men's Christian Associations afford a still larger opportunity in the same direction because they are more inclusive and deal with a larger constituency. It would be a great piece of good fortune if a man of genius, profoundly religious in spirit, thoroughly ethical in the interpretation of religion, and with high capacity for practical action and executive work, should aspire to a place at the head of the Young Men's Christian Associations. If the possibilities of the organization were revealed by the interpretation of some great leader, untold good could be wrought in the shortest possible space of time, not only in reviving and vitalizing religious interests, but in invigorating all the nobler impulses in civic and business life.

Dr. Canfield's report ought to give the men who are directing the work of the Associations on this continent a new sense of responsibility and a still broader conception of the duty which rests upon them; because opportunity is always duty. During 1901 seven millions of dollars were raised in some form for the Association, to be used for buildings, endowments, support, payment of debts, and extension; in twenty-three cities new buildings for Association uses were dedicated, in fifteen cities large additions were made to buildings already existing, in eighteen cities new buildings are under construction; fifteen railroad buildings were opened, thirteen more secured, three college buildings completed, and nearly three and a half millions of dollars raised and expended for current expenses; the real estate interests of the Associations now amount to nearly twenty-three millions of dollars, invested in more than four hundred buildings; there are over fifteen hundred Associations, with a membership of about three hundred and twenty-five thousand. These facts relating to what may be called the housing and machinery of the Associations are significant alike of the widespread interest in its work and of the confidence of men of judgment and means in the value and practical character of that work.

No recent phase of the extension of the Association's work has been more interesting than its application to the army and navy. When war began between the United States and Spain, the International Committee of the Associations was quick to perceive both its opportunity and its duty. A plan of work was promptly agreed upon, providing for a local branch in each regiment, brigade, or encampment; and in large tents, under the charge of secretaries, the work of the Association as carried on at home was substantially reproduced. The General of the Army and the Secretary of War at once recognized the movement, and Association tents are now practically a part of the army equipment. During the past year there were six hundred and thirty-two army posts from Cuba to Alaska, in Hawaii and the Philippines. Not less important has been the work for railroad men. The first Railroad Association was organized thirty years ago; there are now more than one hundred and seventy such Associations, with a membership of more than fifty thousand, in possession of more than one hundred buildings, with many new buildings in process of construction. In all parts of the country railroad men can now find the Association reading and social rooms open to them in place of the saloon; and in many places good food, pleasant service, and civilized surroundings are substituted for cheap, vulgar "quick lunch" rooms. The work for boys, which began nearly thirty years ago, has been systematized, but is capable of higher organization and of great extension in many directions.

Of College Associations there are now over six hundred, with a membership of thirty-six thousand. The Association has found lodgment in thirty-eight theological seminaries. One of the most important results of the work of the Association among students has been the increase in earnest and systematic study of the Bible, which now occupies a more prominent place in the work of the Student Committee probably than ever before in the history of American colleges. The educational work of the Association, its very important departments of physical training, its work for colored men and among the Indians, its organization of training-schools, and the enterprises it is now conducting in foreign countries, are all expressions of the deepening and widening life of an organization which has already rendered great services, but which is on the threshold of the fullest utilization of its opportunities.

There was a time when the Association was identified in the minds of a good many people with religious work of a conventional or pietistic nature, and when the typical member of the Association was thought to be a man of excellent intentions, but lacking in virility, energy, and manliness. This impression is certainly not justified by the leaders of the Associations to-day. The Association men as a rule are among the energetic, wide-awake, vital men, sincerely religious without being pietistic in temper or speech; practical workers among their fellows, without cant or phariseeism. The Association has great tools to work with; it can hardly fail to make a wise use of those tools at a time when the possibilities of increased force of combination are being so clearly recognized in the world of practical affairs. Breadth of view of the religious situation and needs of the country, a catholic spirit, and a large, far-sighted policy, will give Association work a scope and significance which it has not yet attained.

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The Quest for Good

There can be no more beautitul, satisfying, and uplifting quest in this world than the quest for the good, not only for ourselves, but in others. It is a fallacy that good is to be sought only at a distance; that the divine is to be found only in the unusual; that virtue exists only in the past; that genius belongs pre-eminently to other times and countries. Those who appreciate and enjoy goodness, divine qualities, beauty, and genius, when they have taken on obvious and noble forms, are fortunate; but they are in no sense discoverers; they simply are wise enough to accept what is put into their hands, and to recognize what stands in their path. There is a higher wisdom than this: it is the wisdom which comes to those who can discern goodness, beauty, truth, and genius before they have disclosed themselves in obvious ways. It is easy enough to recognize the greatness of a man when he stands in the front rank of affairs, projected by his own eminence with great distinctness on a great stage; it is quite another matter to discover the greatness in the same man's soul when he is still our unknown neighbor; the man who lives next us, whom we meet at the market, with whom we exchange words at the post-office. There is no virtue in knowing such a man when all the world recognizes him; there is virtue and satisfaction in discovering him before the world has found him out.

Now, goodness exists everywhere, among all classes of people, in all churches, under all forms of religion, and among unreligious people as well; and there is nothing in life which is more satisfying, or which tends more to preserve one from the vice of cynicism and the depressing and contracting influence of pessimism, than the habitual endeavor to find in those about us, in every rank, occupation, and station, the spirit of goodness as it reveals itself in spirit and in deeds. This spirit is universal. Not many months ago a policeman was taking down Broadway, in this city, a man who had been caught in a criminal act—a great, burly fellow, who looked like a bully, and whose hands were manacled. At the corner of a street this man suddenly shook himself loose from the grasp of the policeman, dashed into the middle of the crowded thoroughfare, and with his manacled hands, at imminent peril of his life, dragged a child from under a cable-car. Before the police or the people about realized what had happened, the child was rescued, brought to the sidewalk, and the man under arrest was once more in the keeping of his custodian. It was a little thing, but it arrested attention for a moment, because men always stop when a deed of heroism is done. In the heart of a crowded city street it was a glimpse of a human soul. The man may have done many evil things, but he had not eradicated essential nobility. Very few people have. The divine image is often blurred; it is rarely destroyed. The wise live as if it were never destroyed, as if they always expected to find it—and they are rarely disappointed. He who searches for the good not only discovers it in other men, but, by constant association with it, develops it in himself. The quest for good leads one at length inevitably into that Presence from which all goodness comes, and the quest for good becomes the quest for God.

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The Spectator

The Spectator hears a good deal lately about the passing of Bayreuth. His musical friends assure him that the artistic doom of the old festival town is sealed, and that hereafter, when moved to pay homage to the genius of Richard Wagner, he had best betake himself to Munich. The Spectator knows that the new Prinzregenten Theater, beside the Isar, is a glorified edition of the old Bühnenfestspielhaus at Bayreuth, for he saw it with his own eyes during the winter of 1901. He knows it has all the proper Wagnerian ear-marks—the myriad entrances, the concealed orchestra, the moving scenery—and adds to them a gorgeous foyer, comfortable seats, ventilation, and, touching creature comfort—a restaurant! He has not a moment's doubt that what his friends tell him of the advantage of escape from the autocratic rule of Madame Wagner is true. And yet, despite all this, the Spectator is jealous for poor, outshone Bayreuth. A Wagner festival in Munich? The Spectator would as soon think of attending the Passion Play in Chicago! Why, it would not even be necessary to engage accommodations in advance. It is as if one said to good Mohammedans, "The way to Mecca is intolerably long; the place is hot and stupid, and expensive withal; besides, it's out of date. Why not try Damascus instead? It's much more accessible. The enlarged reproduction of the Great Mosque is ever so much more imposing, and they have an accurate model of the Kaaba and the sacred black stone, all complete. Try Damascus." Ah, but the saving grace, what of that? The Spectator thinks that the apostles of luxury overlook the vital essence of the Bayreuth experience—the purifying sufferings by which one is qualified for fine Wagnerian frenzy.

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Hear the tale of the Spectator's initial journey to Bayreuth. His tickets had been purchased at the eleventh hour; that is to say, in February, for August performances. A confirmed Bayreuther had secured him nice quarters in Cottenbacher Strasse, and the Spectator felt that all he had to do was to drift into Bayreuth on August 11 and be raised to the musical seventh heaven. It was August 9 when he reached Lucerne. As he unpacked his bags at the Schweizerhof, he reflected that if anything could fit one for musical ecstasy, it would be the contemplation of the splendid peaks outside his window. He said to himself that he would stay here quietly for two days in communion with Nature in this exalted mood; and then, refreshed in spirit, he would take the night express for Bayreuth. He would not "do" Lucerne; he would skip the Rigi; he would even run away without seeing the Lion. This programme the Spectator carried out to the letter—all save the two days' communion with Nature. Accident led him next morning to the door of a tourist office. (The language shifts so frequently in Switzerland that the Spectator saves time by buying his tickets in English.) A little man on a large stool was making beautiful figures in a beautiful ledger. "Er-r, what train," began the Spectator, comfortably, "what train had I best take for Bayreuth? I have tickets for performances beginning August 11."

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The little man leaped from his stool, snatched a fat time-table, and skimmed its leaves with mad haste. At length his traveling finger paused; he jerked out his watch, and then fairly pushed the Spectator's elbow off the desk. "Man!" he shouted, as if the Spectator had been a nobody, "catch the ten o'clock express, or you won't make Bayreuth on the 11th. Go! Fly!" The Spectator flew. The play for the 11th was "Parsifal," sacred "Parsifal." The Spectator burst into cold perspiration at the thought of facing his friends if he missed it through his own stupidity. At the hotel he took no time to remember whether French or German was the language of Lucerne. He demanded the omnibus in three languages. "Schnell! Vite! Dépêchez-vous! Hurry up!" he shrieked, as he bounded up the stair. He does not know how he got his things together, nor whether he paid his bill. But he knows that he made that ten o'clock express with just half a second to spare.

⁂

When he had cooled down a bit, and his knees had stopped trembling, the Spectator got out his Baedeker and measured up the distance to Nuremberg. As the crow flies it was considerably less than three hundred miles. "Nonsense!" he said to himself; "that clerk needn't have rushed me off like this. I could have made the distance twice over." He drew out his watch to count the tell-tale click of the rails. His smiles faded; he counted again, and yet again. There was no mistaking the fact, the ten o'clock express was making a speed of—*thirteen miles an hour!* Upon the Spectator's dismayed consciousness floated snatches from a long-forgotten rhyme of Eugene Field's, written "while snailing on to Magdeburg" upon a German train. What was it he said? "Why, thirteen miles an hour's the greatest speed they ever go," and "You'll break the third commandment if you take that schnellest train."

⁂

They put the Spectator out at Ulm, three hours after midnight, and dragged him from his bed at five-fifteen in the morning to continue his stifling journey. They gave him a roll and a cup of villainous coffee for breakfast. Dinner was promised at Nuremberg at noon. But, the "schnellzug" being two hours late, the Spectator had just time to snatch a roll-sandwich from a railway stall and dash for the Bayreuth train. The roll was the indestructible German kind, too thick to be bitten, too hard to be broken. The famished Spectator made an incision with his penknife and gnawed away uncomplainingly till the train crawled into Bayreuth, just one hour before the curtain rose on "Parsifal."

⁂

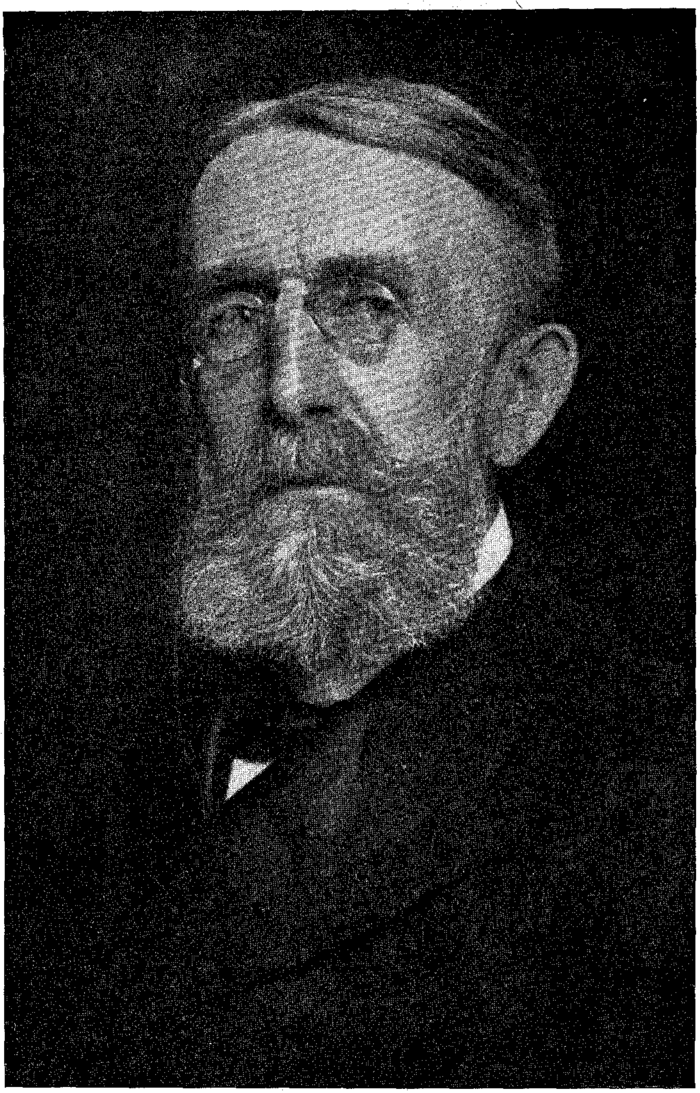
The Spectator dressed with his carriage at the door and his host reminding him in sounding German that if he didn't get there before the last trump sounded he would be shut out. No time for food, no time to buy a guide to Richard Wagner's "drames," though these were offered at every step. The Spectator threw himself from his carriage before the door of the Wagner Theater just as the trumpeters over the entrance sounded the measured phrases of the Grail theme. After all his sufferings, were the gates of "Parsifal" to be closed against him? The Spectator hurled himself toward the nearest door. "Nein, nein! Links zehn!" snapped the official. Now, the Spectator's understanding of German is excellent—if you give him time. Just now "Links zehn" was Russian to him. He stormed the next door. "Links zehn," drawled the keeper, glancing at his ticket and jerking his thumb nonchalantly to the left. The Spectator was developing a speed round that theater which would have astonished his family, when a soothing English voice fell on his ear, "No hurry, friend. That was only first call. Let me see your ticket." The providential stranger looked up from the cabalistic signs on the pasteboard with a twinkle. "You can't get in any of these doors," said he. And he led the meek Spectator round to the left of the theater to a door marked plainly "10." His ticket fitting here, he was soon inside, and, save for a brief interim of agony when he thought he was not going to like "Parsifal," happy. Destitute of a "book of th'opry," the Spectator did not at once "catch on." Worse than that, the long musical harangues in the first scenes seemed to him indeed "endlessness without melody." But with the flopping entrance of the late lamented stuffed swan, and Parsifal, with his lucid "Das weiss issh nissht," the Spectator felt the ground beneath his feet. And more; Van Dyke's pure tenor transformed the "endlessness" to ecstasy. Through that marvelous scene in the great Hall of the Grail, till the last thrilling notes floated down from the boy choir high in the dome, the Spectator forgot his fagged body in pure delight.

❀

"Now," said he, when the long intermission came, "now I will get me something hot and nourishing. Then my pleasure, great as it has been, will be redoubled." Fate, however, was wiser than the Spectator. She had let him forget the warnings of his friends about engaging tables in advance, and now she let him rage around and see other people fed. All he got was one more roll, with which—since his faithful penknife was in his traveling coat—he retired from the sight of unsympathetic strangers till the horns sounded the recall to the theater. From that time till the curtain fell, close on ten-thirty, the Spectator felt that the violinists had got his nerves for strings, and were sending through him shivers of music so keen that he could scarce tell the pleasure from pain. Enjoy "Parsifal"? Never had music thrilled him thus. He knew why: the grosser part of him was quite refined away by suffering, and his immortal spirit had things all its own way.

❀

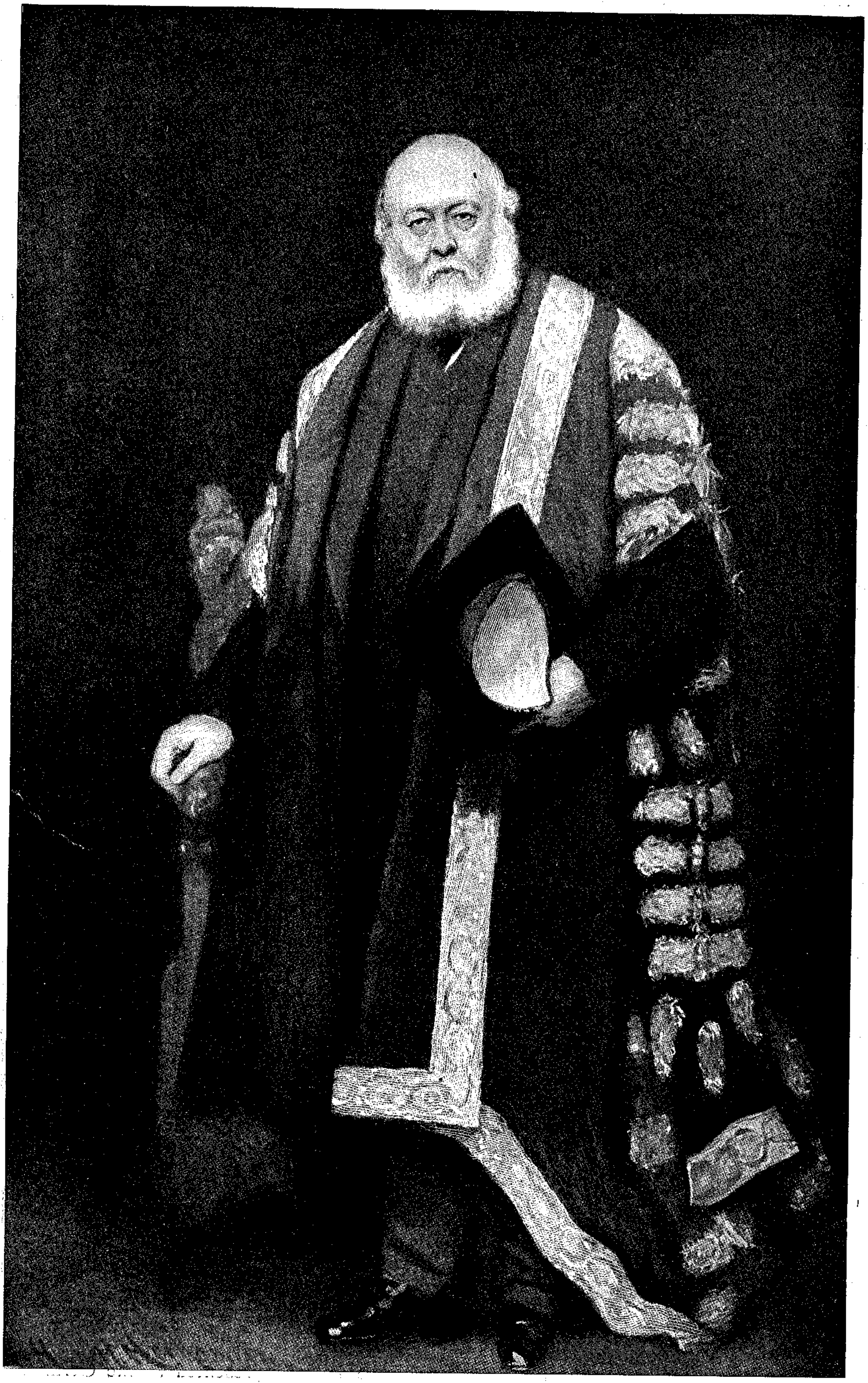
It cost the Spectator a full hour of painful hunting in gross darkness to find his lodgings. Then he slept the sleep of an exhausted man. When he woke, it was to find a neat *dienstmädchen* announcing breakfast. He rose and staggered into his bright little sitting-room. Through the open windows perfume and bird-trills floated in. The table was laid with the daintiest of thin blue china and the brightest of silver. The Spectator inhaled the fragrance of a pot of perfect coffee, and tested the resistance of a plateful of nice hot rolls. He looked upon the clear Swiss honey and knew it to be good. A moment later, bathed and swathed in a luxurious dressing-gown, he sat him down at this peaceful table with thoughts too deep for tears. He had borne the supreme test of a devout Wagnerite—he had appreciated "Parsifal"! The Spectator vowed within himself never to hear the masterpiece again, at least not until he was willing to do so fasting. Then the Spectator went out and bought the biggest wreath he could find, and went and laid it on the grave of Richard Wagner. He ventures to assert that no sincerer tribute was paid the master that day. He bought him, too, a little bust of Wagner, and a little Grail filled with carmine ink, as signs that he had made the pilgrimage in good faith. And, lastly, he bought him a whole broiled fowl, and left of it nothing but the bones. Then he went to "Tannhäuser." But not even the "Evening Star" had power to raise him to the delirious heights he reached the night before. And now they tell him that real Wagnerian thrills are to be had in luxurious Munich! The Spectator knows better.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

Andrew D. White

The Hon. Andrew Dickson White, who retires next November from the post of Ambassador to Germany, has served his country longer in that position than any other American. Born at Homer, N. Y., November 7, 1832, he was graduated at Yale in 1853 with Justice Shiras, Edmund C. Stedman, Bishop Davies, of Michigan, and other noted men living or deceased. At first an attaché of our legation at St. Petersburg, he next filled the professorship of history and English literature at Ann Arbor, and then served several years in the Senate of New York. When Cornell University was founded, he took its presidency, with the duties of Professor of History, and served it eighteen years, interrupted by two years' absence as Minister to Germany. From 1892 to 1894 he was our Minister at St. Petersburg. In 1897 he was again appointed to the post at Berlin, from which he now retires. Both as a man of affairs and a cultured scholar, no American could have better represented at the German Court and in German society all that is best in American life.



LORD SALISBURY
From the portrait by Hubert von Herkomer.

LORD SALISBURY[1]

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY

THE retirement of Lord Salisbury from the position of Prime Minister and the leadership of the Conservative Government withdraws into comparative obscurity the most interesting and even picturesque figure in the English Parliamentary life of the present day. Even the most uncompromising opponents of the Prime Minister and of his political party felt a sincere respect for the character, the intellect, and the bearing of the man himself. Every one gave Lord Salisbury full credit for absolute sincerity of purpose, for superiority to any personal ambitions or mere self-seeking, for an almost contemptuous disregard of State honors and political fame.

Yet it was not that Lord Salisbury was habitually careful and measured in his speech, that he was never hurried into rash utterances, that he was guided by any particular anxiety to avoid offending the susceptibilities of others, or, indeed, that, as a rule, he preferred to use soothing words in political controversy. He has, on the contrary, a marvelous gift of sarcasm and of satirical phrase-making, and he was only too ready to indulge occasionally this peculiar capacity at the expense of political friend as well as of political foe. In his early days of public life, when he sat in the House of Commons as a nominal follower of Mr. Disraeli, he was once described in debate by his nominal leader as "a master of flouts and jeers." On another occasion Disraeli spoke of him, although not in Parliamentary debate, as a young man whose head was on fire. In later days, and even when he had held high administrative office, Lord Salisbury often indulged in sudden outbursts of contemptuous humor which for a time seemed likely to provoke indignant remonstrance even from his own followers. One illustration of this unlucky tendency towards contemptuous utterance may be found in his famous allusion several years ago to a native of Hindustan, who had been elected to a seat in the House of Commons, as "a black man." That was a time when every English public man recognized the great importance of indulging in no expression which might seem calculated to wound the susceptibilities of the many races who have been brought under the dominion of the imperial system in the Indian dominions of the sovereign. The member of Parliament thus scornfully alluded to was no more a black man than Lord Salisbury himself. He was one of the Parsee races chiefly found in the Bombay regions, almost European in the color of their skin, and he looked more like a German scholar than a native of any sunburnt land. No one defended Lord Salisbury's rash utterance, but many people excused it on the ground that it was only Lord Salisbury's way; that he never meant any harm, but could not resist the temptation of saying an amusing and sarcastic thing when it came into his mind. The truth is that Lord Salisbury's odd humor is a peculiarity without which he could not be the complete Lord Salisbury, and an unlucky expression was easily forgiven because of the many brilliant flashes of genuine and not unfair sarcasm with which he was accustomed to illumine a dull debate. When he succeeded to his father's title, and had, therefore, to leave the House of Commons and take his place in the House of Lords, every one felt that the representative chamber had lost one of its most attractive figures, and that the hereditary chamber was not exactly the place in which such a man could find his happiest hunting-ground. Yet even in the somber and unimpressive House of Lords, Lord Salisbury was able, whenever the humor took him, to brighten the debates by his apt illustrations and his witty humor.

Lord Salisbury resigns his position as Prime Minister at a time of life when, according to the present standards of age, a man is still supposed to have long years of good work before him. Lord Palmerston's career as Prime Minister was cut

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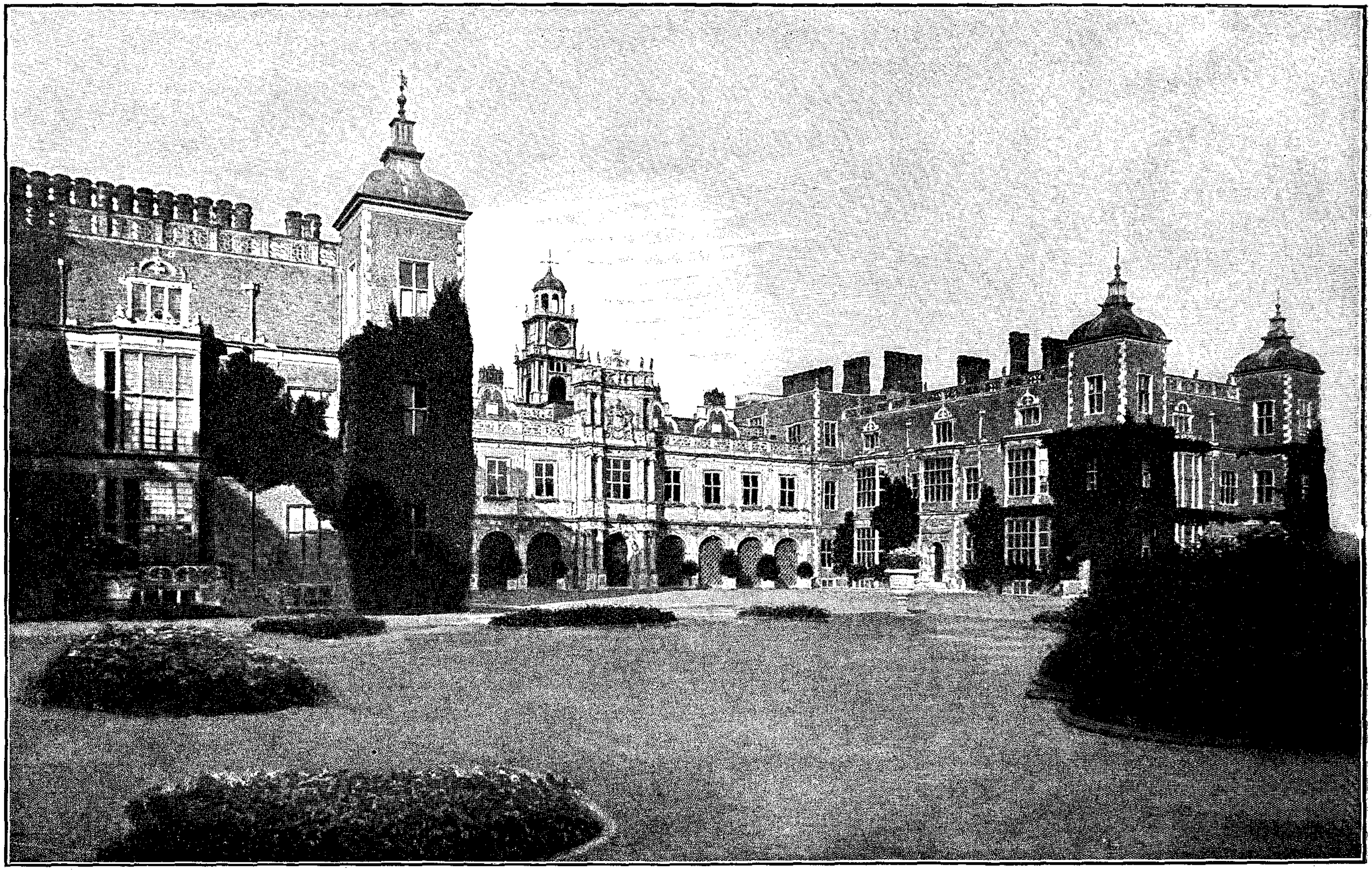
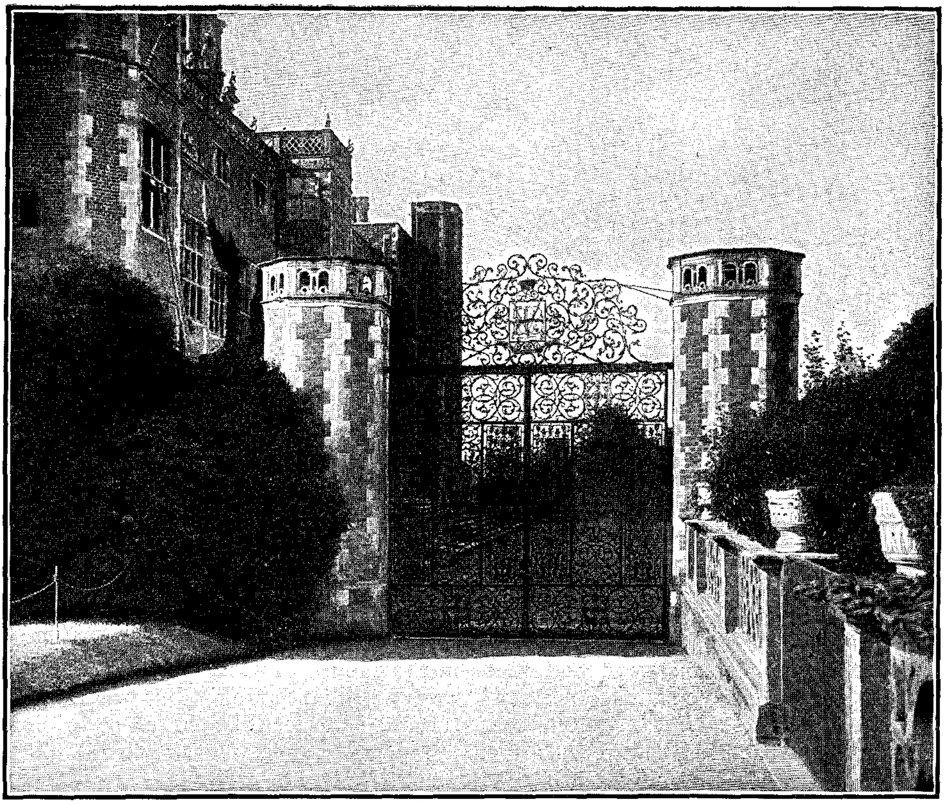
[1] This forms the second of a series of articles on living British statesmen. The first, on Mr. Balfour, was printed in The Outlook for August 16. Other subjects of articles will be John Morley, James Bryce, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir William Harcourt, John Burns, Henry Labouchere, Lord Aberdeen.



THE SOUTH FRONT OF HATFIELD HOUSE

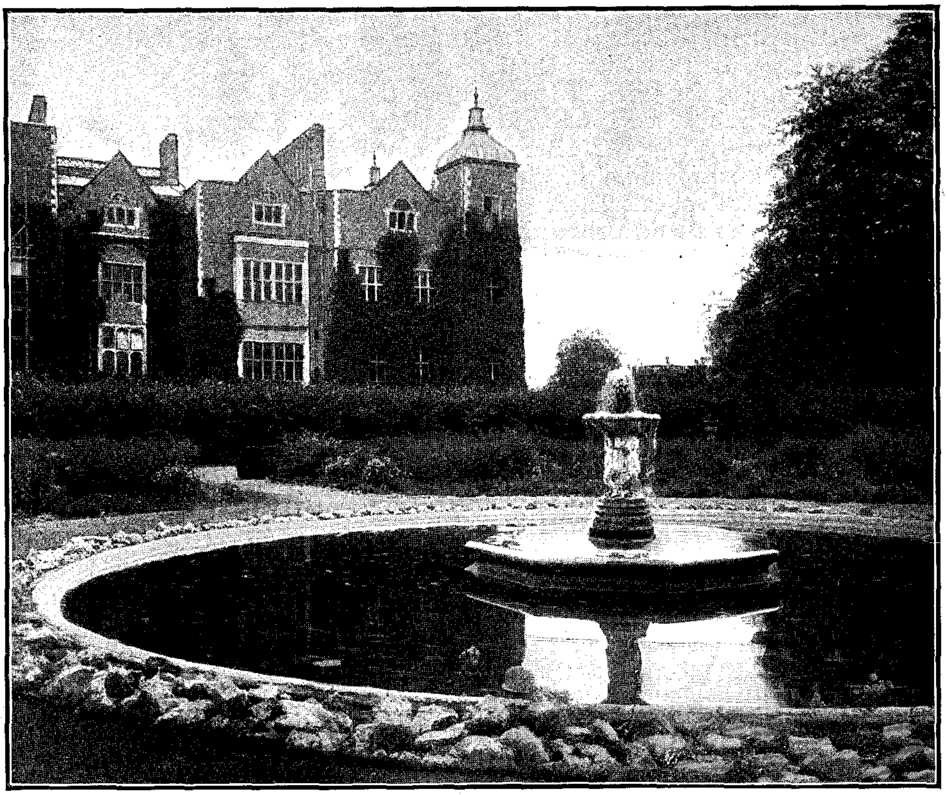
short only by his death, an event which occurred when Palmerston was in his eighty-first year. Gladstone was more than ten years older than Lord Salisbury is now when he voluntarily gave up his position as head of a Liberal administration. Lord Beaconsfield's time of birth is somewhat uncertain, but he must have been some seventy-seven years of age and had lost none of his powers as a debater when his brilliant life came to its close. We may take it for granted that Lord Salisbury had been for a long time growing tired of the exalted political position which had of late become uncongenial with his habits and his frame of mind. By the death of his wife he had lost the most loved companion of his home, his intellectual tastes, and his political career. A pair more thoroughly devoted to each other than Lord and Lady Salisbury could hardly have been found even in the pages of romance. The whole story of that marriage and that married life would have supplied a touching and a telling chapter for romance. Early in his public career Lord Salisbury fell in love with a charming, gifted, and devoted woman, whom a happy chance had brought in his way. She was the daughter of an eminent English judge, the late Baron Alderson, and although such a wife might have been thought a suitable match even for a great aristocrat, it appears that the Lord Salisbury of that time, the father of the late Prime Minister, who was then only Lord Robert Cecil, did not approve of the marriage, and the young pair had to take their own way and become husband and wife without regard for the family prejudices. Lord Robert Cecil was then only a younger brother with a younger brother's allowance to live on, and the newly wedded pair had not much of a prospect before them, in the conventional sense of the words. Lord Robert Cecil accepted the situation with characteristic courage and resolve. There seemed at that time no likelihood of his ever succeeding to the title and the estates, for his elder brother was living, and was, of course, heir to the ancestral title and property. Lord Robert Cecil had been gifted with distinct literary capacity, and he set himself down to work as a writer and a journalist. He became a regular contributor to the "Saturday Review," then at the height of its influence and fame, and he wrote articles for some of the ponderous quarterly reviews of the time, brightening their pages by his animated and forcible style. He took a small house in a modest quarter of London, where artists and poets and authors of all kinds usually made a home, far removed from West End fashion and courtly splendor, and there he lived a happy and productive life for many years. He had obtained a seat in the House of Commons as a member of the Conservative party, but he never pledged himself to support every policy and every measure undertaken by the Conservative leaders, whether they happened to be in or out of office. Lord Robert always acted as an independent member, although he adhered conscientiously to the cardinal principles of that Conservative doctrine which was his political faith throughout his life. He soon won for himself a marked distinction in the House of Commons. He was always a brilliant speaker, but was thoughtful and statesmanlike as well as brilliant. He never became an orator in the higher sense of the word. He never attempted any flights of exalted eloquence. His speeches were like the utterances of a man who is thinking aloud and whose principal object is to hold and convince his listeners by the sheer force of argument set forth in clear and telling language. Many of his happy phrases found acceptance as part of the ordinary language of political and social life and became in their way immortal. Up to the present day men are continually quoting happy phrases drawn from Lord Robert Cecil's early speeches without remembering the source from which they came.

Such a capacity as that of Lord Robert Cecil could not long be overlooked by the leaders of his party, and it soon became quite clear that he must be invited to administrative office. I ought to say that, after Lord Robert had completed his collegiate studies at Oxford, he devoted himself for a considerable time to an extensive course of travel, and he visited Australasia, then but little known to young Englishmen of his rank, and he actually did much practical work as a digger in the Australian gold-mines, then newly discovered. He had always a deep interest in foreign affairs, and it was greatly to the advantage



THE EAST GARDEN GATE, HATFIELD HOUSE

of his subsequent career that he could often support his arguments on questions of foreign policy by experience drawn from a personal study of the countries and States forming successive subjects of debate. Suddenly his worldly prospects underwent a complete change. The death of his elder brother made him heir to the family title and the great estates. He became Viscount Cranborne in succession to his dead brother. I may perhaps explain, for the benefit of some of my American readers, that the heir to a peerage who bears what is called a courtesy title has still a right to sit, if elected, in the House of Commons. It is sometimes a source of wonder and puzzlement to foreign visitors when they find so many men sitting in the House of Commons who actually bear titles which would make it seem as if they ought to be in the House of Lords. The eldest sons of all the higher order of peers bear such a title, but it carries with it no disqualification for a seat in the House of Commons, if the bearer of it be duly elected to a place in the representative chamber. When the bearer of the courtesy title succeeds to the actual title belonging to the house, he then, as a matter of course, becomes a peer, has to enter the House of Lords, and would no longer be legally eligible to sit in the representative chamber. Lord Palmerston's presence in the House of Commons was often a matter of wonder to foreign visitors, for in all the days to which my memory goes back, Lord Palmerston seemed too old a man to have a father alive and in the House of Lords. I have had to explain the matter to many a stranger, and it only gives one other illustration of the peculiarities and anomalies which belong to our Parliamentary system. Palmerston's was not a courtesy title; the noble lord was a peer in his own right; but then he was merely an Irish peer, and only a certain number of Irish peers are entitled to sit in the House of Lords. The more fortunate, for so I must describe them, of the Irish peers not thus entitled to sit in the hereditary chamber are free to seek election for an English constituency in the House of Commons and to obtain it, as Lord Palmerston did.



THE WESTERN GARDEN, HATFIELD HOUSE

Lord Viscount Cranborne, therefore, continued for a time to hold the place in the House of Commons which he had held as Lord Robert Cecil. In 1866 Lord Cranborne entered office, for the first time, as Secretary of State for India during the administration of Lord Derby.

The year following brought about a sort of crisis in Lord Cranborne's political career, and probably showed the general public of England, for the first time, what manner of man he really was. Up to that period he had been regarded by most persons, even among those who habitually gave attention to Parliamentary affairs, as a brilliant, independent, and somewhat audacious free-lance whose political conduct was usually directed by the impulse of the moment, and who made no pretension to any fixed and ruling principles. That was the year 1867, when the Conservative Government under Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli took it into their heads to try the novel experiment, for a Conservative party, of introducing a Reform Bill to improve and expand the conditions of the Parliamentary suffrage. Disraeli was the author of this new scheme, and it had been suggested to him by Mr. Gladstone's failure in the previous year with his measure of reform. Gladstone's reform measure did not go far enough to satisfy the genuine Radicals, while it went much too far for a considerable number of doubtful and half-hearted Liberals, and it was strongly opposed by the whole Tory party. As usually happens in the case of every reform introduced by a Liberal administration, a secession took place among the habitual followers of the Government. The secession in this case was made famous by the name which Bright conferred upon it as the "Cave of Adullam" party; and, by the co-operation of the seceding section with the Tory Opposition, the measure was defeated, and Mr. Gladstone went out of office. Disraeli saw, with his usual sagacity, that the vast mass of the population were in favor of some measure of reform, and when Lord Derby and he came into office he made up his mind that, as the thing had to be done, he and his colleagues might as well have the advantage of doing it. The outlines of the measure prepared for the purpose only shaped a very vague and moderate scheme of reform, but Disraeli was quite determined to accept any manner of compromises in order to carry some sort of scheme and to keep himself and his party in power. But then arose a new difficulty on which, with all his sagacity, he had not calculated. Lord Cranborne for the first time showed that he was a man of clear and resolute political principle, and that he was not willing to sacrifice any of his conscientious convictions for the sake of maintaining his place in a Government. He was sincerely opposed to every project for making the suffrage popular and for admitting the mass of the workingmen of the country to any share in its government. I need hardly say that I am entirely opposed to Lord Cranborne's political theories, but I am none the less willing to render full justice to the sincerity, not too common among rising public men, which refused to make any compromise on a matter of political principle. Lord Cranborne was then only at the opening of his administrative career, and he must have had personal ambition enough to make him wish for a continuance of office in a powerful administration. But he put all personal considerations resolutely aside, and resigned his place in the Government rather than have anything to do with a project which he believed to be a surrender of constitutional principle to the demands of the growing democracy. Lord Carnarvon and one or two other members of the administration followed his lead and resigned their places in the Government. I need not enter into much detail as to the progress of the Disraeli reform measure. It is enough to say that Disraeli obtained the support of many Radicals by the Liberal amendments which he accepted, and the result was that a Tory Government carried to success a scheme of reform which practically amounted to the introduction of household suffrage. Lord Cranborne and those who acted with him held firmly to their principles, and steadily opposed the measure introduced by those who at the opening of the session were their official leaders and colleagues. I am convinced that even the most advanced reformers were ready to give a due meed of praise to the man who had thus made it evident that he preferred what he believed to be a political principle, even though he knew it to be the principle of a losing cause, to any consideration of personal advancement.

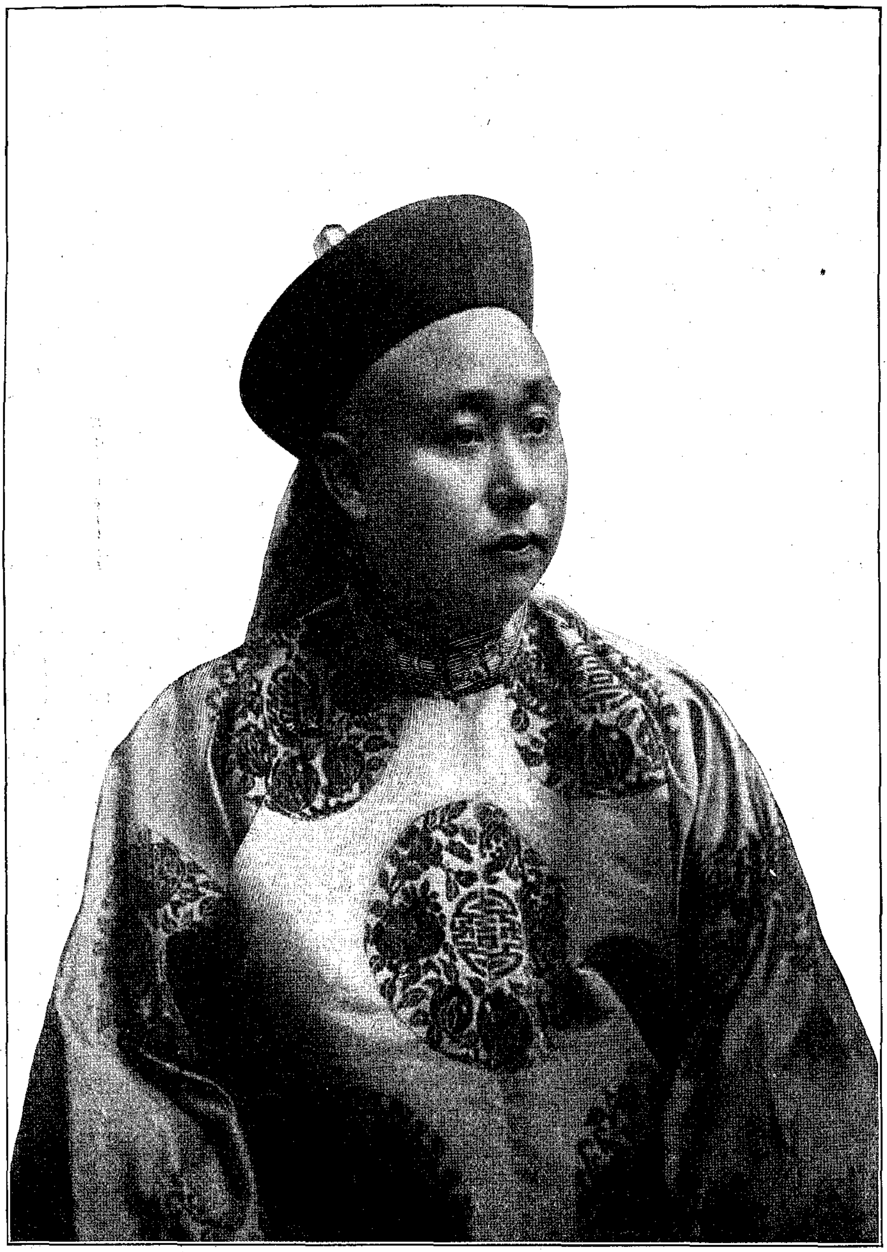
Some of us felt sure that we had then learned for the first time what manner of man Lord Cranborne really was. We had taken him for a bold and brilliant adventurer, and we found and were ready to acknowledge that he was a man of deep, sincere, and self-sacrificing convictions. I have never from that time changed my opinions with regard to Lord Cranborne's personal character. His career interested me from the first moment that I had an opportunity of observing it, and I may say that from an early period of my manhood I had much opportunity of studying the ways and the figures of Parliamentary life. But until Lord Cranborne had taken this resolute position on the reform question I had never given him credit for any depth of political convictions. The impression I formed of him up to that time was that he was merely a younger son of a great aristocratic family, who had a natural aptitude alike for literature and for politics, and that he was following in Parliament the guidance of his own personal humors and argumentative impulses, and that he was ready to sacrifice in debate not only his friends but his party for the sake of saying a clever thing and startling his audience into reluctant admiration. From those days of 1867 I knew him to be what the world all now knows him to be, a man of deep and sincere convictions, ever following the light of what he believes to be political wisdom and justice. I can say this none the less readily because I suppose it has hardly ever been my fortune to agree with any of Lord Salisbury's utterances on questions of political importance.

In 1868 the career of Lord Cranborne in the House of Commons came to an end by the death of his father. He succeeded to the title of Marquis of Salisbury, and became, as a matter of course, a member of the House of Lords. He was thus withdrawn while still a comparatively young man from that stirring field of splendid debate where his highest qualities as a speaker could alone have found their fitting opportunity. I need not trace out his subsequent public career with any sequence of detail. We all know how from that time to this he has held high office, has come to hold the highest offices in the State whenever his political party happened to be in power. He has been Foreign Secretary; he has been Prime Minister in three Conservative administrations. For a time he actually combined the functions of Prime Minister and those of Foreign Secretary. He was envoy to the great conference at Constantinople in 1876 and 1877, and he took part in the Congress of Berlin, that conference which Lord Beaconsfield declared brought to England peace with honor. Everything that a man could have to gratify his ambition Lord Salisbury has had since the day when he succeeded to his father's title and estates. His own intellectual force and his political capacity must undoubtedly have made a way for him to Parliamentary influence and success even if he had always remained Lord Robert Cecil, and his elder brother had lived to succeed to the title. But from the moment when Lord Robert Cecil became the heir, it was certain that his party could not venture to overlook him. He might have made eccentric speeches, he might have indulged in sarcastic and scornful allusions to his political leaders, he might have allowed obtrusive scruples of conscience to interfere with the interests of his party, but none the less it became absolutely necessary that the Conservative politicians should accept, when opportunity came, the leadership of the Marquis of Salisbury. "Thou hast it all"—the words which Banquo applies to Macbeth—might have been said of Lord Salisbury when he became for the first time Prime Minister.

Lord Salisbury certainly did not achieve his position by any of the arts, even the less culpable arts, which for a time secured to Macbeth the highest reach of his ambition. Lord Salisbury's leadership came to him and was not sought by him. I cannot help thinking, however, that, after he had once attained that supreme position in his party, the remainder of his public career has been something in the nature of an anticlimax. Was it that the chill and deadening influence of the House of Lords proved too depressing for the energetic and vivacious spirit which had won celebrity for Lord Robert Cecil in the House of Commons? Was it that Lord Salisbury, when he had attained the height of his ambition, became a victim to that mood of reaction which compels such a man to ask himself whether, after all, the work of ascent was not much better than the attained elevation? Lord Salisbury's years of high office coming now thus suddenly to an end give to me at least the melancholy impression of an unfulfilled career. The influence of the Prime Minister, so far as mere outsiders can judge of it, has always been exerted in foreign affairs for the promotion of peace. Even the late war in South Africa is not understood to have been in any sense a war of his seeking. The general belief is that the policy of war was pressed upon him by influences which at the time he was not able to control—influences which would only have become all the stronger if he had refused to accept the responsibility of Prime Minister and had left it to others to carry on the work of government. However this may be, it can hardly be questioned that of late years Lord Salisbury had become that which nobody in former days could ever suppose him likely to become, the mere figurehead of an administration. Lord Salisbury's whole nature appears to have been too sincere, too free from mere theatrical arts, to allow him to play the part of leader where he had no heart in the work of leadership. A statesman like Disraeli might have disapproved of a certain policy and done his best to reason his colleagues out of it, but nevertheless, when he found himself likely to be overborne, would have immersed himself deliberately in all the new-born zeal of the convert and would have behaved thenceforward as if his whole soul were in the work which had been put upon him to do. Lord Salisbury is most assuredly not a man of this order, and he never would or could put on an enthusiasm which he did not feel in his heart. We can all remember how, at the very zenith of British passion against China during the recent political convulsions and the intervention of the foreign allies, Lord Salisbury astonished and depressed some of his warmest admirers by a speech which he made at Exeter Hall, a speech which, metaphorically at least, threw the coldest of cold water on the popular British ardor for forcing Western civilization on the Chinese people.

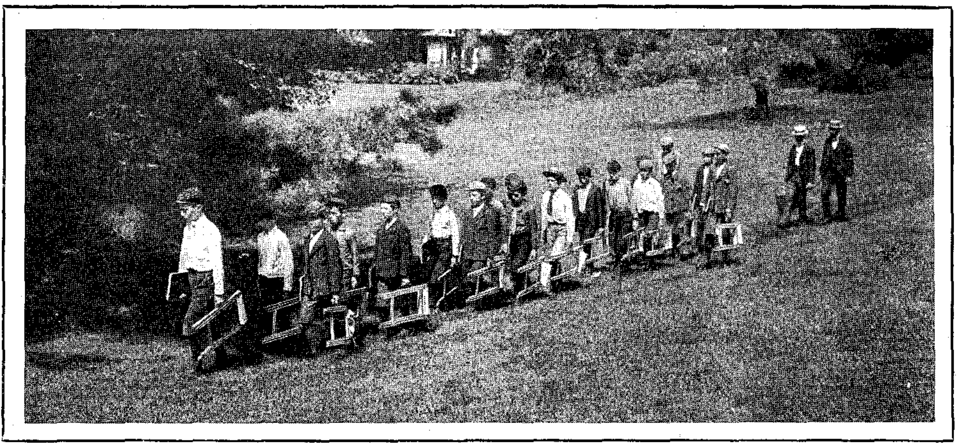
Lord Salisbury's frame of mind was one which could never allow him to become even for a moment a thorough jingo, and through all the later years of his power he held the office of Prime Minister at a time when jingoism was the order of the day among the outside supporters of the Conservative Government. He never had a fair chance for the full development of his intellectual faculties while he remained at the head of a Conservative administration. Under happier conditions he might have been a great Prime Minister and a leading force in political movement, but his intellect, his tastes, and his habits of life did not allow him to pay much deference to the prejudices and passions of those on whom he was compelled to rely for support. There was too much in him of the thinker, the scholar, and the recluse to make him a thoroughly effective leader of the party who had to acknowledge his command. He loved reading, he loved literature and art, and he took no delight in the formal social functions which are in our days an important part of successful political administration. He could not be "hail-fellow-well-met" with every pushing follower who made it a pride to be on terms of companionship with the leader of the party. I have often heard that he had a singularly bad memory for faces, and that many a devoted Tory follower found his enthusiasm chilled every now and then by the obvious fact that the Prime Minister did not seem to remember anything about the identity of his obtrusive admirer. Much the same thing has been said over and over again about Mr. Gladstone, but then Gladstone had the inborn genius of leadership, threw his soul into every great political movement, and did not depend in the slightest degree on his faculty for appreciating and conciliating every individual follower. Lord Salisbury's tastes were for the society of his close personal friends, and I believe no man could be a more genial host in the company of those with whom he loved to associate; but he had no interest in the ordinary ways of society and made no effort to conciliate those with whom he found himself in no manner of companionship. He did not even take any strong interest in the study of the most remarkable figures in the political world around him, if he did not feel drawn into sympathy with their ways and their opinions. On one occasion, when a report had got about in the newspapers that Lord Salisbury was often seen in friendly companionship with the late Mr. Parnell in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, Lord Salisbury publicly stated that he had never, to his knowledge, seen Parnell, and had never been once in the House of Commons smoking-room.

No man has been better known, so far as personal appearance was concerned, to the general English public than Lord Salisbury. He has been as well known as Mr. Gladstone himself, and one cannot say more than that. He was a frequent walker in St. James's Park and other places of common resort in the neighborhood of the House of Parliament. Every one knew the tall, broad, stooping figure with the thick head of hair, the bent brows, and the careless, shabby costume. No statesman of his time was more indifferent than Lord Salisbury to the dictates of fashion as regarded dress and deportment. He was undoubtedly one of the worst-dressed men of his order in London. In this peculiarity he formed a remarkable contrast to Lord Beaconsfield, who down to the very end of his life took care to be always dressed according to the most recent dictates of fashion. All this was strictly in keeping with Lord Salisbury's character and temperament. The world had to take him as he was—he could never bring himself to act any part for the sake of its effect upon the public. My own impression is that when he was removed by the decree of fate into the House of Lords and taken away from the active, thrilling life of the House of Commons, he felt himself excluded from his congenial field of political action and had but little interest in the game of politics any more. He does not seem destined to a place in the foremost rank of English Prime Ministers, even of English Conservative Prime Ministers. But his is beyond all question a picturesque, a deeply interesting, and even a commanding figure in English political history, and the world will have reason to regret if his voluntary retirement from the position of Prime Minister should mean also his retirement from the field of political life.



Liang-Chen-Tung

Sir Liang Chen-Tung, who was recently appointed to succeed Mr. Wu-Ting-Fang as Chinese Minister to the United States, has lately passed through New York in company with Prince Chen, a member of the Chinese imperial family. He will return with the Prince to China, but will probably take charge of the Chinese Legation in Washington within the next six months. Sir Liang was educated in this country, is considered one of the ablest of Chinese officials, and is a man of striking personality. He is of remarkable height for a man of his race, over six feet, and his command of the English language is excellent.



A SKETCHING CLASS IN A NEW YORK PARK

The City for the Children

By G. W. Wharton

THE attitude of Mayor Low, of New York City, in calling upon his Board of Education to throw open the public-school buildings to wide use by the people at large, is a measure of municipal economy. The Mayor has hit upon one of the tremendous and overlooked municipal extravagances, and he has discovered, in a measure, methods of correcting this waste. Actual squandering or theft of public moneys is quickly detected and sternly resented. Another form of civic prodigality, however, commonly passes for good husbandry of resources. This is the shameful waste of the municipal plant. In the business world such conditions as are the rule in cities could not prevail. The manufacturer who erected a large and expensive factory, and then, in the face of tremendous demand for his products at a profitable price, allowed his mill to be operated on one-eighth time, would be considered a fool. When a municipality, however, allows millions of dollars' worth of public buildings to be used only a few hours a few days each year, no one inveighs against the practice as criminal waste, and, until Mayor Low spoke out, no one called the city a fool. Nevertheless, this public practice is but a different statement of the unbusinesslike behavior of the individual producer.

Instances of such waste of public plant are numerous, but the most shameful example is furnished by the school-houses or educational plant, costing vast bond issues and interest charges, and yet useful for the greater part of the time to no one except the janitor. In New York City the value of the school plant, as fixed in City Superintendent Maxwell's last annual report, was $56,164,184. This is a vast amount of property, and yet, up to a few years ago, it was in use only six hours per day 180 days in the year, or a total of 1,080 hours. During the remaining 7,680 hours the buildings were closed like factories on strike or enterprises shut up by the sheriff—paying no rent, yielding no return, absolutely useless except for the fact that the school steps were really valuable as children's play-houses. In other words, save in providing instruction for an average of 400,000 children for six hours per day for less than one-half the year, the buildings, for all the good they did, were like public paupers—a charge on the city for maintenance.

This state of affairs is true, not only of New York City, but all too generally throughout the world. Mayor Low's policy for New York, therefore, will be found upon investigation to be as applicable to any other city as to the five boroughs around New York Bay. The way in which New York has been able to gain spiritual, ethical, and patriotic rent from its school plant is full of rare suggestion for the executives or selectmen of other corporations, townships, and hamlets.

The change for the better in this matter, though for a decade it was but a puny use of afforded opportunity, began some years ago. Evening schools—elementary and, to a limited extent, secondary—were put into operation. This plan, which showed good results almost immediately, made use of a few buildings three hours a night, ninety evenings in the year. Then the lights went out until the next fall. Later, and more or less as an outgrowth of the night schools, came the free lectures to the people, known for some years as the "Lectures to Working Men and Women" in order to avoid the ever-ready cry of "fad" from a very mixed democracy. The lecture courses, which now are remarkable both for comprehensive treatment and numbers reached, occupied a few more buildings one or two evenings a week for several months a year. On the remaining five or six evenings—for a building week is seven days, whatever may be a school week—these "educational" structures were distinguishable principally by their invisibility after sundown. The qualities

FIRE ALARM BOX

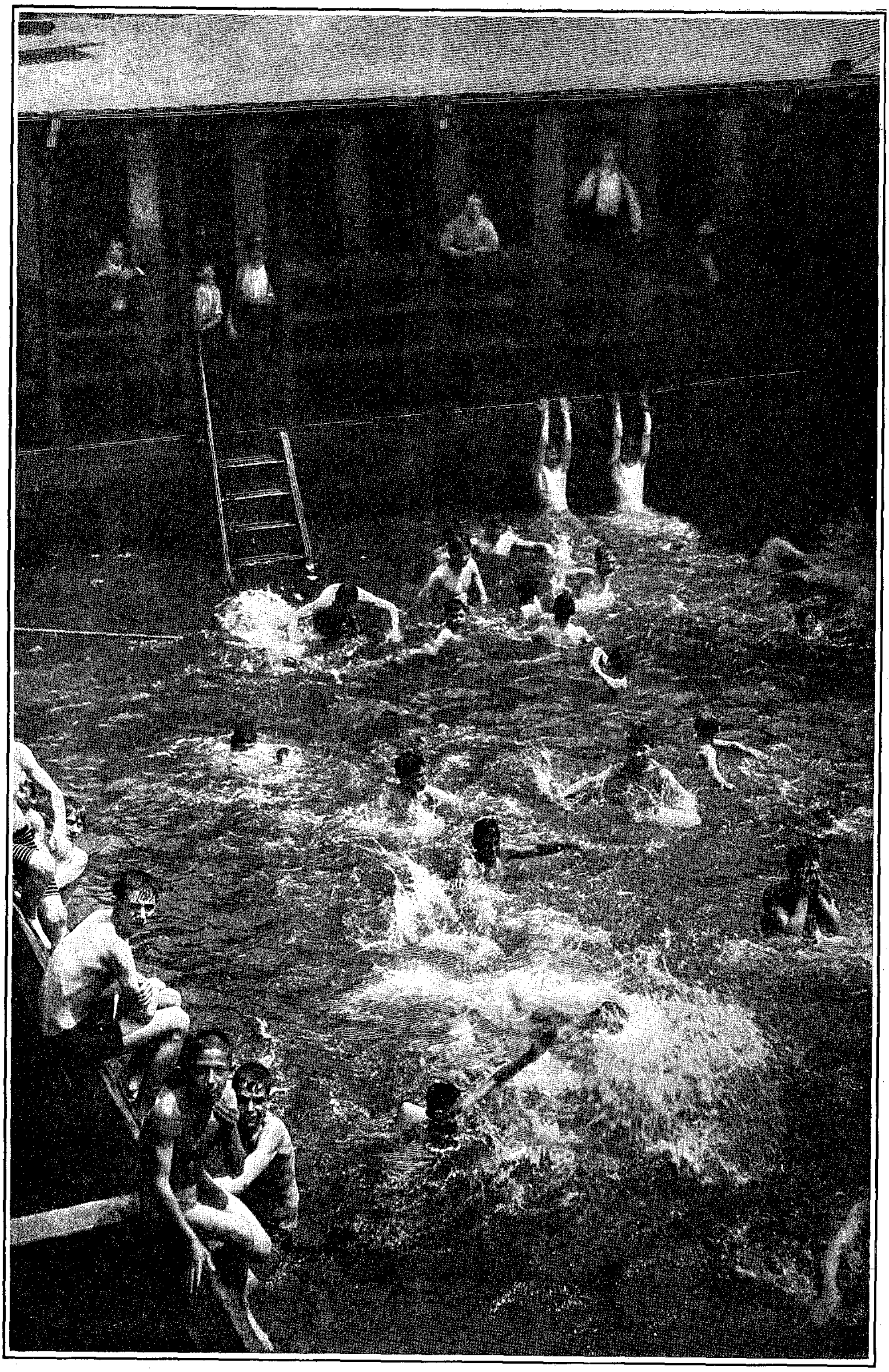
A CROWDED STREET ON THE EAST SIDE

of darkness and tightly sealed doors and windows were still characteristic of most of the New York schools. The public, however, was quite used to the tombstone quality of the buildings, and made no complaint.

The next step forward in reducing waste of plant came from persons outside the official pale. The idleness of the school buildings in summer and the lack of play-places for children at the same season grated on the nerves of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, a body very sensitive to the needs of the masses. They connected the two conditions as cause and effect, and one summer borrowed ten school buildings in the "Ghetto" and the "Bend," and opened in them "Vacation Schools," at that time a novelty. In these schools children were taught manual arts, nature study, constructive work, and kindergarten subjects, intermingled with dancing and gymnastics of a rudimentary character. The sessions were three hours a day for five or six weeks in summer, according to the amount of money contributed by the charitably inclined. The experiment was successful, not only in that it brought six hundred to a thousand children to school, but also in the sense that the pupils protested strongly against going home when the noon bell concluded the exercises.

The city, tiring of the disgrace of having a charitable organization do its proper work, finally assumed control of these institutions. This was done under the late Mayor Strong's administration, and very soon after, when the system gained for its scholastic head Dr. William H. Maxwell, who is not afraid of being called a "faddist" when he believes that he is in the right, radical expansion became the rule. The number of schools was greatly increased, and as an offshoot a score of school-houses were thrown open as playgrounds, which differ from the vacation schools proper in that they maintain no regular classes and rely for their success entirely upon general gymnastic and athletic instruction, the stimulation of children's games, the provision of some few books and a little play apparatus, and the following out of the kindergarten curriculum. This system was quickly copied by Brooklyn Borough, then under separate pedagogical control. Each year showed increasing registration and greater demand, until now there are some sixty play-places in operation, with the promise of twenty-five or thirty more before the hot season is over. The appropriations allowed for these purposes have been

A GYMNASTIC CLASS IN HAMILTON FISH PARK



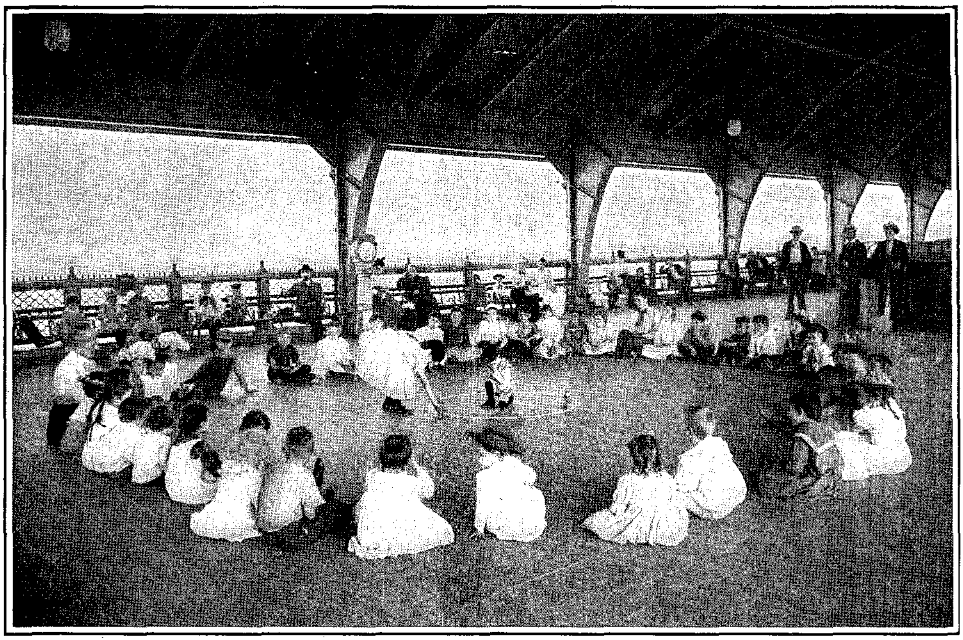
A PUBLIC BATH ON A SUMMER DAY

SAND-PILE ON THE ROOF OF THE HEBREW INSTITUTE increased each year, and even Tammany Hall, in the face of a several point boost in the tax rate just before election, did not dare to hinder the growth of this branch of public utility.

From outsiders, too, came the second lesson in making school buildings a more profitable investment, and this time it was the women who had clearer vision than the men of officialdom. The Public Education Association, of which Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer is President, needed meeting-places for the excess of their boys' and girls' clubs—social-literary organizations of juniors. The Association, to meet this demand, petitioned the Board of Education to allow the use of one or two school buildings for the purpose on certain evenings each week. The Board, after some hemming and hawing over outside influences, at last granted the use of two buildings, rent free. The Association operated these evening play-centers with complete success. The school-houses, prophecy to the contrary notwithstanding, were not torn apart and wrecked, and, beyond slight accidental breaking of glass in the basement where basket-ball was played, the damage was negligible. This success started the superintendents thinking, and it was determined to open official evening centers. The city charter apparently did not permit this, so Charles C. Burlingham, then a member and now President of the Board of Education, secured a change in the statute which sanctions the use of school-houses for almost any purpose. The next summer the Board of Education opened some half a dozen of these evening play-centers on the lower East Side; for the East Side, it must be remembered, stretches up to the Harlem River, with half a dozen plague-spots along the line. In these centers clubs of youths of both sexes were given meeting-rooms, and in the basement play-grounds regular classes or clubs were instructed in gymnastics, and for the thousand other young people books, quiet games, and other means of amusement were provided. Before the authorities knew how successful these centers really were, the different schools and rival clubs were holding athletic, chess, checker, and crokinole tournaments and joint forensic meetings. The finale was a monster open-air athletic meet in one of the parks, where some five hundred children from all the vacation schools ran races, performed on apparatus, boxed, or participated in æsthetic and gymnastic drills. The evening play-centers, therefore, were continued throughout the winter, with a nightly attendance of thousands. This meant that this number of young people were being weaned from the evil influences of saloons, cider-stubes, immoral candy-shops, tobacco-rooms, and the indiscriminate associations of crowded streets and tenement halls, and were being entertained nightly in a clean, healthy atmosphere. The system of evening recreation and instruction is to be broadened considerably next winter. In most of the centers for girls complete instruction in cooking, home-making, housekeeping, sewing, personal hygiene, and care of babies for the benefit of little mothers will probably be given, and some useful trade may be taught to the boys. As an instance of the value of domestic science in tenement districts may be cited the experience of the trained nurses in charge of the summer courses. These teachers, before they could make personal cleanliness practicable, were forced to teach the girls how to bathe their bodies modestly in a crowded room. As one of the girls put it, "Bathing is all right, but where I live two or three men are always in the room."

The general usefulness and the educational, civic, and sociological value of the play-places are now beyond question, and the stigma "fad," which for a time in New York was attached to everything pedagogical which was not moth-eaten, is never used in connection with the summer activities.

A visit to the vacation schools proper, where the girls are taught domestic science in all branches, millinery, crocheting, basketry, drawing, designing, and brush-work, and where the boys learn carpentry, knife-work, chair-caning, fret-sawing, iron-bending, and other useful arts, will convince the most perverse doubter that money so spent is money unusually well spent. He will find the younger children, happy as larks and busy as bees, making articles of paper, constructing toys, or performing the Froebelian ritual plays. In the less formal playgrounds, a glance at



A KINDERGARTEN ON A RECREATION PIER

the sand-piles where the children are swarming like ants will make it unnecessary for him to study the hundred other features to be satisfied. A final and conclusive proof will come to this individual when he steps from the cool, clean, well-ventilated school-house into the hot, paved streets of ill-smelling neighborhoods, which but for the school oases would be the only playing-place of the thousands of his little "fellow-citizens." The cost of this substitute, exclusive of wear and tear on property, is something less than ten cents per day per child.

The next experiment, school baths, came from the inside, and was looked upon as very radical. Miles M. O'Brien, formerly President of the Board, determined in 1901 to put shower-baths into the schools for the use of pupils during school hours, and for the general public at other times. Considerable scholastic opposition was aroused, and, as a compromise, but one bath, that in School No. 1, near Chatham Square, was ordered. On a hot July day, when it was noon by the asphalt if not by the missing town-pump, the showers devised by Superintendent of School Buildings C. B. J. Snyder were formally opened. There were no speeches, however. President O'Brien helped the youngsters, who previously had fought to get in, to undress, and then turned the water on twenty-five as dirty urchins as one ever saw. In ten minutes grimy bodies were snow white, not pink, for the underfed children of New York City are normally pale. When the records showed three and four hundred baths a day, this experiment was called a necessity. The baths have been ordered opened on Sunday mornings this year, and within a few weeks nine more schools in bathless neighborhoods will be equipped with ample baths for both sexes.

Having helped itself somewhat in getting fuller use out of its plant, the Board of Education started in to help other departments. The Commissioners sought permission from other Boards and installed teachers and kindergartners in the parks, on the recreation piers, and in the open-air gymnasia. Swimming teachers were provided at the free floating baths. Then the Board borrowed vacant lots, tops of buildings, and settlement yards, and manned or rather womanned them with a corps of instructors. Sketching classes and athletic teams were taken to distant parks, and as a finale one year ten thousand pupils were loaded on steamboats and excursion barges and given a day's outing at some water-side park.

All of these things accomplished were

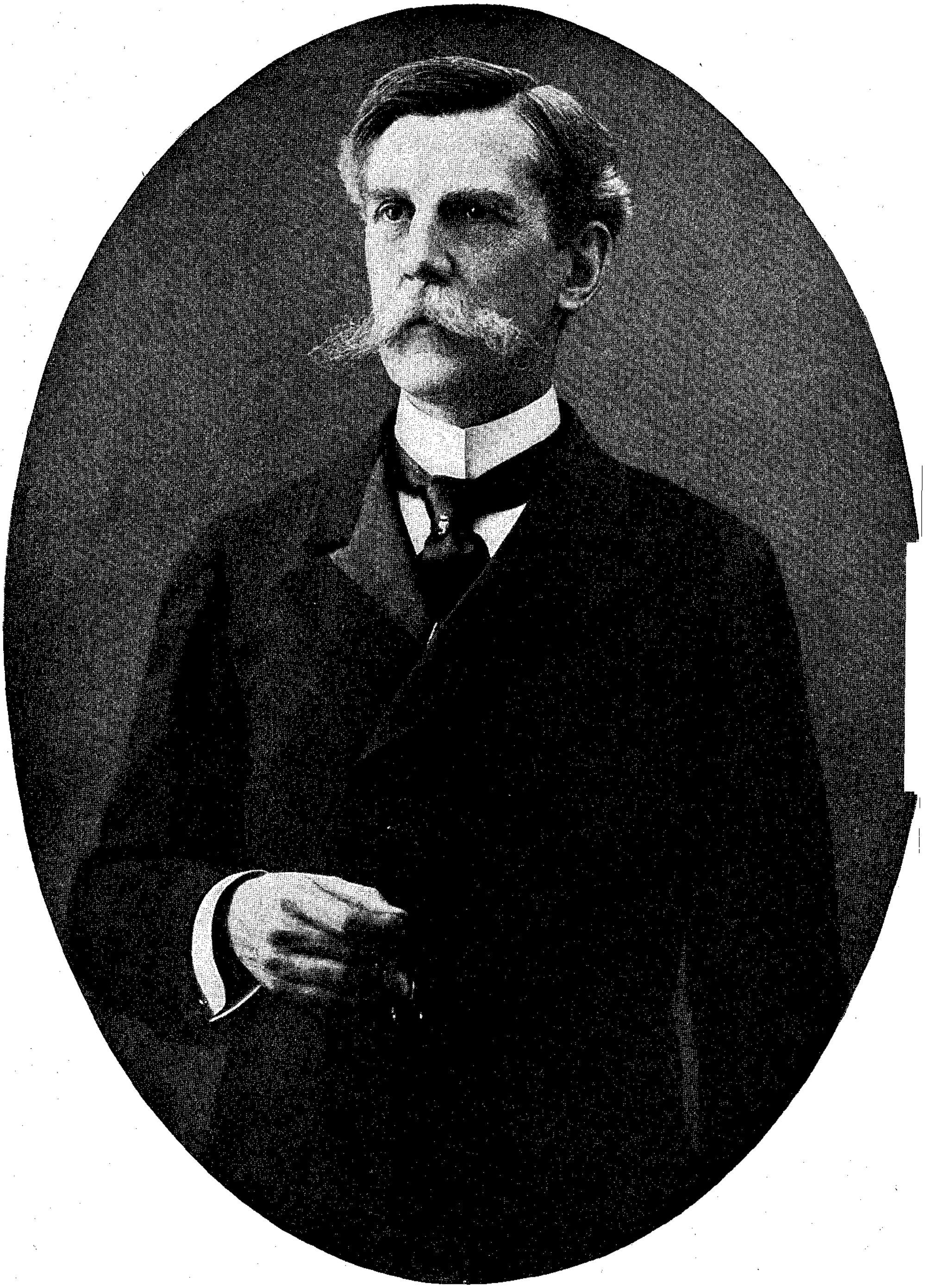
well enough in their way, but Mayor Low still was not satisfied. "Open more schools more of the time for more purposes for more people. Keep them open after school hours, on Saturdays, on Sundays, in summer, for play-places, for concerts, for meetings of citizens. You tell us how to do this, up at the Board of Education. We'll give the money, down at City Hall." These are not the Mayor's own words, but they are a good summary of his intentions.

As soon as financial support thus was guaranteed by the Mayor, the Board of Education, under the lead of Mr. Burlingham, with whom play-schools are a hobby, adopted within a fortnight a number of plans which had been under consideration by the several committees for many weeks. First of these was the resolution to open twenty or thirty additional summer playgrounds to add their attendance to the present enrollment of seventy thousand, and to care for the overflow in Brooklyn. The next proposition offered by the Committee on Special Schools and Care of Buildings, of which Felix M. Warburg and ex-State Senator Charles L. Guy are chairmen respectively, startled the Board to some extent. These committees actually proposed to let the Public Education Association give a series of select free concerts on six successive Sunday evenings in the West Twenty-eighth Street Public School. Some of the members feared a dangerous precedent which would open the schools to the use of all sorts of organizations. The supporters of the plan answered that that would be most desirable. Finally the Board swallowed outside management, Sunday opening, and all, and sanctioned the plan, with the single reservation that the Department of Education should have supervisory control.

With the Sunday question settled, General George W. Wingate found it an easy matter to put through a resolution for the Lecture Committee, instructing Supervisor Henry M. Leipziger to establish on Sunday nights in crowded districts courses of lectures on historical, ethical, and æsthetic topics. At the same time it was determined to give lectures on sanitation and government in the Yiddish and Italian tongues, for the benefit of the first generation of naturalized Americans, to whom English is not easily intelligible.

All of these innovations, which will result in the opening of hundreds of school-houses for many extra hours each year, cost money. If the Board's perfected plans are carried out, the cost probably will be in the neighborhood of $250,000 per annum. This sum, however, will provide, in addition to the activities already specified, for the opening regularly of one school-house in each of the forty-six districts, as meeting-places for parents' leagues, mothers' clubs, literary societies, and other serious gatherings. In this way the schools will become, it is believed, the social centers of many of the neighborhoods—a condition which, besides conferring direct benefit on those who use the facilities, will be of service indirectly to the school system, in stimulating a stronger interest in school affairs on the part of the parents of pupils. After all, however, to return to the text, the important achievement lies in the fact that the city of New York has succeeded in utilizing for nearly twice as much time school property worth probably twenty-five million dollars. This has been done at a cost of about one per cent. per year on this valuation.

In conclusion, it must be remembered that all that is necessary to make any other city's name figure as the possessor of this fine sense of husbandry is action by the city officers. With minor modifications to suit particular cases, these ideas are easily adaptable for the saving of public money, both in populous communities and in hamlets. Let the selectmen of a village ask themselves if their two-thousand-dollar school-house is giving all the return possible. Other questions will follow quickly: "Are the children allowed to use the school-yard after hours?" "Are the literary societies encouraged to meet there?" "Is the local temperance society given any opportunity to combat the saloon and corner lounging-place through the medium of the school-house as a center of social activity?" In the country there may be no need to offer substitutes for "stuss" room and cider "stube" as in New York, but every place has features which are not as good as the best. There is no reason why the school-house should be idle and force the churches and the police to do all the night work.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
The newly appointed Justice of the United States Supreme Court.

A MODERN RANCHER'S HOME

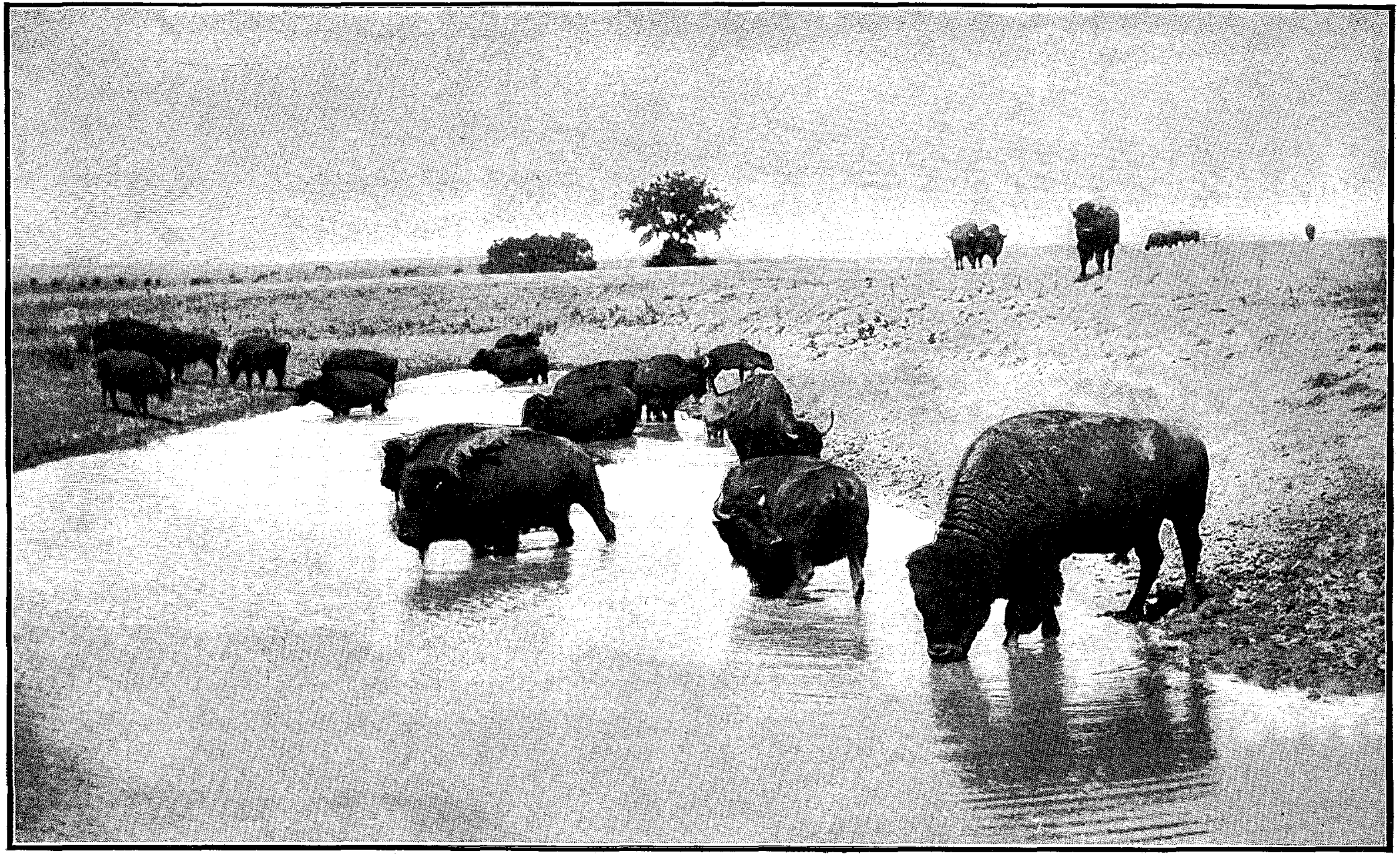
Modern Methods in the Cattle Industry

By Charles Moreau Harger

RANCH life was once an adventure; now it is a business. The glamour that surrounded the long trips over the trail from the open range to the shipping station, four hundred miles away, is no more. The typical cowboy who rode up the street of the cattle town, shooting revolvers and yelling that he was a "bad man," has passed into history. Even the "round-up" has lost some of its fiercer characteristics, and the owner of great herds, instead of wearing a broad-brimmed hat, trousers stuffed into the tops of high boots, with other accouterments indicating that he is "tough," is more likely to sport a well-tied four-in-hand, patent-leather shoes, and adorn his fancy vest front with a watch-charm indicating that he has taken thirty-two degrees in the most exclusive secret society on earth. The business of cattle production has extended until it is not a venture nor a speculation, but an enterprise with far-reaching influences and with demands on the East as well as on the West.

The cattle ranch of to-day differs most from that of old in that it has metes and bounds. Barbed-wire fences have made it possible for cattle syndicates to know where their herds graze. Not all of them are on fenced land, and—what is more notable—not all of the fenced land is owned by the men who use it. In the Southwest—that vast open plain including western Texas, western Oklahoma, eastern New Mexico, and parts of Arizona and Kansas—the cattleman who owns one-fourth of the land he has fenced thinks he is doing fairly well. In whole counties not more than twenty-five per cent. is either owned or leased by the users. The remainder? Some of it is Government land, free range; some is owned by Eastern investors who took it under mortgage in the boom times; some belongs to the county because taxes have not been paid.

The character of the stock has changed as well as that of the land tenure and the methods of doing business. For twenty years there has been going on in the range country a process of improvement, an upbuilding of the herds through the importation of better stock and the "selection of the fittest" in the develop-



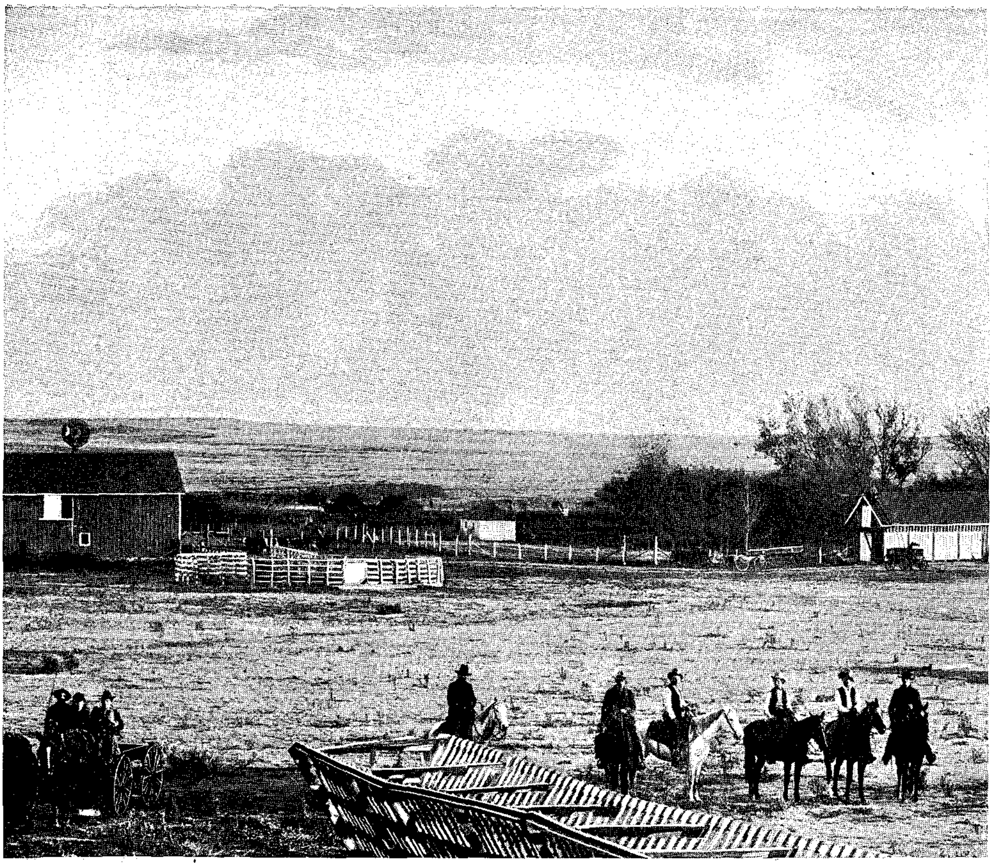
BUFFALOES ON THE GOOD NIGHT RANCH, TEXAS ment of the herds. The "long-horn" and the "dogie" are no more. The slender, narrow-faced, nervous animal that could run like a deer, was subject to panic when it saw a man not on horseback, and had horns reaching far out on either side, is not seen. In its place has come the broad-backed, thick-loined, wide-shouldered, dehorned, white-faced steer that gives the largest possible amount of beef for the least possible amount of food, tops the market, and is as easy to manage as a pet heifer of the farmyard. A revolution has been worked in the cattle business during the past dozen years through the efforts of the ranch-owners to build up and improve their herds. It has lost some of its picturesque features, perhaps, and is less fitted for the purposes of the romancer, but it is on a higher plane and stands as one of the great business enterprises of the West, its influence extending further than most people realize.

The early ranchers thought that they had a perpetual possession. The character of the grazing lands appeared to the men of those days as totally unfit for agriculture. It was for the most part upland, some of it with rich blue stem, but the larger portion covered with the short, close-curled buffalo-grass that winter does not wither. Then there was the desert, the open plain back from the streams and railroads—everybody's land, free range where herds might roam the twelvemonth through. Once a year there was a great gathering of cattle, the "round-up," when, by means of the brands burned into the hides of the animals, the various ownership of the herds was determined. Out of this sort of management, and the impression that there would never be a demand for the cattle lands for farming, grew up a race of cattle barons, men who counted their cattle by the tens of thousands and dictated the business in the Southwest. Allied with them were the ranchers of the Northwest, where the summer feeding-grounds offered a grazing-place for the wandering herds, and the only competition was from the owners of vast flocks of sheep. The cattle business was thus on a basis of independence, and the open range offered to the owners of the herds an apparently unending income, furnished by the Government, and one which could not be lessened.

The transition period dawned fifteen years ago, when the boom in Western realty caused attention to be directed to the opportunities for making farms out of the open lands of the western Mississippi valley. The boom was a failure as a business proposition, but it did this: it opened the eyes of hundreds of thousands of Eastern and Middle States farmers to the possibilities of the West. It showed what might be done if agriculture could conquer the lands that had been included in the semi-arid region. This agriculture proceeded to do. By means of crops that depend less on the supply of moisture than do wheat and corn, and by improved methods of soil culture, the farming of the prairies has been developed until on the lands where once grew only grass and sunflowers are now produced four crops of alfalfa annually, while alongside wave the rich fields of millet and kaffir corn, alike regardless of the amount of rainfall.

Every success in the West is heralded among the home-seekers of the East, and immediately thousands proceed to start for the new lands. So it was that the settlers took up their journey toward the open plain and asked the Government for homestead title to the portions that seemed most available for crop-raising. Along the edges of the range region the hordes of settlers camped, every day pushing a little further toward the interior. The opening of the Indian lands of Oklahoma took from the cattlemen a vast area to turn it over to farming. The building of irrigation ditches in the Southwest made of other areas valuable fields instead of open plain. Orchards and gardens succeeded the pastures. There was but one result possible: the cattlemen must own or control their grazing land. They built barbed-wire fences and leased great reaches of prairies. Some syndicates bought outright the lands needed, and established estates that had been unknown in the cattle country. In short, the transformation from range to ranch was complete, and a new system of cattle production had come to succeed the old. Comfortable ranch-houses took the place of shacks, and thoroughbred animals gave better returns at the sale-yard.

It is estimated that twenty acres is necessary to pasture a steer through the season on the upland pastures. Thus, to



A TYPICAL RANCH

care for a herd of 1,000 animals there must be 20,000 acres. Ranches ten times as large are not uncommon in the Southwest. The management is so systematized that a few men, comparatively, are able to care for the thousands of head of stock. For instance, on the largest ranch in that section, covering 5,000 square miles, only 125 men were needed. There were 125,000 cattle, besides 1,600 horses. The ranch was divided into seven divisions, and each had its ranch house and wells. The draws were used for reservoirs, and the streams were held back in great ponds. The cattle lost on this ranch, through several years, averaged only two to five per cent. annually, due largely to occasional severe storms rather than to disease. This ranch has lately been divided into smaller holdings, but it is a fair example of how the business is conducted.

When the ranches are located, the houses are usually by the side of a stream or in a grove of trees. Some of these dwellings are of the most comfortable character and have within their spacious walls all the conveniences of modern life, including bath-rooms, lighting, and furnishings. Great cottonwoods lift their trembling branches in the never-ceasing breeze, and the hot winds of summer are tempered by the shade. On the outskirts of the home place are the stables and the dwellings of the herders. The herders are occasionally Mexicans, and as such make a not over-agreeable combination. More often they are Americans of good address and sometimes of exceptional education. They take pride in their business and give to it the best of their ability.

Taking the fat stock to market—the steers are sold and the heifers are kept on the ranch, if it is properly conducted—is not the task that it was of old. Railroads extend into the very heart of the cattle country, and others are yet more closely dividing the territory. It is no uncommon thing for ten trains of stock to go to

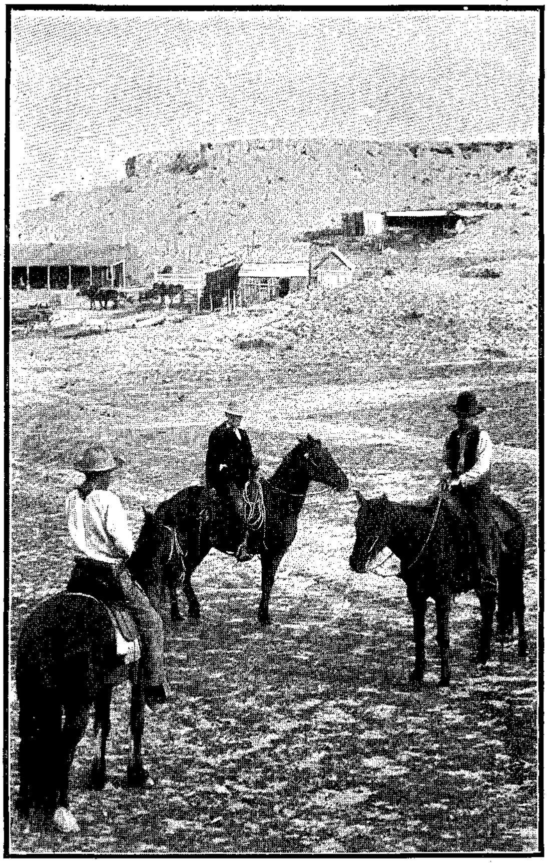
OF TEXAS

market from a single ranch. So perfect are the arrangements for feeding and watering *en route* and for care in the yards at Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago, and St. Louis, that the prime beef stock intended for the export trade, as well as that which enters into the every-day traffic of the packing-houses, reaches the slaughter-houses in the best possible condition.

In addition to the development of the more popular strains on the Western ranches—Herefords, Angus, Shorthorns, Galloways, Durhams—on the Good Night ranch of Texas an experiment is now being conducted in crossing the buffalo with the sturdier varieties of cattle, securing what is termed the "cattalo," combining something of the shaggy coat and sturdy shoulders of the native of the plains and the beef qualities of its successor. The result has not yet reached proportions sufficient to determine the practicability of marketing this new breed successfully, but the animals are increasing and present an interesting sight on the prairies of the ranch.

The ups and downs of the Southwest cattle business have been many. In 1878 and 1879, cattle were worth $8 a head on the range; in 1882, with the extension of railway transportation, they went to $12.50; then they jumped to $22.50. There were ten millions of them, called "dogies" in east Texas, "sea lions" on the Gulf, and "long-horns" in the Panhandle. Fortunes were made in those days, and cattle companies came into being by the hundred. So rapidly was the cattle business developed that when the early nineties came, with the depression in the demand for beef, the Southwest was overstocked and the prices went to pieces. The Northwest cattle ranches fared better, for they had always been conducted on a more businesslike and less speculative basis.

The next change came about 1897,



COWBOYS AT DALHART, TEXAS

when the country suddenly demanded large shipments of cattle for beef. The cattlemen were masters of the market. Up and up the prices went. Every one who handled the steers from the time the train left the lonely siding in the midst of the prairie until the juicy porterhouse had been served at dinner made money. Cattle paper (the mortgages given by feeders when they take stock to fatten through the winter) was gilt edged. So popular was it with investors in the East that some dealers issued several sets on the same bunch of cattle—and then skipped to Mexico.

Faster than the ranches could increase their herds, in the face of constantly diminishing pasture land because of the influx of settlers, did the demand grow. The export trade increased along with added facilities for shipping meats abroad. The supply was kept down by the conditions attending the settlement of both Southwest and Northwest, while the demand gained an added impetus with each month.

An authority on this subject says: "Notwithstanding the great increase in the meat-consuming capacity of the country by reason of the increased prosperity in 1900 as compared with 1892, the more general employment of the people, and an actual increase in the population of 11,000,000, or 16 per cent., there was in that period a decrease in meat-producing animals of 27,000,000 head, or approximately 20 per cent." The average price of cattle increased from $14.06 in 1895 to $24.90 in 1900. Since that time the conditions have been even more in favor of higher prices, owing partly to the steadily increasing demand for beef and the situation regarding feed and pasture. The fact that something like 200,000 people moved into Oklahoma and northern Texas last year, the immigration of 160,000 to the Northwest this spring, and the steady Western tide of settlement from the Middle States to the territory of Kansas and Nebraska, have been a menace to the cattlemen. They have lessened the grazing land by using it for farms and raised the cost of pasturage by limiting the supply. The ultimate result is to make the meat cost more.

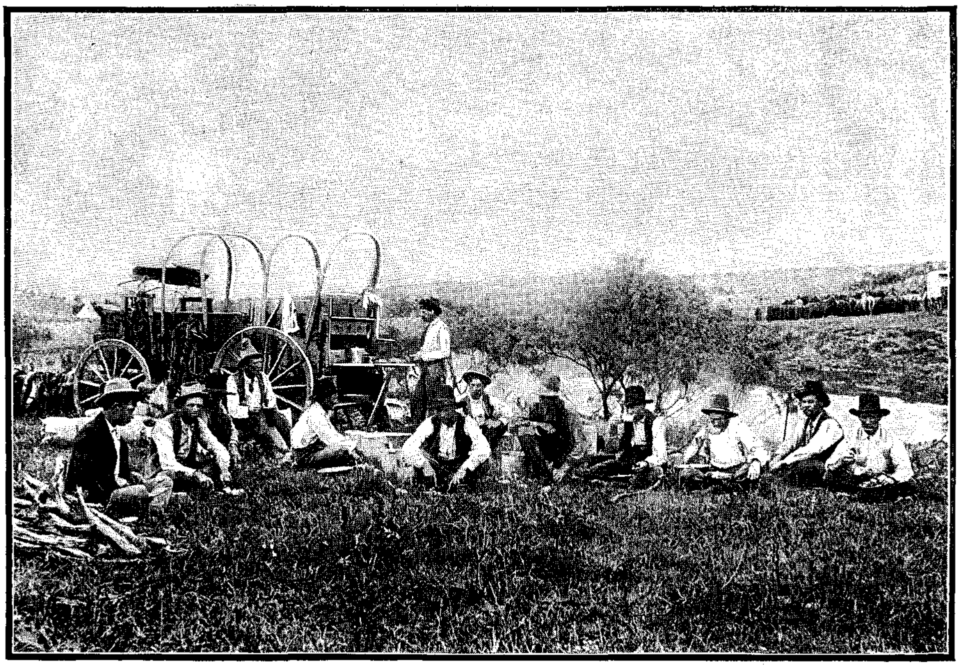
Of recent years there has come into the cattle business a new element that was once taken into account but little. This is the feeding industry. Upon the corn crop of the West depends much of the rancher's profit, something little considered by the average citizen. Timely rains in July mean riches to the stockman as well as to the farmer.

The one output of the cattle ranch is beef. The by-products, such as the hides or the creamery returns for milk, do not interest the rancher. He is raising beef cattle, not milch cows, and just so far as his cattle go to the market ready for the butcher, just to that extent is he successful. He sells to the commission men of the Western cities all the stock he can spare in the fall. While the animals are off the grass and once would have been considered fit for beef, they must now go into another process. The farmer of Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, or Iowa, who has a large corn crop, does not wish to sell it for twenty-five cents a bushel. He wants to put it into beef and make it net him forty to fifty cents—good return for a few months' labor in feeding. The commission man lets him have the cattle and takes a mortgage on the stock and the corn. This paper is sold to Eastern investors and banks. The feeder pays, say, six per cent., the Eastern investor gets, say, four per cent., the commission man gets the difference. When the cattle are fat they are sold to the packing-houses, the notes are paid and the mortgages released; the farmer goes home with a check that pays him well for his work and for his corn. When there is a corn failure the farmer does not feed cattle, for he can sell his corn—what he has—for enough to pay him better than it would in beef. The rancher finds small market for his feeders; the best of them are put on the market without corn fattening, the others go over for another year.

That is what happened in 1901. The dry weather in the summer over the corn States caused a decrease in their corn production of, in round numbers, 1,000,000,000 bushels, or 50 per cent.; and the same conditions that shortened the corn crop also shortened the grass. Not over one-third the normal amount of grass was produced on the ranges of the Southwest, and for some of the ranchers the situation became serious.

Corn was worth sixty-five to seventy cents; hay, when it could be secured, $10 to $12 a ton. Farmers could not fatten cattle profitably on that ration. A Western agricultural paper gave this example of one feeder's experience: His ability is shown by the fact that he reached the highest price paid in Kansas City since 1882. He bought thirty steers in November for $48.14 each and fed them six months. The corn cost thirty cents a day and hay ten cents, the total cost of the feed being $74, making the steers net him, without transportation or labor counted, $122.14 each. They sold for $121.06 each. The farmer would have made more money to have sold his corn and hay in the market and let the cattle alone.

David Rankin, of Missouri, who enjoys the distinction of feeding more cattle each winter than any one East or West, says of his experience: "I bought my cattle last fall at four cents, and each weighed about 1,000 pounds. It takes 75 bushels



THE RANCHERS AT DINNER

of corn or its equivalent to fatten a steer. I sold my cattle at $6.85, and they averaged 1,325 pounds. They cost $40; feed (75 bushels at 60 cents), $45; shipping and selling, $3.50; total, $88.50. Sale of 1,325 pounds at $6.85, $90.70. Profit to feeder, $2.70." This simply goes to show that there is a close struggle with dollars and cents before the cattleman reaps his profits and takes a trip to Europe.

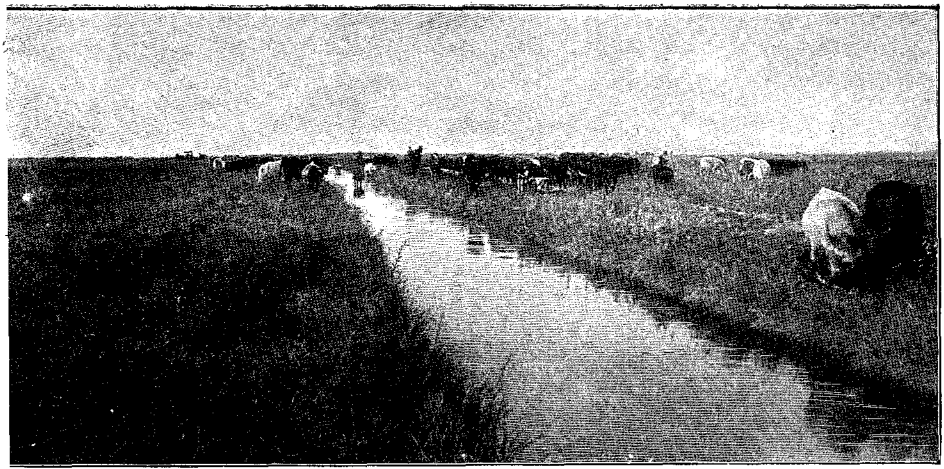
Other feeders better situated, perhaps, for securing "roughness," as hay and straw are called, or who could use wheat-fields for pasture during the winter, fed cattle and made a fair return. One man shipped corn from Iowa and alfalfa from Colorado to fatten cattle in central Kansas, and his account showed a small profit. In general, it was not a feeding year, and the ranchmen either sacrificed their surplus stock or sent them to the further ranges of the Northwest or the buffalo-grass of the Southwest to wait better conditions. If the packers controlled the market to an extent that enabled them to dictate prices, it was made possible by these conditions, but those familiar with the situation know that there was good reason for high beef outside this alleged combination.

Another very present problem before the cattleman of the West to-day is the use of the Government range. Impelled by the demands of settlers and small ranchers, as well as by the importunities of the sheepmen, who also covet the green acres, the Government has ordered that all fences be removed from the public domain. When cattlemen are dilatory in the matter, the marshals proceed to use clippers on the barbed strands. To the settler it seems that this order is just, but the cattleman objects on these grounds: He says that if all the cattle are to run loose on the plain, as in the old days, the use of thoroughbred stock will be impossible, and herds will deteriorate; that the land is by no means fit for farming, take one year with another, and it would be a blessing to keep the settler out. The ranchers want Congress to appoint a commission to determine what lands shall thus be used and not opened to homestead.

In the meantime, the ranchman, his herders, his nephews, and his friends are filing homestead claims on every 160 acres possible that lie along the streams, in preparation for the future.

On the range the cattlemen are hoping for drought—a condition rare in this

BRANDING THE CALVES



AN IRRIGATION CANAL

ountry. As one expressed it: "If we can et a dry year, these settlers will go back ast where they can depend on things; f it rains, they will raise a little, and hang n for nobody knows how long. They'll o in the end, of course, so let 'em go ow." But the settlers say they will not o "in the end," and they certainly are uilding as though they mean it.

The cattle business of the future will ontinue, as now, to be managed on trictly business principles. It will, howver, be eventually on a more stable basis, s the questions of the use of the range nd the competition of settlement will be nded. That the range will be restricted s certain; that there will be a readjustnent of the business on some of its lines s probable. The present high prices for eef will doubtless induce a rapid growth f the industry; thousands will go into tock-raising, and hope for large returns. Jnlike sheep, the herds of cattle cannot e rapidly increased. It takes several ears to make material changes in the umbers, and, with the steadily growing opulation of this Nation, and the increased demand for meats, there is little likelihood of any immediate overplus of the ranch's product.

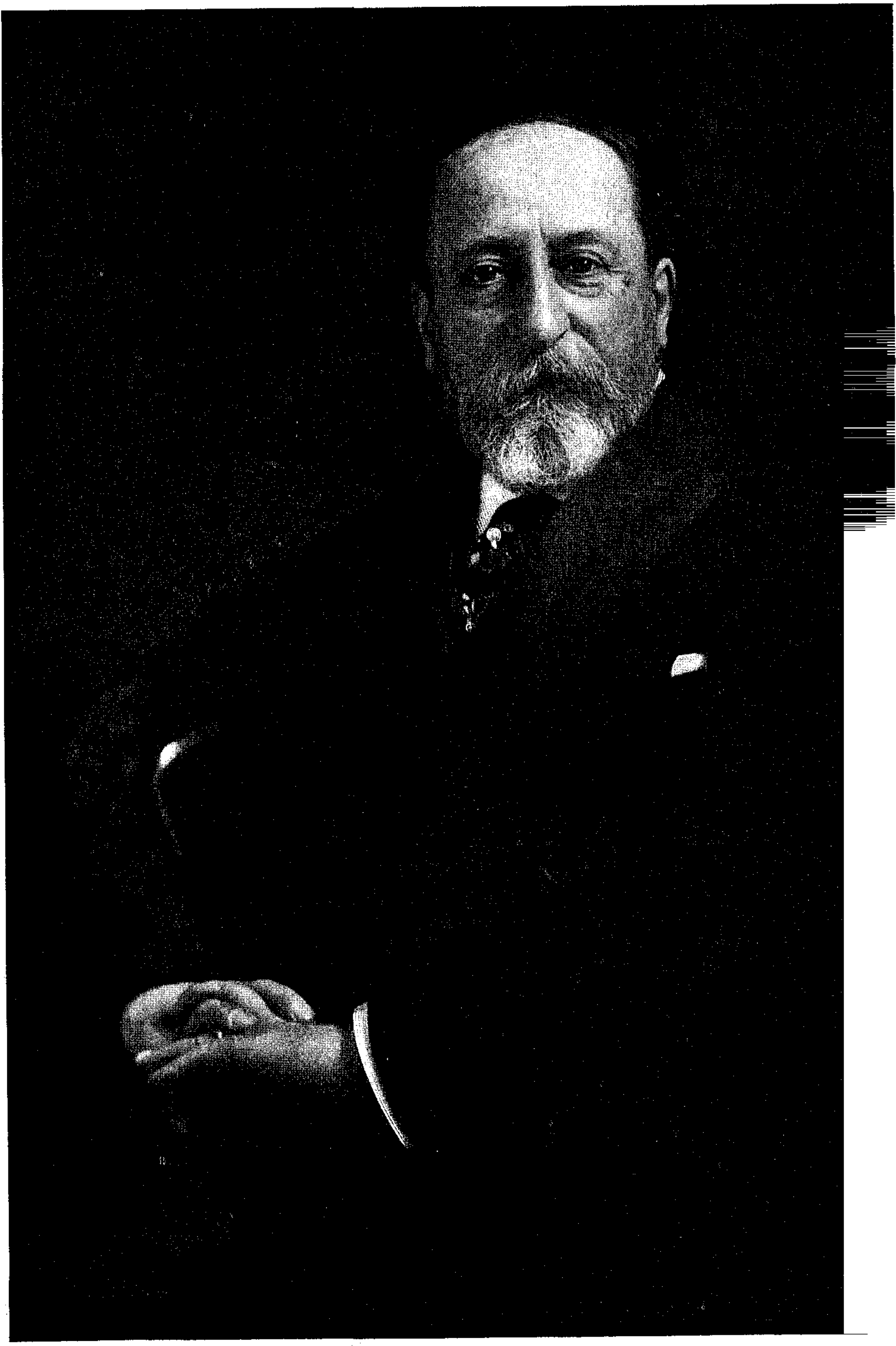
Most of us can remember when the town dealer went from farm to farm, picking up a single animal here and another there until he secured a load, then shipping it to the city. The West has not yet known that period, but some day it will. The tendency toward diversified agriculture and the mingling of stock-raising with grain production is marked, and in the end it will prevail generally. Under that system there will be more cattle and better cattle than to-day.

The day of the great cattle syndicate and the immense ranches will pass away, and with them many of the picturesque features that have furnished so many pages to the romancer. The cattle trail has already become history, and every year is making of ranch life a soberer and more businesslike proceeding. Its readjustment to present-day conditions furnishes an interesting study, and its future development as one of the Nation's greatest industries will be worth watching.

The Vision of Irrigation

By Minna C. Smith

On brown and purple peaks against blue sky the snow,
Fierce yellow sunlight on wide sage-gray lands.
Clear, cold, and foaming white, swift Nile-green rivers flow
That soon shall give this desert to men's hands.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HISTED

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Two Modern French Composers

Camille Saint-Saëns and César Franck

By Daniel Gregory Mason

IT is a principle of musical expression that of the two great types of temperament, the active and the contemplative, the first tends to express itself in strongly rhythmic figures, the second in phrases of vaguer outline, full of sentiment not easily to be confined in molds. The man of action is incisive, vigorous, compact in utterance; the mystic is by contrast indefinite and discursive. It has been well established, indeed, that primeval music was the product of two modes of instinctive emotional expression, the gesticulatory and the vocal, dance and song; and throughout its growth these two strands, however closely they may intertwine, can still be traced. Thus it happens that even to-day we find the complex work of modern musicians getting a special impress of personality and style according as the rhythmic or the melodic-harmonic faculty predominates in the individual. One man's music will be notable for its strong pulse, its variety and vivacity of rhythm; another's will appeal to the more dreamy and sentimental part of our natures, will speak to our hearts so movingly that we shall recognize its descent from the song rather than from the dance. And in all such cases the first man will be of the active temperament, a man of the world, of many interests and great nervous force; the second will be contemplative, inclined to the monastic life, and of great heart rather than keen intelligence.

Such an antithesis of artistic product and of personal character exists in a peculiar degree between Camille Saint-Saëns and César Franck, the two greatest composers France has produced since Bizet. Each of these men is great by virtue of qualities somewhat wanting in the other. The one is clever, worldly, learned—and a little superficial; the other, profound, religious, of singularly pure and exalted spirit, is yet emotional to the verge of abnormality. And so with their music: that of Saint-Saëns is energetic, lucid, consummately wrought, while Franck's, more moving and more subtle, is so surcharged with feeling as to become vague and inarticulate. A review of their lives and a brief analysis of their work will bring out more clearly this divergence of nature, which, in spite of the many traits they have in common, has constrained them to very different careers and exacted of them very dissimilar artistic services.

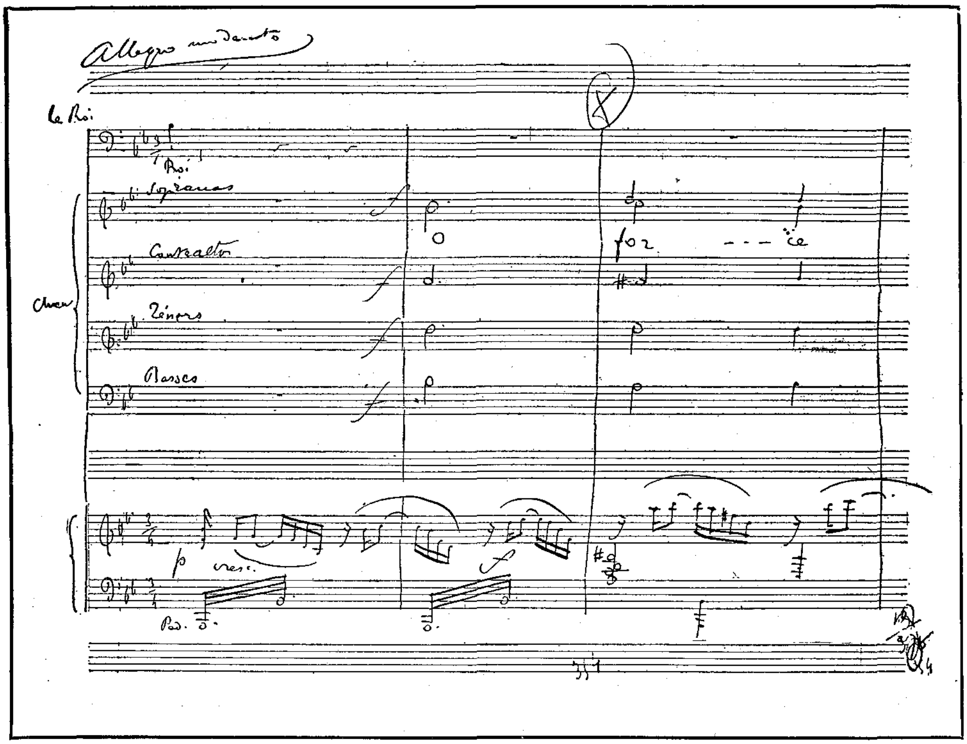
I.—SAINT-SAËNS

At a concert given in Paris in 1846 appeared a new prodigy, a boy pianist, "le petit Saint-Saëns," as the "Gazette Musicale" announced him, who, only ten and a half years old, played Händel, Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart, "without notes, with no effort, giving his phrases with clearness, elegance, and even expression in the midst of the powerful effects of a numerous orchestra using all its resources." This, the first public appearance of Saint-Saëns, was by no means his first musical exploit. We read that he began the study of the piano with his great-aunt at the age of three, when already his sense of tone was so keen that he would press down with his left hand the slender fingers of the right until they became strong enough to satisfy his exacting requirements; that at five he composed little waltzes; that at ten he played fugues by Bach, a concerto of Hummel, and Beethoven's C-minor Concerto; and that he could tell the notes of all the clock-chimes in the house, and once remarked that a person in the next room was "walking in trochees." By the time he was seventeen he had earned wide reputation as a pianist, had taken prizes for organ-playing at the Conservatory, and had written an ode for chorus, solo, and orchestra, and a symphony. Thus early did he lay the foundations of that skill which in the early seventies, when at Wagner's house he played on the piano the "Siegfried" score, won from Von Bülow the remark that, with the exception of Wagner and Liszt, he was the greatest musician living.

The surprising energy and versatility shown at the opening of Saint-Saëns's career have proved, in the course of time, to be the salient traits of his typically Gallic nature. He is, to a remarkable degree, the complete Frenchman. He has all the intellectual vivacity, all the nervous force, the quick wit and worldly polish, even the physical swarthiness and the dry keenness of visage, that we associate with his countrymen. M. Georges Servières, in his "La Musique Française Moderne," gives the following excellent description: "Saint-Saëns is of short stature. His head is extremely original, the features characteristic; a great brow, wide and open, where, between the eyebrows, the energy and the tenacity of the man reveal themselves; hair habitually cut short, and brownish beard turning gray; a nose like an eagle's-beak, underlined by two deeply marked wrinkles starting from the nostrils, eyes a little prominent, very mobile, very expressive. The familiars of his Mondays, those who knew the artist before injured health and family sorrows had darkened his character, remember that there was about him then a keen animation, a diabolic mischievousness, a railing irony, and an agility in leaping in talk from one subject to another with a sprightliness of fancy that equaled the mobility of his features, which were animated at one and the same moment by the most contrary expressions; and I could cite as instances of his gay humor many funny anecdotes that he loved to tell, adjusting on his nose the while, with both hands, in a way peculiar to him, his eyeglasses, behind which his eyes sparkled with malice."

Some examples of this railing irony of Saint-Saëns are preserved. There is, for instance, a story of an ambitious woman at one of his "Mondays," who fairly browbeat him into accompanying her two daughters in a duet. After enduring as long as he could the torture of their timeless and tuneless performance, he turned to the mother with, "*Which* of your daughters, madam, do you wish me to accompany?" A man of his wit naturally found himself at home in Paris society, and counted among his friends for years such people as the Princess Pauline Metternich, Mme. Viardot-Garcia, and Meissonier, Tourgenieff, and Dumas. A story told in the "Figaro," of how at Madame Garcia's, where he often played both the organ and the piano, he would pass from improvising "masterly pages" in the contrapuntal style to waltzes for the young people to dance by, illustrates in little that peculiar combination of distinction and gayety, characteristic of Paris, which is the native air of Saint-Saëns.

But this adept metropolitan is also an inveterate nomad. Not content with traveling all over Europe in his virtuoso tours, he has long had the habit of wintering in outlandish places like the Canary Islands. Often he leaves home without announcing to any one his departure, or even giving friends his address; sometimes without knowing himself where he will go. The spectacle of distant lands and alien races has for him an inexhaustible fascination. In writing of his experiences in England, where he went in 1893 to receive the doctor's degree from Cambridge, he dwells with gusto on the procession of dignitaries, at the head of which, he says, "marched the King of Bahonagar, in a gold turban sparkling with fabulous gems, a necklace of diamonds at his throat." "Dare I avow," he adds, "that, as an enemy of the banalities and the dull tones of our modern garments, I was enchanted with the adventure?" And in his charming little essay, "Une Traversée de Bretagne," the same enthusiasm throws about his oboe-playing ship-captain the glamour of romance. On his first trip to the Canaries, made incognito, he is said to have offered himself as a substitute to sing a tenor part in "Le Trouvère," and to have come near appearing in this incongruous rôle. When his grand opera, "Ascanio," was produced at Paris, he scandalized his friends and the public by being absent from the first performance. Diligent inquiry, and even the efforts of the diplomatic agents of the Government, failed to discover his whereabouts, and it was actually rumored that he had died in Ceylon, on his way to Japan. But all the while he was happily basking in the sun at Palma, scribbling verses. Finally, his fondness for astronomy is well known, and he is said to have a private observatory in some "ultimate island." There is much about this picturesque Frenchman



A BIT OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF SAINT-SAËNS'S "ASCANIO"

that reminds one of the heroes of Jules Verne's romances.

When he is at home, Saint-Saëns carries on a many-sided activity of which composition is hardly more than half. For one thing, he is indefatigable in his efforts to improve public taste. In 1864 he gave in a series of concerts all the concertos of Mozart; in 1878, such is the catholicity of his taste, he organized concerts to produce Liszt's Symphonic Poems. He has done much for musical bibliography by his careful editions of Gluck, Rameau, and others. In 1871 he took active measures to better the opportunities of young native composers. At that time, as he puts it, "the name of a composer at once French and living, upon a programme, had the property to put everybody to flight." The great improvement that has taken place since then is due largely to him and his brother-workers of the National Society of Music.

His two volumes of critical essays, "Harmonie et Mélodie" and "Portraits et Souvenirs," are marked by soundness of principle, broad eclecticism of taste, and a pungent, epigrammatic style. In general temper he is classical without being pedantic; that is to say, he has no superstitious awe for rules, but a profound reverence for law. The licenses of modern technique and the mental vagueness of which they are the reflection find in him a formidable foe. The thrust he gives, in the preface of "Portraits et Souvenirs," to those amateurs who are "annoyed or disdainful if the instruments of the orchestra do not run in all directions, like poisoned rats," is typical of his attitude and method. He is a master of innuendo and delicate sarcasm, which he always employs, however, to protect art against affectation and ignorance. In dealing with the theory that music depends for its effect on physical pleasure, he speaks derisively of the solo voice which one can "savor at one's leisure, like a sherbet." He says of those orchestral conductors and choirmasters who always complain of difficulties that they "love above all their little habits and the calm of their existence." Among these sparkling sentences one comes frequently also upon pieces of wisdom, sometimes expressed with rare dignity, as when he writes, "There is in music something which traverses the ear as a door, the reason as a vestibule, and which goes yet further." A writer so highly gifted with both raillery and eloquence might do mischief were he narrow or intolerant. That Saint-Saëns is neither can be seen from a mere enumeration of some of his subjects, chosen almost at random: there are essays on The Oratorios of Bach and Händel, Jacques Offenbach, Liszt, Poetry and Music, The Nibelungen Ring and the Performances at Bayreuth, Don Giovanni, A Defense of Opéra-Comique, The Multiple Resonance of Clocks, and The Wagnerian Illusion.

These titles indicate a wide enough range of interest, but Saint-Saëns is furthermore a writer on subjects entirely unconnected with music. His devotion to philosophy has prompted him to publish a volume called "Problèmes et Mystères;" an antiquarian interest has found expression in his "Note sur les décors de Théâtre dans l'antiquité romaine;" and he has printed a volume of poems under the title "Rimes familières." Finally, a comedy in one act called "La Crampe des écrivains" (a disease from which he appears never to have suffered) has been successfully produced at Paris.

As a composer, Saint-Saëns impresses the student first of all by his excessive, his almost inordinate, cleverness. It is not seemly for a human being to be so clever; there is something necromantic about it. Look at the opening of the G-minor Piano Concerto and see a modern Frenchman writing like the great Bach. See, in the "Danse Macabre," Berlioz and Strauss amalgamated. Listen to the rich effects of tone in the 'Cello Sonata in C minor. Study the thematic transformations and the contrapuntal style of the Symphony in the same key. Admire the lightness, the cobweb iridescence, of the "Rouet d'Omphale." The author of these works is obviously a man of great intellectual skill and versatility.

Looking more closely, one observes a duality of style, for the moment puzzling, which properly understood only emphasizes the peculiarity of his artistic impulse. His compositions are of two well-marked varieties which at first seem to have little in common. To begin with, all those cast in the conventional symphonic mold—the three symphonies, the eight concertos, three for violin and five for piano, and most of the chamber-music—are severely, at times almost aridly, classical in conception and execution. They are "absolute music" of the most unequivocal sort. They depend for their effect on clear form, well-calculated symmetry, traditional though interesting melodic and harmonic treatment; their themes are of the family of Haydn and Mozart; their structure is that perfected by Beethoven; their orchestration is skillful but unobtrusive, a transparent medium rather than a rich material garment. In a word, they are very pure examples in music of a type of art—the French classic or pseudo-classic type—which gains little from richness of material or variety of suggestion, which depends for its appeal on clarity and symmetry of form and on clean workmanship in style. But, in addition to these conventional works, Saint-Saëns has produced a whole museum of exotics, in which his aim is to delineate passions, peoples, and places. There are the four Symphonic Poems, for example, the "Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaéton," the "Danse Macabre," and "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," in which he assumes the rôle of story-teller. In the "Nuit à Lisbonne," the "Jota Aragonese," and the "Rapsodie d'Auvergne," he makes a tour in southern Europe; in the "Suite Algérienne" he portrays the deserts about Algiers, and in his opus 89 he gives us a fantasy of odd rhythms and outlandish tonalities supposed to introduce us to Africa. Nothing could seem, at the first blush, more diametrically opposite to the pseudo-classic works than these exotics, which among their academic brothers recall the King of Bahonagar at Cambridge. Yet both kinds, after all, when one looks more closely, are products of the widely questing intelligence, whose interests are dramatic rather than personal. They have this in common, that neither is of primarily emotional origin, that both are expressions of a mind objective and alertly observant. The difference between them is that in the one case this observation takes for object the purely musical world of tones, and in the other nature's world of persons, nations, races, and climates. But whether he is seeking a piquant rhythm or a curious turn of harmony, or sketching his impression of Spain or

Egypt, Saint-Saëns is always the onlooker, the man of the world, never the mystic who contemplates in his own heart the forces that underlie the universe.

Strong testimony from the man himself to the truth of this view is indirectly afforded by his essay on Liszt, an essay which is furthermore noteworthy as containing in half a dozen sentences the essential truths of that vexed question of programme-music. He is, to begin with, as assertive as we should expect of the necessity, in all music, of absolute beauty. "Is the music itself," he says, "good or bad? All is there. Whether or no it has a programme, it will not be, for that, better or worse." Thus far speaks the author of the symphonies, the concertos, and the chamber-works. The composer of the symphonic poems and the geographical pieces continues: "But how much greater is the charm when to the purely musical pleasure is added that of the imagination coursing without hesitation over a determined path. . . . All the faculties of the soul are put in play at once, and toward the same end. I can see well what art gains from this, I cannot see what it loses." Here speaks, recognizably enough, the Frenchman. In that phrase about "the imagination coursing without hesitation over a determined path" stands clearly revealed the dramatic point of view characteristic of French art, which is always devoted to the spectacle of life rather than to the elemental passions which underlie it. The satisfactions Saint-Saëns finds in music are those of the formal musical sense and of "the imagination coursing a determined path;" of the emotional satisfaction which music gives so generously he has nothing to say. To take another instance, how admirably logical and how adequate to the composition, which for all its picturesque grace leaves one cold, is the "programme" he appends to the "Rouet d'Omphale." "The subject of this symphonic poem," he writes, "is feminine seduction, the triumph of weakness over strength. The spinning-wheel is but a pretext, chosen solely with a view to the rhythm and the general effect of the piece. Those interested in the study of details will see, at page 19, Hercules groaning under the bonds he cannot break, and at page 32 Omphale laughing at the vain efforts of the hero." Both programme and piece are the creations of a keen intelligence which records its observations with accuracy and skill, but makes no personal revelation, cares not to contemplate itself, and is moved by no deep and perhaps vague, but nevertheless creative, emotion.

Lack of emotion, then, is the serious defect of this master. And in a musician it is in truth serious. Emotion is the life-blood of the musical organism; without it all the members may be shapely, well ordered, highly finished, but all will be cold and lifeless. So it is with much of this clever craftsman's work. Too often there is graceful melody, arresting harmony, ingenious rhythm, but none of the passion needed to fuse and transfigure them. Impassioned vocal utterance, the song element in music, is seldom heard from Saint-Saëns. In the classic works he manipulates, in the exotic pieces he depicts; nowhere does he speak. But to speak, to voice deep feeling directly, though with the restraint necessary to plastic beauty, is the aim and the justification of music. Complex as the art has become in our day, the essence of it is still, as it ever must be, emotional expression; and though modern composers sing broader songs than the first musicians, and sing them on instruments rather than with the voice, they must equally sing, and their song must proceed from their hearts if it is to touch the hearts of others. Hence Saint-Saëns, when compared with a man of passionate earnestness like César Franck, or Schumann, or Wagner, inevitably seems superficial. Pieces like his B-minor Violin Concerto, with its elaborate classical machinery, its well-planned contrasts and brilliant effects, and the vast Symphony in C minor, in which the theme undergoes such wonderfully skillful manipulation, seem so little the expression of a personal impulse that we catch ourselves wondering why he wrote them. Elsewhere, to be sure, as in the Andante of the 'Cello Sonata, his very virtuosity achieves such noble effects that we forget the hand-made quality of the work. But it is seldom indeed that, subordinating workmanship entirely, he gives us a genuine song of feeling, such as the second theme of the Finale in this Sonata. The lift and impetus of this beautiful theme emphasize by contrast the emotional emptiness of the ingenious web that surrounds it.

While, however, we may with propriety recognize the lack of personal ardor in Saint-Saëns that reduces the song element in his music to a minimum, it would be a sad mistake to exaggerate the limitation or to forget that from another and perhaps an equally valid point of view he is a great musician. However he may fall short as a melodist, he is a past-master of rhythm and harmony, spheres in which feeling counts for less, logic for more. His harmonic style is eminently lucid. To him a chord is part of an organism, not a bit of color or a phase of feeling. A series of chords has for him all the tendency, the direction, and the self-fulfillment of a sentence of words; to omit or to change one would be like striking out a predicate or an object—the sentence would not parse. He uses most those chords which point in a definite direction, which carry in themselves, so to speak, the indication for their fulfillment—the dominant and secondary sevenths, and suspensions of triads. He avoids the vague and the ambiguous. And although he is a lover of novel harmonic effects, and an ingenious inventor of them, the novelty is always a new form, not a new formlessness. His modulation, too, is of an extreme clarity: he never falls into a new key, so to speak, as Dvořák does; he proceeds thither.

But even more striking than the clearness of his harmony is the trenchant perspicuity of his rhythm. The sense of rhythm is perhaps the prime criterion of intellectuality in a composer. For just as determinations of accent and measure, such as occur in the dances of the most primeval savages, were undoubtedly the earliest means of formulating the cries and wails of emotion which underlie all musical expression, so throughout musical history rhythm has been the chief formative or rationalizing agent, and a vivid sense of it has always characterized the more intellectual musicians. The dreamers and the sentimentalists are never fastidious of accent; it is the clear, active minds that delight in precise meter. Quite inevitable to a man of Saint-Saëns's temperament, then, is the instinct for strong, various, and subtle rhythms that his compositions reveal at every page. One discerns it in his fondness for pizzicato effects and for the percussion instruments, both of which emphasize the accent. And his devotion to the piano, which he uses more in combination with other instruments than almost any other composer, is doubtless due to the fact that it compensates for its lack of sustained tone by a special incisiveness of attack. Another significant peculiarity is the short groups of repeated notes that occur so often in his writings as to be a mannerism. They are found, for example, in the fourth of his variations on a theme of Beethoven, opus 35, in the "scherzando" section of "Africa," at the opening of the Trio, opus 92, in the accompaniment of the well-known air from "Samson et Dalila," "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," and in the third of the Six Etudes, opus 52. The effect of this device, which throws a strong emphasis on the first of the reiterated notes, is a peculiar rhythmic salience. Again, on the principle that minor irregularities in a regular plan bring out all the more clearly the larger orderliness, Saint-Saëns loves to alternate groups of four notes with groups of three, or three with two, and to displace his accent entirely by syncopation, which, when properly handled, deepens the ideal stress by setting the actual in competition with it.

In all these and countless other ways are revealed the accuracy and virtuosity of intellect that distinguish this brilliant Frenchman. Clearness of form is, on the whole, so much rarer in modern music than wealth of meaning that the art in our day has peculiar need of such workers. Their office is to make us remember, in our welter of emotion, the perennial delightfulness of order and control. They are the apologists of reason, without which feeling, however noble, must become futile, inarticulate. In their precise, well-constructed works we find a relief from the dissipating effects of mere passion. We breathe there a serene, if a somewhat rarefied, atmosphere. Of this classic lucidity Saint-Saëns is a great master. However dry he may sometimes be, he is never turgid; however superficial his thought, it is never vague; he offers us his artistic sweets never in the form of syrup—he refines and crystallizes them.

If, then, we of a race emotionally profounder and mentally more diffuse find his music sometimes empty for all its skill, we must not for that reason underrate the service he does for music by insisting on articulateness in feeling, logic in development, and punctilious *finesse* in workmanship.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

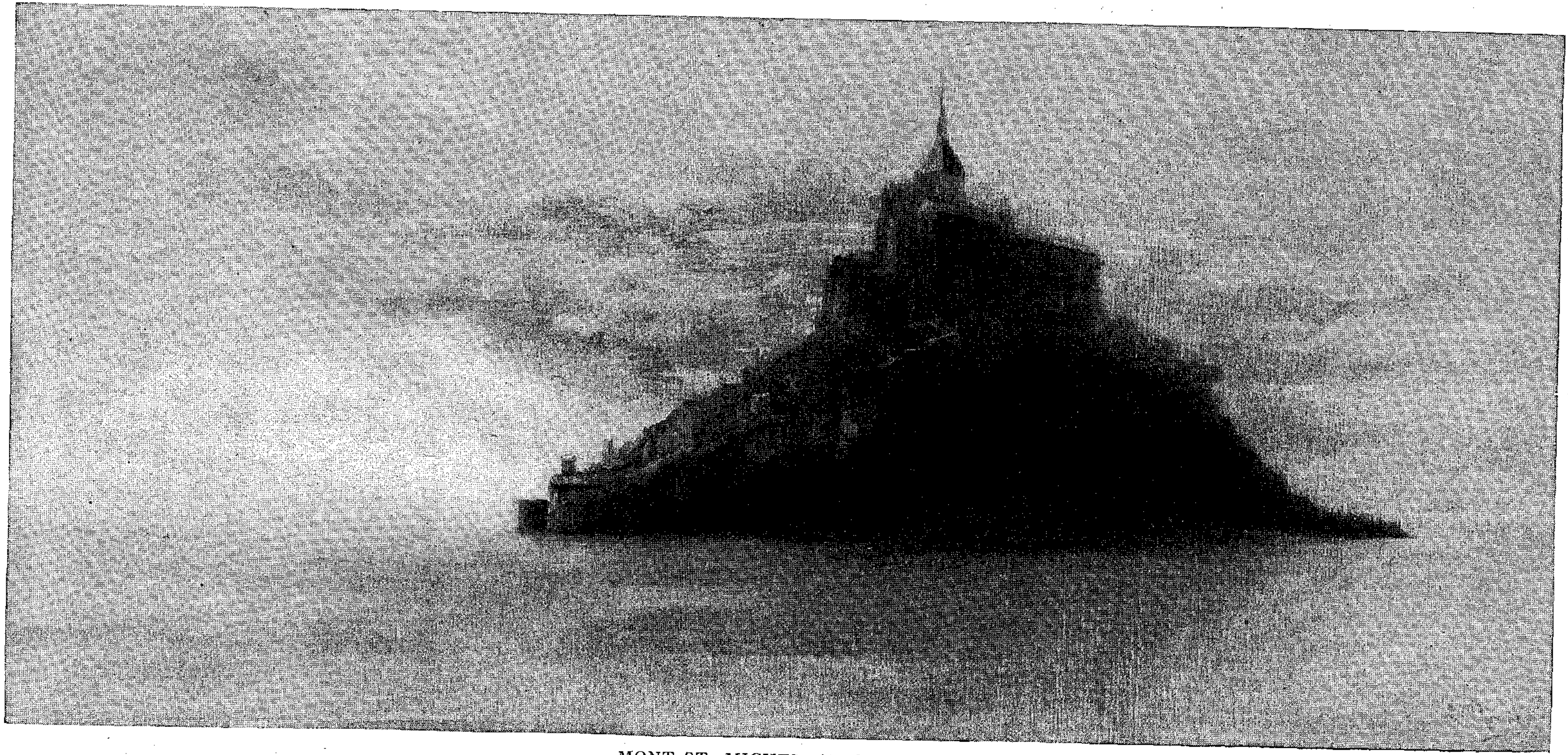
BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—Saint-Saëns's best orchestral works are arranged not only for four hands, but for two players at two pianos, a combination of which he is extremely fond. It is interesting to play in this way the four symphonic poems, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaéton," the "Danse Macabre," and "La Jeunesse d'Hercule." The five Piano Concertos are also excellent. The symphonies are rather dry. Of the chamber-music, the 'Cello Sonata, opus 32, and the Violin Sonatas, opera 75 and 102, are particularly good. The piano music is less original, being for the most part pseudo-classic in conception and style. Thus the Suite, opus 90, is like a suite of Bach's with the sincerity taken out. On the whole the Six Études, opus 52, and the Album of six pieces, opus 72, are better worth study. The former contains two able fugues, the latter an odd "Carillon" in 7-4 time and an attractive "Valse." There is charm in "Les Cloches du Soir," opus 85, and also in a well-known melody, without opus-number, called "Le Cygne." Saint-Saëns has little power as a song-writer; those who wish to realize this for themselves may purchase the Schirmer Album of fifteen of his songs. To his numerous operas no reference is made in the present essay, the subject of which is his contribution to pure music.

The Secret of the Place

By Charlotte Porter

A little path winds saunt'ring to our door,
All through the clover;
Sea touches soothe your cheek and kiss your brow,
As you come over.
The Sea and Earth embraced catch you up, too;
Here they love each other. Here how they love—You!
And all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
"*Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*
Life is sweet! Sweet!"

The Sea is like a tossing daisy-field,
Darkling and whit'ning;
The daisy-field's a sun-flecked sea of foam,
Threat'ning and bright'ning.
All diff'rences there are beneath the sun,
How they melt in music! How they here are—One!
Where all day long
A little bird's song
Interprets you the secret of the place:
"*Oh! but life is sweet, sweet!*
Life is sweet! Sweet!"



MONT ST. MICHEL AT SUNSET

A RAMBLE IN NORMANDY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

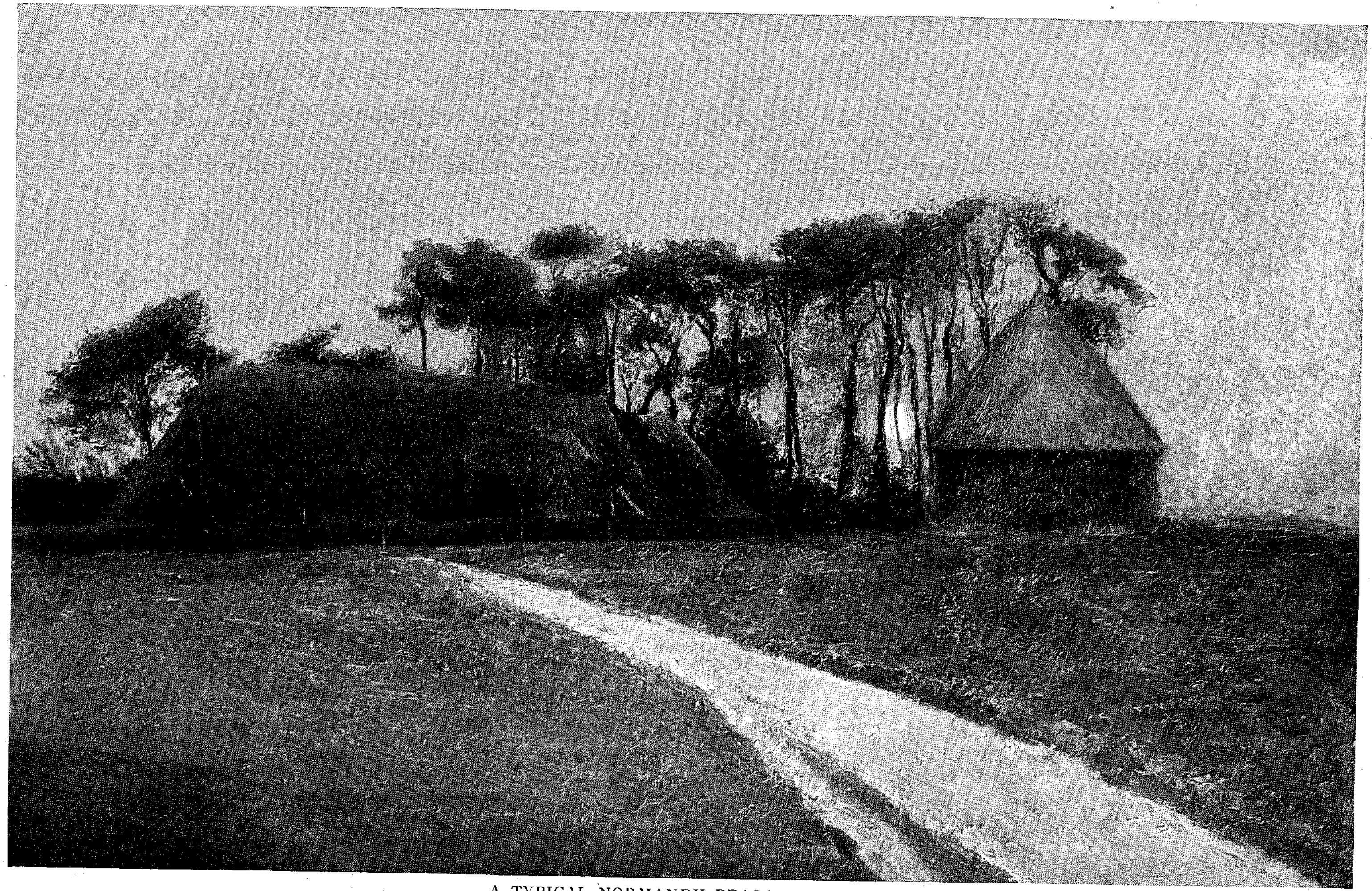
WITH PICTURES BY ELIZABETH WENTWORTH ROBERTS

AT Saint-Malo two figures haunt one's imagination: the figure of Chateaubriand, whose statue stands on an island in the little harbor, and that of Maurice de Guérin, whose residence at La Chênaie, not far distant, in the stimulating companionship of M. de Lamennais, bore fruit in one of the most sensitive and poetic records of nature in modern literature. They are both of romantic temper—the author of "Atala" and the author of the "Journal;" but De Guérin was the finer spirit, the nobler mind. He was, indeed, one of those exquisite natures in which the highest qualities of the French bloom in a rare harmony of insight, purity, and artistic faculty. Born in the south, under the warm skies of Languedoc, he never forgot the sight of the blossoming olive-trees, and he was often smitten with an almost mortal heart-sickness. The low skies of Brittany, the somber hues of the woods and fields, the gray in the clouds, gave him the idea "of an old woman, all wrinkled and hoary, changed back by a fairy's wand into a young and most graceful girl of sixteen." In midsummer Brittany wears a different aspect, but the glory of a July day is soon quenched on that exposed coast, and there is in the air "something sad, veiled, and limited. It is like a miser who on occasion lavishes his money; there is something niggardly even in his magnificence. Long live our sky of Languedoc, so liberal in light, so blue, so broadly arched!"

The little town, about whose walls so many fierce battles have been waged, faces the sea on a bright summer with so gracious an air that one easily forgets the forebodings of the child of the south upon whose sensitive spirit even the shadows of the clouds bore heavily. But one soon masters the resources of Saint-Malo even in the finest weather, and is eager to explore Normandy, which lies close at hand to the north.

And what approach to the old home of the Norman is so captivating to the imagination as that by the way of Mont Saint Michel? The great rock is best seen as one comes down the coast from the north, and rejoices in the roll and resonance of the Normandy towns—Coutances, Avranches—and suddenly, against the western sky, sees, in the far distance, that great pile rising out of the sea, set in mysterious isolation in the golden west. But if one is to invade Normandy in the most effective fashion and steep himself in its atmosphere at the very start, let him come up from the south. He will pass through a green and fertile bit of Brittany, noting the dark shading of its foliage and the black blouses of its men, before he leaves the train at Pontorson and climbs into the Norman *char-à-banc* which is waiting to take him across country to the Mount of all delight. If it happens to be a holiday, the fields are given over to the waving grain, the scarlet poppies, and the silence of the summer afternoon, and about every little inn groups of peasants are gathered, while carts, filled with families in picturesque dress, pass and repass along the road. The pilgrim no longer pauses at the edge of the sands and blows his warning conch; a solid causeway runs straight to the old gate, and this summer, alas! trolley-cars will bear one to the frowning portals.

If the day is fine and the afternoon light is on the world, who can forget the glimpses of the rock rising in noble lines out of the sea, and the sands shining like a mirage about it; touched with the softest, the most evanescent, the most elusive colors that sky and light ever wove into delicate and tenuous web of beauty and mystery, always vanishing and always renewed, as real as the sands and as changeful and magical as the imagination which it beguiles? And all the time the walls and climbing streets and frowning



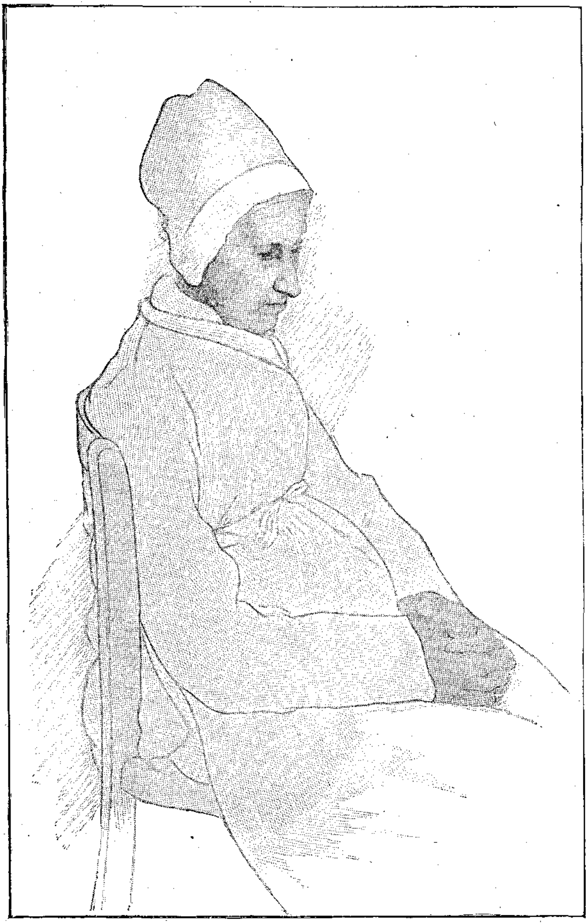
A TYPICAL NORMANDY PEASANT HOME

battlements and shining spire of the rock of Saint Michel draw nearer, and one's fears that the whole scene will suddenly vanish subside; for Saint Michel is founded on a very solid rock.

The *char-à-banc* stops at the outer gate through which no vehicles, save a few small carts, can pass, and willing hands seize your luggage, and in a moment Madame Poulard stands in the doorway of the famous "Poulard Aîné," "renowned for its omelettes," and welcomes you with a smile, a grasp of the hand, and a few words of the most musical French, and makes you understand that the inn and the old town exist for you. Within a great fire is burning and savory odors come from the revolving spits, and Monsieur is busy among shining kettles and burnished pans, and you climb the narrow street to the Maison Vert or the Maison Blanc, as the case may be, and open your windows, and look down on the terrace where you are to take your morning coffee in the shadow of vines, and across the shimmering sands, over which the sea is now racing, to the fields and spires of the further shore, and are convinced that you will never journey again. And this conviction deepens when you climb down to dinner and nourish yourself with soups and stews of a quality not to be lightly spoken of in this imperfect world.

And after dinner you light your cigar in the little Poulard Café across the narrow street and watch with delight a series of little dramas enacted with Madame in the title rôle and arriving tourists and the baffled runners of the "Poulard Jeune," the rival inn, in the subordinate parts. In such a place, the Spectator, if he happened to be abroad, might sit day after day and never repeat his experiences or his story; so full of variety as well as of charm is that wonderful woman whom artists and poets of renown have celebrated throughout Europe. A touch of Madame Poulard's grace and cordiality would make the fortune of an American inn. Will the time never come when some American will discover the commercial value of courtesy and the sense of hospitality in attracting guests?

But if one is to make the conquest of Normandy one cannot give the summer to Mont Saint Michel and Madame Poulard; and the day comes when the *char-à-banc* goes back to Pontorson and you sit protesting on the back seat and look over your shoulder at the receding rock, and register a vow to come on another pilgrimage to the old shrine. The train starts and again you hear the roll of the towns: Avranches, Folligny, Vire, Guilberville. Through the long summer afternoon you watch the picturesque landscape; the great Normandy barns, the white-walled villages, the billowy fields of grain with ever-recurring touches of scarlet, the noble


A NORMANDY PEASANT TYPE

spires above the trees, the long lines of poplars, the universal ripeness and old-world charm of it all; and, when night falls, you are in an old-fashioned inn at Caen, and the band is playing in the square, and the people walk about, after the good French fashion, as if they knew one another and enjoyed life.

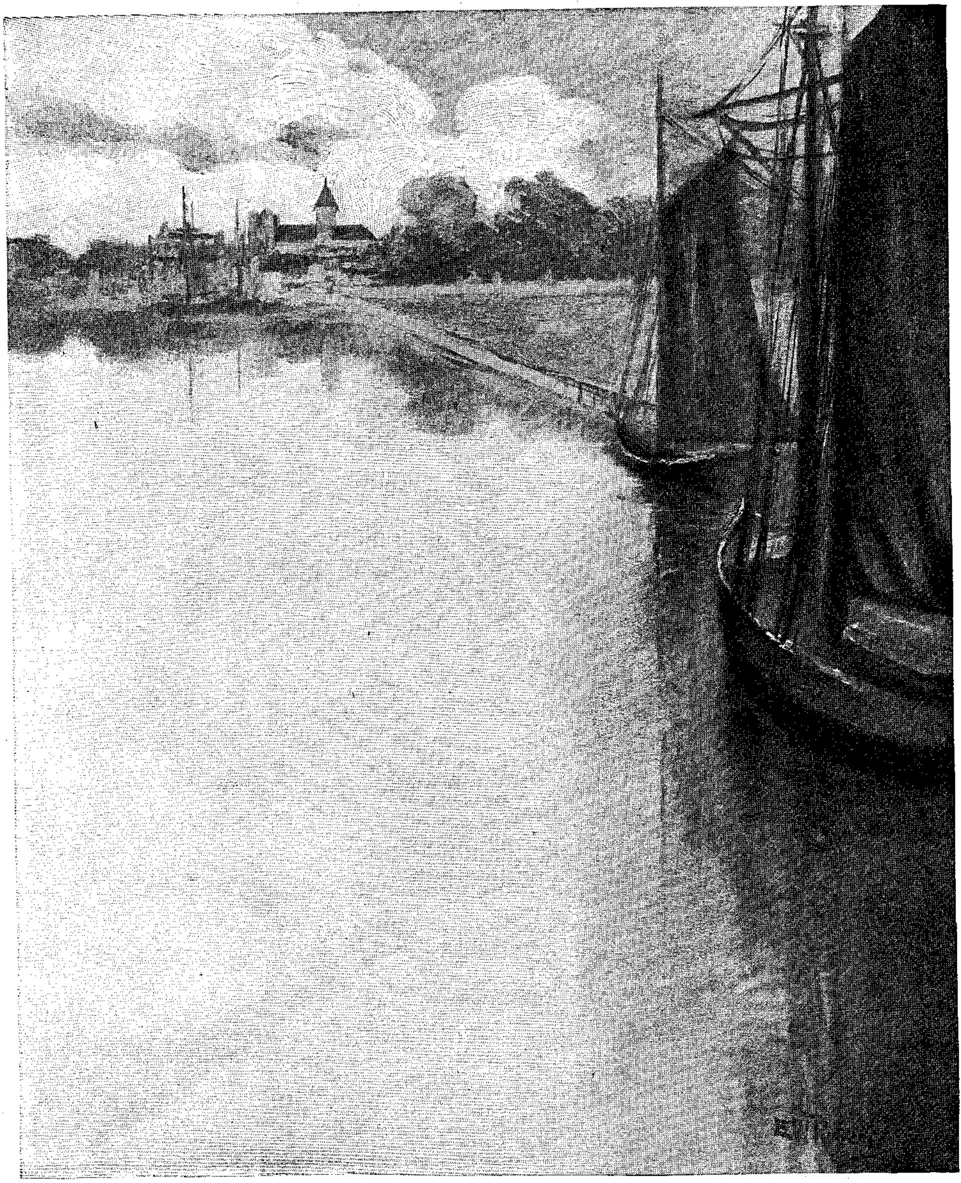
The next morning you know that you are in the heart of Normandy because you are overshadowed everywhere by the memory of William the Conqueror. A gray, walled town is Caen, with many shops to remind you that you are in the France of the twentieth century, but against the sky always those great towers and spires to recall the eleventh century. In the massive Church of St. Étienne—the *Abbaye-aux-Hommes*—a priest is teaching a class of restive boys and girls who seem to have no consciousness that the masterful William built the noble structure as an act of expiation. In the beautiful Church of La Trinité—the *Abbaye-aux-Dames*—one goes into the crypt where Queen Matilda sleeps guarded by a kneeling nun praying for the repose of her soul.

Not far away is the charming old town of Bayeux, which the modern world has not yet reached, and where a deep old-world hush still lingers in the streets, the noble church, the museum, the well-shaded square and the spacious houses which surround it. At breakfast in the long, low room opening into the garden there is an appetizing soup at the beginning and there are delicious cherries at the end, and there is a quiet and perfectly silent half-hour afterwards under the trees, with no thought or care for anything later than the twelfth century. You find your way to the massive church and walk about it in sheer wonder at its magnitude and the nobility of its lines, the great towers rising about the sleeping town with a noble air of protection.

When, at last, you break away from the spell of the Cathedral, you surrender yourself to the naïve and childlike spirit of the Middle Ages in the Museum, where the famous Bayeux Tapestry is preserved. If you have in the background of your mind an impression of this tapestry as a notable document of history, you will rejoice to find how delightfully human it is. The hands that worked out this long, narrow piece of cloth pictured very serious history with the simplicity and unconsciousness of children. It is a quaint old epic in needlework; a realistic record on cloth; a bit of early realism; a continuous picture-book painted with perfect gravity but deliciously humorous in its elementary treatment of perspective and its primitive pictorial quality. Those stern old fighters, the empire-builders of their time, were children after all, and one carries away a new and more comfortable sense of companionship with them.

St. Lô and Lisieux and Falaise and twenty other towns may be explored or passed as one chooses, but Dives must always lie in the path of conquest. There is one of the great points of departure in the history of the world, and there is the most picturesque inn in France. The street through which one approaches the heart of the little town is white and hot and dusty, as French provincial streets are apt to be; and one begins to feel that William was wise in setting sail from a place upon which the sun beats so fiercely. When your hopes of pleasure, your anticipations of unwonted interest, have reached the lowest point, a long, low façade with a Norman gateway confronts you. It is very unpromising, and the streets which converge near it suggest neither novelty nor beauty; but you are grateful for the prospect of shade, and you allow your mind to linger on the coming delight of a cup of tea.

In this humble spirit you pass through the gateway, and, behold! a delicious bit of paradise: an old Normandy house, built around a court; with gabled and timbered buildings; with sloping roofs of the softest colors; with galleries which are where they are, not because they can be of any possible use, but because they are marvelously picturesque, and make all manner of opportunities for climbing vines and the massing of gay flowers; with grotesque images on the ridges or let into the walls; with roses in bloom around the court, and clematis and wistaria and honeysuckle climbing everywhere and draping everything, and peacocks, flamingoes, and cockatoos in gorgeous colors walking familiarly about as if they were part of the scene. You sit at the first table which happens to be free in the court, and are too happy to



ABBAYE-AUX-DAMES, AT CAEN

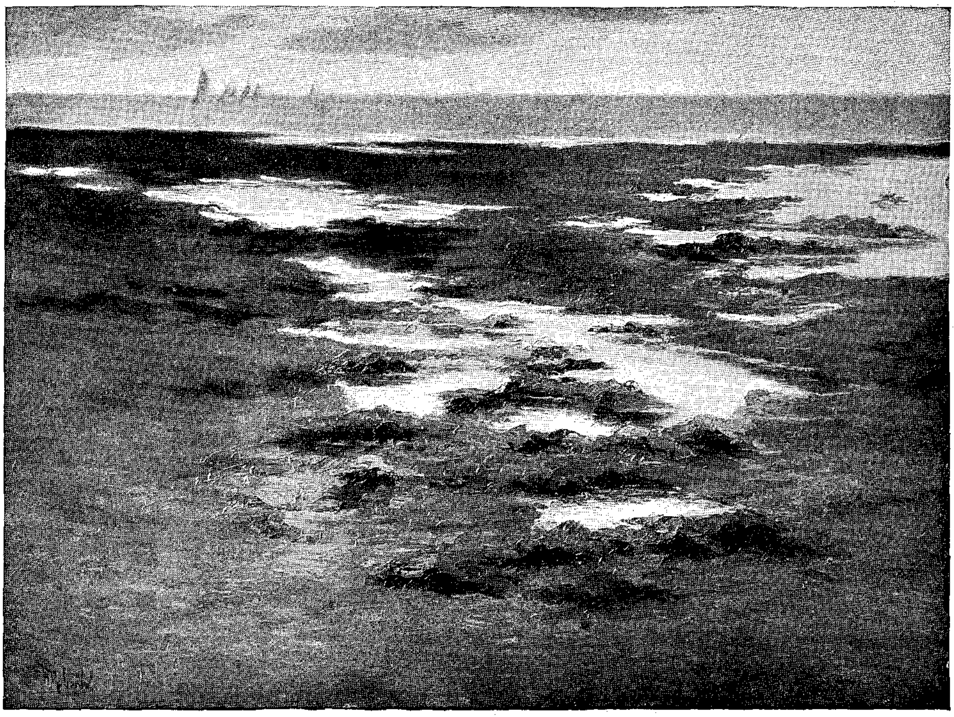
bother about tea and cakes until you are reminded by a rosy, white-capped maid of Normandy that this beauty has its roots in utility, and that he who looks must also eat and drink. And when the tea and cakes come, you are fairly saturated with the charm of the inn of Guillaume-le-Conquérant and quite ready to confess that the half had not been told you.

Presently you will go out and see the ancient timber-market building and the exquisite church, with the long list of the names of the gentlemen who went with William to England on that eventful voyage inscribed on the west wall, and you will mourn the silent decay of those delicate carvings, the neglect of that beautiful architecture; but you will go back again to the inn and wonder, in your happy indifference to dates, how William ever left a place so peaceful, so fragrant, so steeped in charm. It may be a little artificial, a little too much elaborated, but pitiful is the lot of the cynic and skeptic when he travels. Where the man of imagination and sympathy sees loveliness in the inn at Dives or in the blossoming way up the cliff at Clovelly, the cynic hears only the jingling of francs and shillings, and detects everywhere the guile of the innkeeper.

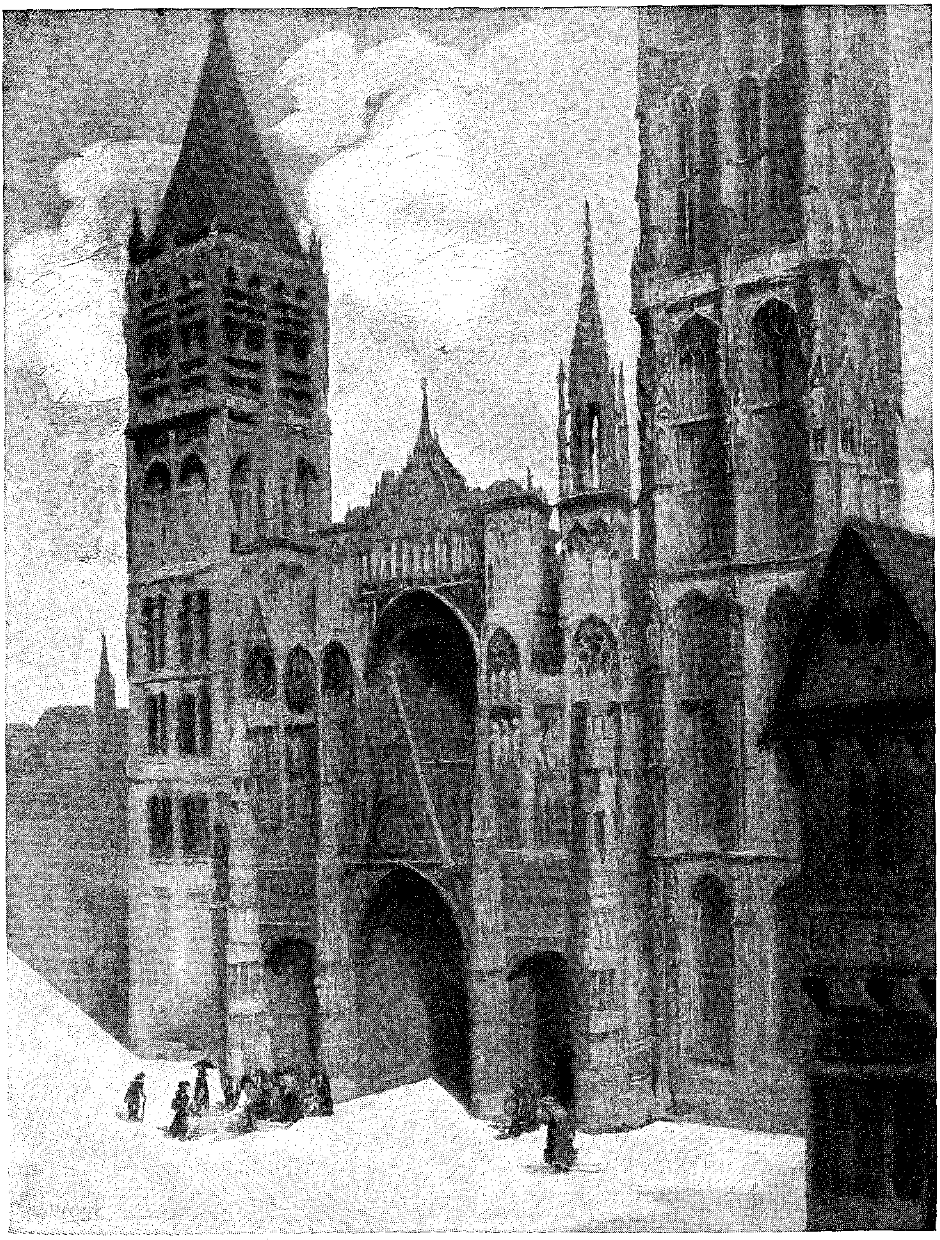
The social instinct of the French shows itself in shops and streets, and wears its most attractive aspects in the smaller towns. In Paris one feels at times as if the people lived in the highways, and that the houses contain only sleeping-rooms. Behind the flutter and stir of the boulevards there is another and quieter Paris which is, for all the more solid and finer activities and interests of life, the real Paris—the Paris of art, literature, science, philanthropy, society; but it is the out-of-door life of the streets, the parks, the Bois, which the visitor finds always in evidence. In the provinces there seems to be the same pervading social sense, the same habit of finding pleasure in companionship; but there is also a background of domesticity, a consciousness of home and family life, the charm of which is deeply felt in the best French fiction and biography. The Normans are less excitable than the people of the southern provinces, but they have the racial gayety, volubility, expressiveness of gesture. They are courteous, as people are everywhere in France except in Paris. In the smaller towns in Normandy foreign visitors are comparatively few, and one may travel for days and hear no word of English spoken.

In Rouen there are so many beautiful churches that one is tempted to forget all other interests and surrender himself to the loveliness of the French Gothic, with its masses of flower-like carving, its delicate manipulation of stone as if there were something fluid in the material which it shapes with a hand at once free and sensitive. One understands what the Florentines meant when they called their sculptors "masters of live stone." This free, masterful treatment of material is the sign always of the creative age.

The Cathedral and St. Ouen, to say nothing of the loveliness of St. Sauveur and St. Pierre, and of four or five other churches, any one of which would give distinction to a modern city, make you aware of the vast change in interest and feeling which separates the modern age

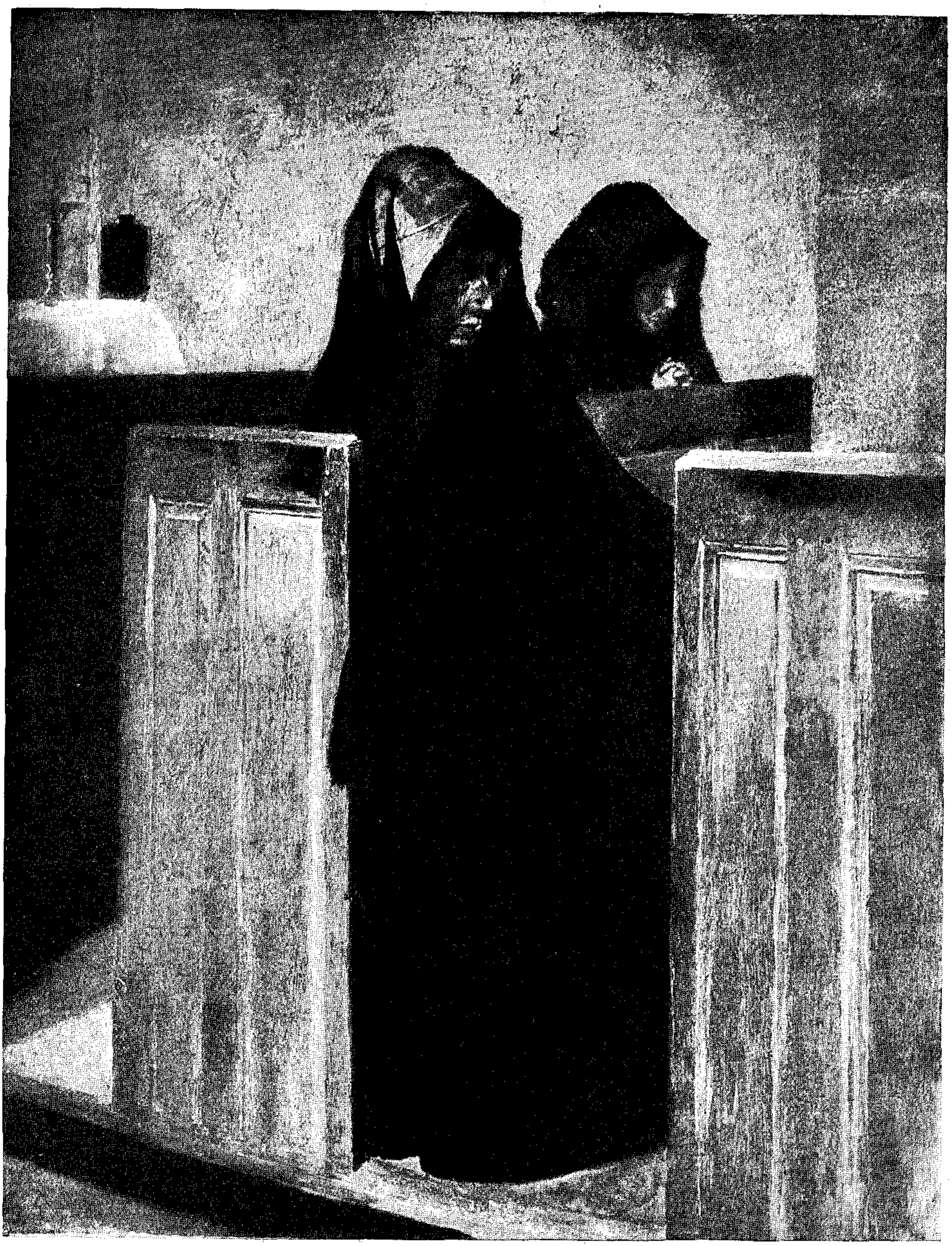


LOW TIDE ON THE COAST OF NORMANDY



ROUEN CATHEDRAL

from the age—so much poorer than our own in material resource, so much richer in the feeling for beauty and the love of it—which found in those richly decorated minsters the normal and inevitable speech of religious instinct and aspiration. In the cathedral-building age these glorious structures seemed to rise almost by magic, built in response to a deep craving of the spirit, and by the united work and sacrifice of great populations. In those days the shrines were glorious in structure, beauty of form, of carving, of color, and the homes of the worshipers were simple and mean in comparison; in these days the homes are magnificent, but the shrines, even where they are of great cost, devoid of nobility of outline or spiritual suggestiveness. One would not go back to old conditions, but in



AT PRAYERS IN AN OLD NORMANDY CHURCH

Rouen one longs for the return of beauty, of reverence in stone and color, for the touch of the spirit on the vast wealth of an age which toils with hand and brain in order that a later and nobler age may live once more, and with a larger freedom, the life of the spirit.

This sense of old-time richness deepens as one comes to know Rouen more intimately, and even the pathetic memories of Jean d'Arc, the romantic heritage of the old city, mingle and are lost in it. Here, as truly as in Oxford, linger "the last enchantments of the Middle-age;" here, as from the towers of Magdalen and New, the mellow chants of the old days assail one. The sculptured dials on the great clock; the Palais de Justice, with its richly carven façade; the lovely Hôtel, now used as a bank, with the beautiful tower and windows, not far from the spot where Jean d'Arc was burned; the fronts of old houses, the glimpses of ancient streets with noble doorways and windows, keep one in touch with the old city behind the busy, modern, manufacturing town. The little garden of the hotel, with its cool splash of water in the tiny grotto, was a place of rest and refreshment after weary but enriching wanderings through the streets; and the courtesy and friendliness of servants and managers, the easy air of ample time for play and work, were in key with the hospitable calm of the garden.

The Normandy roads are so perfect that you long for your wheel and a summer at your command, and you imagine all the wealth of detail with which you fill in the picture—the long slope of side hills stirred into shimmering light by the breath of the wind on the grain; the thatched houses with the long stables and granaries; the dip of the road in the hollow where the little stream runs under a low arch of stone into a covert of trees; the lift of a hill with cattle browsing; the heavy carts drawn by stout horses; the stolid-looking men in blouses; the sudden view of a white-walled village, which reminds you of Cazin; the low round tower with the conical roof, and the high-pitched roofs of white châteaux; the thousand details of foliage, grouping, shading, which give the trees of France an atmosphere of their own.

In the presence or the memory of this landscape and of the incalculable richness of architecture which dominates it in climbing spire and carven tower, you wonder again how William the Conqueror tore himself away from a province so rich in tradition and in beauty, until you remind yourself that all these things are of a later growth, and that in leaving Normandy, even for a time, the founder of the Norman dynasty found England, the garden of the world.

Resignation

"Only the Man of Sorrows can truly be the Son of God."

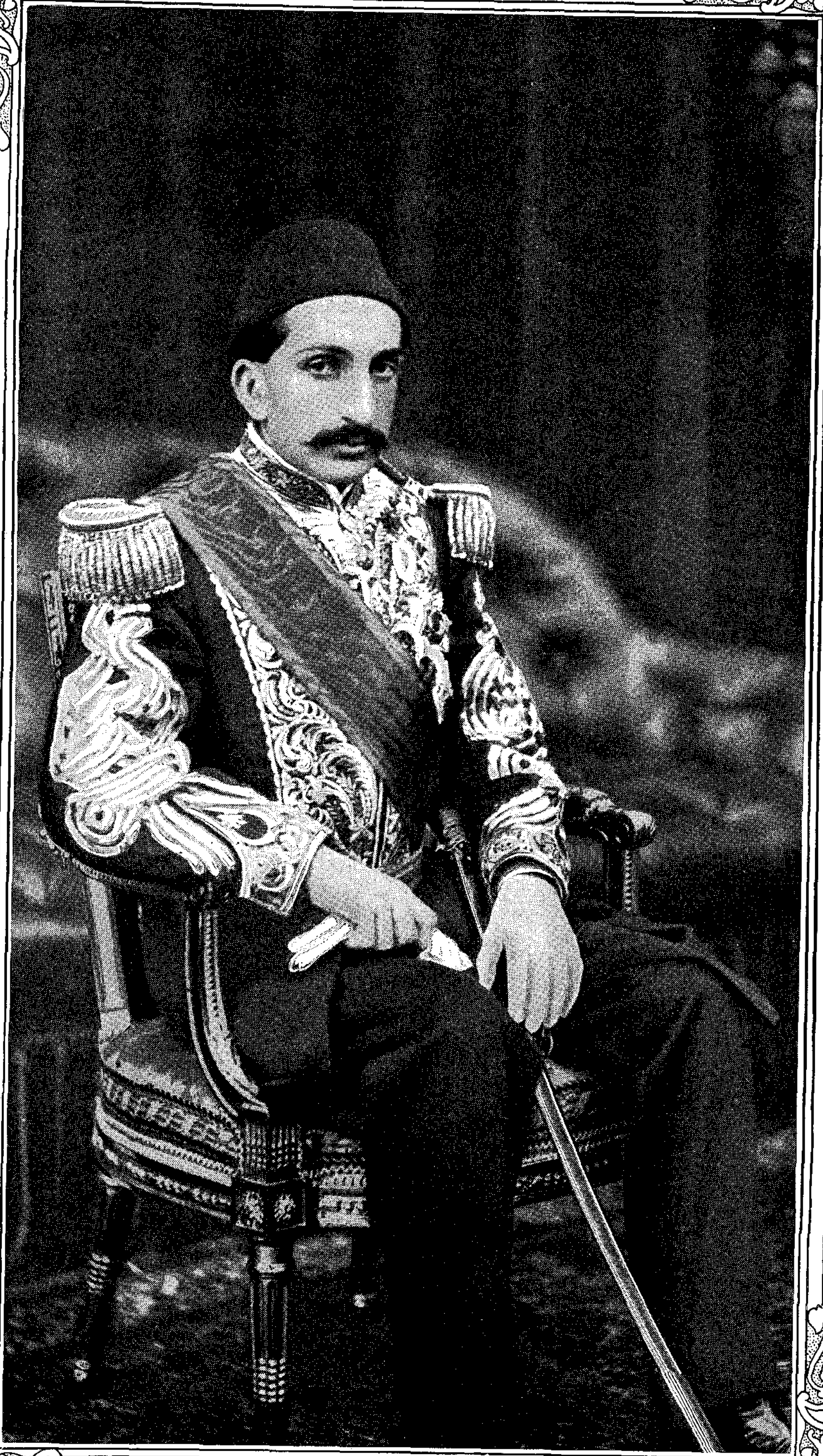
The lights are out, the trumpets have stopped blowing.
  The dawning of each day brings back despair.
My heart is dead, and yet life goes on flowing—
  Life, which thus left me, is too hard to bear.

Yet if the light of life has gone forever,
  Blessed memories stand out fairer for the gloom.
What if my loss the past and present sever?
  Past, present, future, will be over soon.

Then in the starlight, made of joy and sorrow,
  There comes a glorious comfort in the thought:
What has been *is*, nor can the bleak to-morrow
  Remove the thoughts we love—so dearly bought.

Must all so suffer, God, to reach thy Kingdom?
  Through crucifixion find eternal rest?
We, in our way, are striving for perfection,
  But bow our heads—Thy way is surely best.

H. F. W.



ABDUL HAMID II. WHEN HE BECAME SULTAN (1876)
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London, Eng.

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

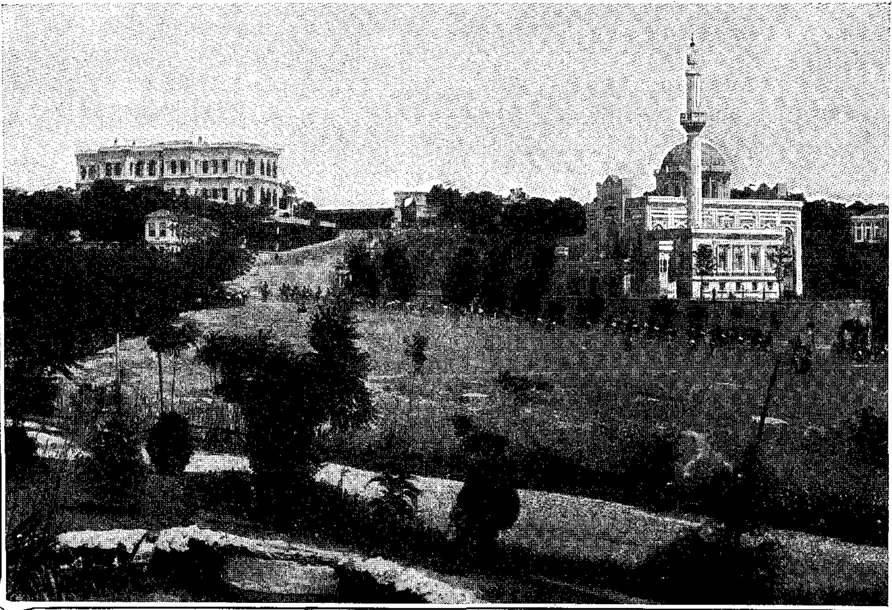
BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

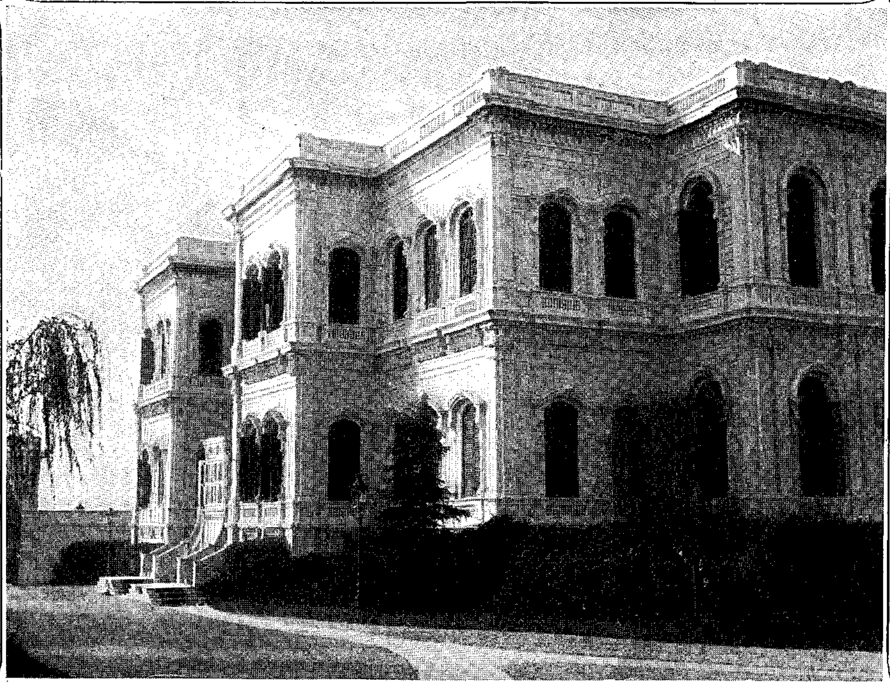
FREDERICK GORDON

NO doubt Abdul Hamid II. deserves many of the terrible epithets that have been applied to him, but he is very far from being all that we Westerners try to make out. The other day an American newspaper, in the full swing of an indignant editorial, referred to him as "the sluggish and impotent master of the imperial harem," a characterization voicing a conception of the Sultan which is still widely prevalent—an enormously rich and powerful prince sitting tailor-wise on his royal divan, inaccessible, ignorant, sensual, a ruthless oppressor and assassin, having hundreds of servants at his call and a harem full of bewitching houris—a sort of Arabian Nights caliph. A picture of this nature may possibly have fitted some of the Sultans of a hundred years ago, but Abdul Hamid is quite a different person.

Not only is he not a sluggard, but those who know him best assert that he is perhaps the hardest-working sovereign of Europe, the Kaiser himself not excepted. Social duties, travel, appearance on public occasions, all of which are at least partially recreative, form a large part in the life of most European monarchs; but to the Sultan all these brighter sides of sovereignty are almost a closed book. He is literally a kingly drudge, every day toiling, like a clerk, through great masses of reports and petitions, discussing business with his secretaries, his secret agents, his ministers, and occasionally seeing a foreign ambassador. A gentleman who has been close to the Turkish court for over thirty years told me that Abdul Hamid usually worked longer hours than any of his secretaries, often far into the night, methodically, patiently, drudgingly; that he was exceedingly abstemious in his habits, living on the plainest fare, drinking not at all, as if to keep himself in condition for the heavy burdens of his high position. And we who know anything of the Turkish Government can well believe that Abdul Hamid must be a man of prodigious physical and mental strength to have withstood for twenty-six years the strain of the Sultanship. In these days governments are organized like great business enterprises, with numerous departments and bureaus, each supreme in its own sphere, consulting the sovereign only in the greater affairs of State policy. But in Turkey there is only the semblance of organization. The Grand Vizier himself is only a sort of chief clerk, having next to no real authority, and knowing that if he ventures to decide any question, however trivial, his royal master is quite likely to reverse him the next day. The basis of successful organization is mutual confidence—the trust of the chief in the loyalty of his subordinates; in Turkey there is no such thing as confidence. The Government is a vast fabric of suspicion, at the head of which stands the Sultan, the very personification of suspicion, who trusts nobody, who looks forward with a fear that is almost a certainty to being stabbed in the back or deposed and shut up in some lonely castle, the fate that has befallen most of his predecessors. That he has escaped for twenty-six years is certainly a high tribute to his sagacity. As a result of these conditions Abdul Hamid attempts the impossible feat of governing in detail every part of his great dominions. To assist him he has three bodies of men, each class responsible to him alone, each watching the other with catlike suspicion. The first of these are his ministers, shadows of power, who sit in state, hear petitions, manage hordes of clerks, waste millions of money, and never really accomplish anything beyond trivial routine, save at the direction of the Sultan himself. The second class consists of the private secretaries and hangers-on at the palace—a force of clerks numbering four or five hundred, each at the beck of the Sultan. The third class are the spies, the secret agents of the Empire, a vast, active, mysterious body of men ramifying every department of the Empire, with representatives in every town, every office, every barrack, spying upon every official and reporting more or less directly to Abdul Hamid himself. When an official is appointed, it is a matter of course that a spy is appointed to watch him, and it is more than likely that if the place be one of especial importance a second spy is there to watch the first, and perhaps a third and fourth to report on the doings of all the others. When you go to call on an official in Turkey, you may be certain that one or more of the cloud of hangers-on who always throng the waiting-rooms and even the offices themselves are spies who will learn your business and report it somewhere before the day is over. A procession of spies is therefore always passing before the Sultan, whispering their stories, false and true, in his ear. Of these he must weekly see a great number, for naturally he cannot trust the chiefs of his secret service, and quite as naturally he has his spies watching them. Probably the most powerful man in the Empire, next to the Sultan, is not the Grand Vizier, but the chief private secretary, not because he possesses any independent executive authority, but rather owing to his nearness to his chief, his ability to keep certain people and certain affairs away from the Sultan, while admitting his few friends and advancing such business as may lie nearest to his own interests. Of course this is possibly only in a limited degree, for no doubt the chief secretary himself is closely spied upon by members of the household. Over all this concourse of suspicious, self-seeking, ambitious officials must Abdul Hamid hold a sway of iron. Out of the infinitude of lies which must be told him every day—for spies who wish to advance in power will have stories to tell, true or false—he must sift the approximate truth. One can only imagine what a task this must be, of enormous detail, requiring unending patience, to say nothing of sagacity and cunning. One can well credit the story that Yildiz Palace contains a number of rooms full of documents, reports, and petitions often dealing with affairs of great importance awaiting the eye of the Sultan. Some of them have been there for years, some no doubt involving the fate of scores of human lives, others large business interests, all awaiting the strength of a single weary, suspicious, fear-hounded man. Is it any wonder that affairs move slowly in Turkey, that the American Government waits long for the payment of its claims, that ordinary corporations and private individuals have long since given up, for the most part, any attempt toward getting the Turkish Government to do anything? With all these matters clamoring for attention, it will be seen how important and powerful must become every man who can reach the Sultan personally and bring to his attention such things as may be of importance to them personally; hence the authority of the secretaries who live at the palace. It is probable that there never was so perfect an example of an absolute monarchy as that existing in Turkey at present. The older monarchs, while rulers of absolute power, were really limited by time and distance, so that the outlying provinces of their domain often felt few of the rigors of the kingly hand. But Abdul Hamid is absolute with the tremendous assistance of the telegraph, the railroad, and the fast post. His Empire is laid before him every morning in a bunch of pink telegrams, and he can instantly remove a man from his position or order an execution hundreds of miles away. In older times, before a report reached his Majesty from distant parts his anger had cooled and he was interested in something else; now the telegraph instruments click and the order follows immediately. The telephone, however, has been forbidden in Turkey; the Government looked upon it as far too



THE YILDIZ PALACE AND THE HAMIDIÉ MOSQUE



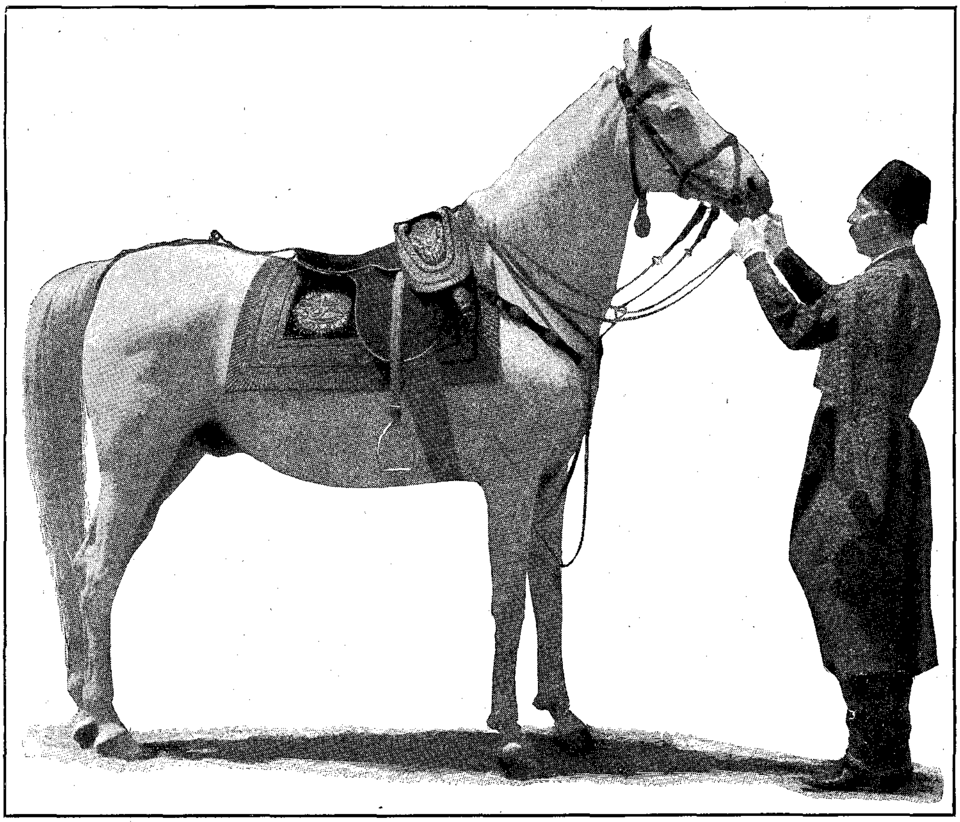
THE YILDIZ ROYAL PALACE—A NEAR-BY VIEW

excellent a means of communication. The telegraph could be officially controlled, and every message, private or otherwise, reported to the authorities, but who was to know that the telephone might not be used by revolutionists or traitors planning a rising or warning their comrades? A man might talk to some one whom the spies could not see. No, the telephone was not suitable for Turkey.

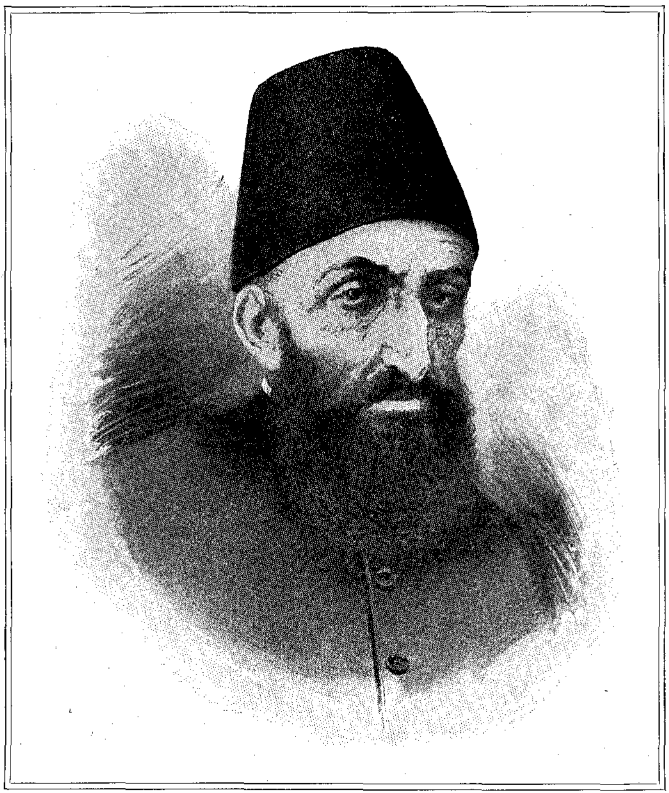
Besides the three great classes of official clerks with which the Sultan conducts his Government, there are three other circles of authority with which he comes in contact, and which give him fully as much anxiety and work as all the remainder of his Government put together. One day, coming down the main street of Pera, I saw a gentleman in a frock coat. Except for the fact that he was preceded by a resplendent kavass, he was not distinguishable from the many other Europeans who throng this part of Constantinople.

"That," said my companion, "is probably the most influential man in Turkey—the Russian Ambassador."

It is impressive enough to look upon the palaces of the Ambassadors of the Powers—and real palaces some of them are, strong enough to withstand a siege—to think that, mighty and absolute as the Sultan may be, he probably never decides any important question that may by any chance have an international bearing without glancing, at least figuratively, from his hill at Yildiz to the palaces of the Powers. He probably fears and defers to Russia most of all, for Russia waits at his boundaries ready to swallow him up. Once it was England that stood highest in his dread, and she is still, perhaps, the least trusted of any nation, though both Russia and Germany have superseded her in influence. It is said that in his earlier years Abdul Hamid was a student of the life of Napoleon; that he saw visions and dreamed ambitious dreams, all of which have turned to ashes. But one of the Emperor's mottoes remains with him: "Divide and you dominate." And so, when the Ambassadors come to see him, the Sultan receives them with unvarying



THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE HORSE

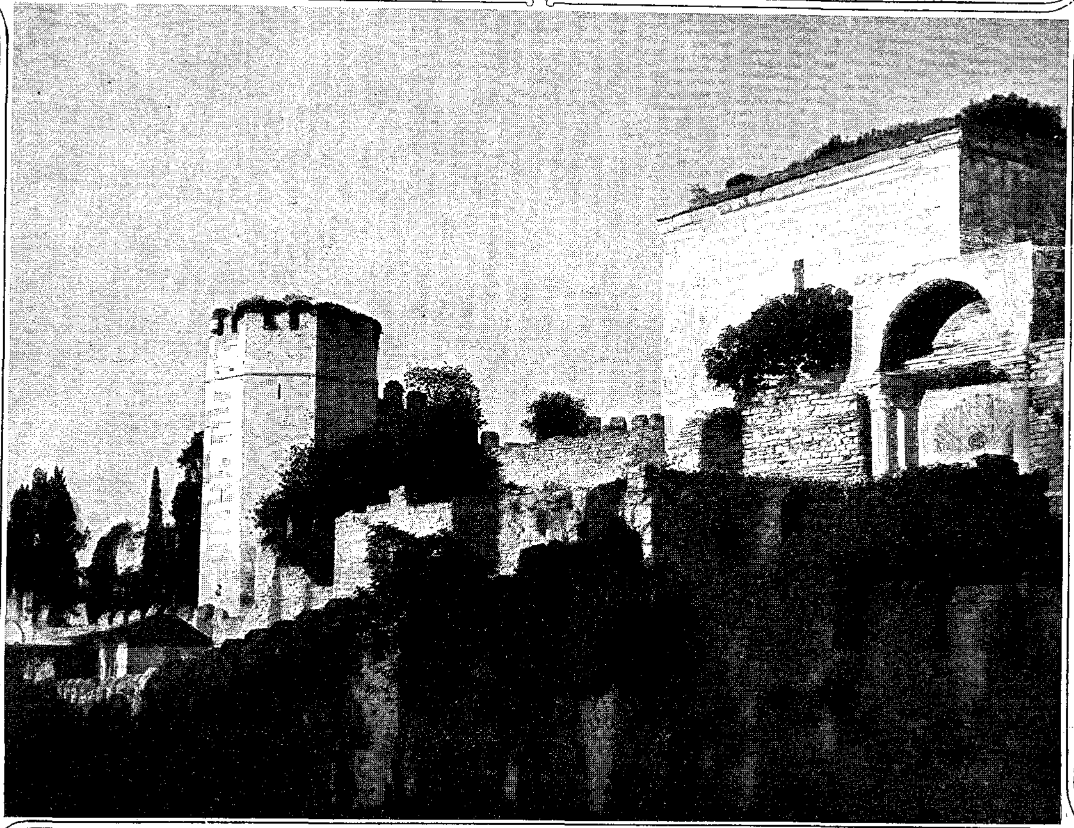


From "Private Life of the Sultan," by George Dorys (D. Appleton & Co.)

THE SULTAN AS HE IS TO-DAY

politeness, tells them unending Oriental lies, and plays them one against another with a skill that is little short of consummate. And in the end he does about as he pleases; kills ten thousand Armenians in a day, and no doubt gets not a little grim amusement out of the spectacle of the Powers daring one another to thrash him. For twenty-six years he has kept them knocking their heads together, not always without harm to himself, and yet with a diplomacy that is little short of genius. He knows, none better than he, how mighty are these nations of Europe, what armies and navies they have, how rich they are; but are they not all dogs of Christians! He probably looks upon them all with the accustomed regard of the Mohammedan—contempt.

The Ambassadors form, perhaps, the most noteworthy of any single circle of influence, and they are about the only force that can budge the Sultan against his will. A second circle of importance is made up of the religious elements of the Empire. The Turk, whatever is his reputation, is at least tolerant in the matter of religion, up to a certain point—as tolerant, indeed, as the Americans themselves. A man may believe whatever he pleases and worship what he pleases, and so long as he does not interfere with Mohammedanism he is never molested. Each Church has its own supreme representative, and these representatives enjoy access to the Sultan's presence. Of course Mohammedanism is the State Church, and the Sultan himself is its sacred chief, but there is another official, the Sheik ul Islam, or Grand Mufti, who holds great powers under him, and who is an important functionary of the Court. Abdul Hamid, according to Moslem standards, is a devout man, paying attention to all the religious observances, even venturing from the seclusion of his palace every Friday that he may say prayers in his mosque. Once in his younger days he dreamed of converting all his people to Moslemism, and perhaps extending the empire of the Faith; now he is contented with a dogged resistance



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"THE GILDED DOOR AND THE SEVEN TOWERS"

to encroachments. Affairs of the Church, presented by the Sheik ul Islam, therefore, occupy much of his attention, but hardly more, perhaps, than those of the other religious bodies—the Greek Church, the Bulgarian Church, the Armenian Church, and the Protestants—whose patriarchs, or chiefs, are constantly clamoring for favors, for extensions of their rights, for protection from persecution, and so on, all of which come to weigh down the already overworked Sultan.

Finally, there is the imperial household and the harem, a mysterious domain, a *terra incognita* to outsiders, which must require much of the Sultan's energies, for in most Mohammedan households, and especially so in that of the ruling prince, the harem is forever yielding perplexities and problems, jealousies that must be smoothed over and plots that require unraveling. At the head of Abdul Hamid's harem stands the chief eunuch, a very great functionary indeed, ranking with the Grand Vizier, and standing close to the Sultan.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Sultan is hardly a man to be envied; and he cannot surely be accused of sluggishness.

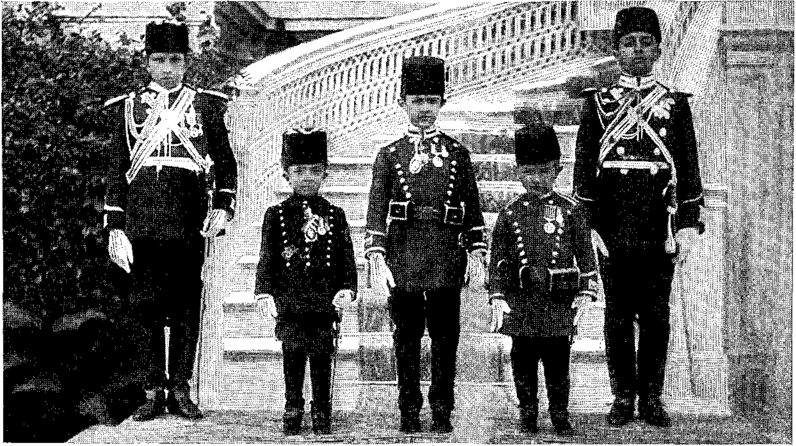
It was my privilege to see the Sultan during the recent important Mohammedan feast of Bairam. The ceremony was similar to that of the regular Friday Selamlik, in which the Sultan leaves his palace and drives down to his mosque, a few hundred yards away—almost his only appearance in public. Every writer who goes to Turkey feels that he must describe the Selamlik; perhaps that is reason enough why I should omit saying anything about it; and yet it is a ceremony wonderfully enlightening as to present-day conditions in Turkey. After seeing all its tawdry splendor, marred as it is by the most bizarre of incongruities, and Abdul Hamid riding down the hill surrounded by his gorgeous generals, I could sympathize with the involuntary exclamation of an English lady who stood near me:

"Poor old Sultan!"

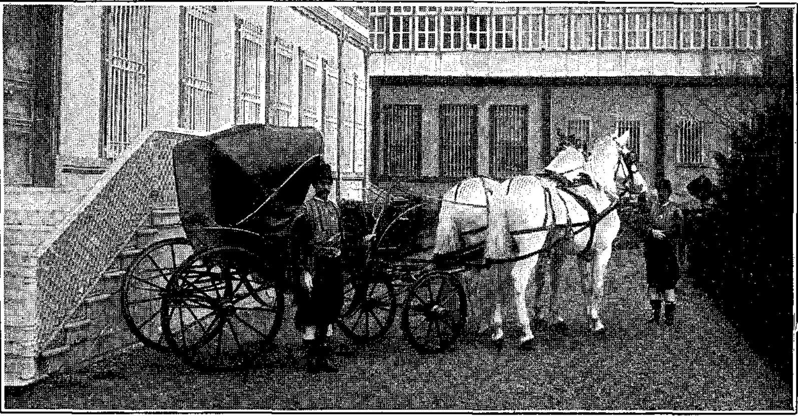
If there ever was a prisoner condemned to hard labor and plain living, Abdul Hamid is such a one—the prisoner of his own fear, with suspicion for a taskmaster. He has built himself a group of costly palaces full of architectural incongruities on the hills back of Pera and overlooking his splendid, dilapidated, dirty, swarming capital, Constantinople. From his heights he can see the gleaming minarets of Stamboul; he has a glimpse of the Golden Horn and the Sweet Waters of Europe with their darting kiaks; he can look far up the palace-lined Bosphorus and across to the hills of Asia—a fair and smiling land. He is the lord of all he sees, in his hand he holds the life of every crawling denizen of the great city spread out at his feet, and yet, among them all, prince or beggar, he has not a friend he can trust. Upon every man who approaches him he must look as a possible assassin. And so he has withdrawn himself and walled himself in at Yildiz. He demolished whole streets of buildings and laid waste acres of ancient cemetery to make room for his parks and buildings. Then around about his grounds, which cover many square miles, reaching from the Bosphorus over the hills of Pera, he constructed enormous double walls, eighteen or twenty feet high. One who takes a boat up the Bosphorus can see these walls crooking up the hillside, and above the thick wooded grounds there is a glimpse of the Sultan's castles. He built him a mosque near the Pera entrance to his domain, so that he need not be compelled to endanger himself by going down to any of the mosques of the city. Barracks he built also, huge, barn-like buildings set on the hilltop and swarming with soldiers. Indeed, within his walls he has a veritable city of his own; a city that could stand a long siege; a city with underground passages and a well-appointed armament. The Sultan never has less than five thousand soldiers, picked men of the Turkish army, every one a devout Mussulman, about him. Each of his wives has apartments if not a palace of her own, with a retinue of servants; there is a small army of black eunuchs, a second army of secretaries and messengers, a rabble of spies, servants, slaves, and hangers-on—making the total population of the palace inclosures probably not far from eight or ten thousand people—all jealous, all fighting for the Sultan's personal favor, all ready to plot against his life if there seems the slightest hope of success. A gentleman who has made many visits to the palace told me that its inhabitants always seemed in a state of hopeless confusion, every one running about without purpose, all the offices crowded, and half those present smoking their cigarettes and sipping their syrupy coffee as if there were no other purpose in life. In such an atmosphere and with such an *entourage* lives Abdul Hamid. It is all enormously expensive and enormously wasteful. There is no doubt that the Sultan has as much trouble in controlling his vast household as he has in governing his Empire. It is said, on the best of authority, that he gives away daily upward of $10,000 to his immediate followers—bribes to keep them satisfied. With such management, is it any wonder that the Turkish Government is poor!

Another feature, both dramatic and sad, of this strange imperial community is that other palace-prison, which Abdul Hamid can see from his royal grounds, the home of the mad Sultan, Murad V., the older brother and predecessor of Abdul Hamid, who reigned for six weeks and was then deposed to make way for the present Sultan. The Council of State declared him insane under the strain of his responsibilities, and he has been a prisoner under heavy guard for twenty-six years. Whether he was really insane, or whether he was deposed as the result of a plot, as Sultans before his time have been, no one really knows. One is tolerably certain, however, that if he was not insane twenty-six years ago he must be by this time. And there are still other prison-palaces scattered along the Bosphorus, some of which must cause the Sultan anxious moments. In Turkey the succession to the throne does not proceed from father to oldest son, as elsewhere. By some terrible mistake the Prophet Mohammed, so minute in most of his law-giving, neglected to fix a rule of succession. As a result and after untold bloodshed, the succession was vested in the oldest living member of the Sultan's family—that is, usually the Sultan's brother or cousin. His sons are only distant heirs apparent, with a possibility of succession only after all their uncles are dead. In former times a Sultan, on ascending the throne, promptly slaughtered all his brothers and any others who were likely to form the nucleus of plots against his power. The present system, while less bloodthirsty, is scarcely less fatal to the interests of the State, for the Sultan, instead of killing his relatives, locks them up in palaces, shuts them entirely out of communication with the world, allows them no modern books or newspapers, and compels them to idle away their time among their women, smoking and sipping coffee. The present heir apparent to the throne, Reshad Effendi, a man fifty-eight years old, and a brother to Abdul Hamid, is a practical prisoner and has been nearly all his life. Is it any wonder that the Sultans come to the throne half crazy, ignorant, fanatical, brought into the glare of a high place, loaded instantly with stupendous burdens, when they are scarcely more, mentally, than children?

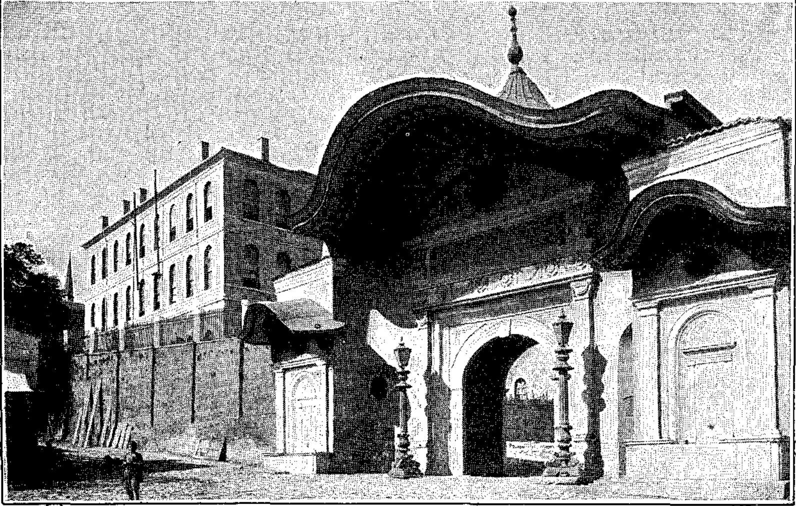
I stood on the palace terrace rising above the little roadway down which on Friday the Sultan ventures forth to say his prayers. I saw the extraordinary precautions taken to protect him—the gathering of all his five thousand troops, the stoppage of traffic by walls of armed men in every roadway leading up to the palace, then the surrounding of the few hundred yards of roadway which the Sultan must traverse from his palace gate to his mosque by rows of soldiers knee-deep. It was a strange, gorgeous, incongruous spectacle: the soldiers, fine stolid specimens of manhood, uniformed half like European soldiers, half like Asiatics; gallant mounted Uhlans with upright lances, an imitation of the Germans; bands that played European music, and gray-bearded officers scintillating with medals and gold lace. At one instant one was almost deceived by the illusion of power and grandeur; it was almost European; it was a good imitation; but the Asiatic, the Oriental, the barbaric, kept creeping out; the disorganization and poverty of a tottering and blood-stained dynasty grinned through all the tinsel. In the midst of the display a meanly clad old Turk with a dirty fez set rakishly on one side of his head strolled across the road carrying a cloth-covered bundle, suggesting a general's frock coat going out to be pressed; a ragged boy ran out, evidently with some one's dinner on a platter under a napkin; several shabby eunuchs in black strolled by; a general with enough gold lace on him to



FIVE OF THE SULTAN'S SONS



THE SULTAN'S CARRIAGE



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THE GATEWAY FROM WHICH COMES THE PHRASE
"THE SUBLIME PORTE"

outfit an entire American regiment drove up in a dilapidated old carriage drawn by the scrawniest of horses—curious contrasts amid all this splendor. And so, preceded by his women in closed carriages, several of his sons, and some eighty great generals and officers of the army marching on foot, came the Sultan himself. He was driven slowly in an open carriage, facing forward, with his Minister of War sitting opposite. And this is Abdul Hamid II., the absolute ruler of 25,000,000 people, the Defender of the Faith, monarch of the Hukymet-i-senize, the Glorious Government, variously known elsewhere as the Sick Man of Europe and the Great Assassin. Every splendor of general and trooper is forgotten; every eye is fixed on the little, old, round-shouldered man in the carriage. A shout—a well-trained and evidently long-practiced shout, curiously lacking in fire or spontaneity—goes up from the troops. The old man raises his hand in salute. He wears a red fez; his face is a sickly white, like parchment; the nose is that of an old eagle, long, hooked, high-bridged—the Armenian nose, his subjects will whisper in contempt. His eyes, what one sees of them, for he turns his head neither to right nor to left, are deep-set and black. Those who know him best say that he has a peculiar way of moving his eyes without moving his head, as if he were always seeking to look behind him, to pry out secrets, to surprise hidden motives. His beard is deep blue-black, as are his eyebrows; naturally they would be gray, but he dyes them, for the Sultan must never look old. To his generals he leaves all the pomp and display of gold lace and tinsel; for himself he is clad wholly in black, like a eunuch, without ornamentation of any kind. "The Raven" he has been called, and the raven he looks. The Sultan is not really a very old man—only sixty years old—and yet if there is one impression above another that he gives it is that of age and great weariness.

"Poor old Sultan!"

And yet one cannot help feeling admiration for the iron endurance of the man, the very ability to bear for twenty-six years the heavy toil of his position.

At the mosque his servants assist him to alight, and here he prays for half an hour, and is then whirled back to his palace, this time in a closed carriage. Once every week the ceremony of the Selamlik is observed, and the Sultan appears, to convince his people that he is still living. Once a year he ventures down, heavily guarded, to pay holy duties at the seraglio in Stamboul; but other than these expeditions he never leaves his palace.

Those who often meet the Sultan speak of him as the politest and most unassuming of men, in his conversation even gentle. In public he speaks only Turkish, so that an interpreter is always in demand, but it is said that he has a perfect command of French. He meets his European visitors with a handshake, and even sits down to dinner with his invited guests. In his early years he is said to have been a good deal of a reader, and he sometimes surprises his foreign visitors by his knowledge of affairs in other lands. Not long ago he talked with an American visitor about President Roosevelt, showing himself informed to an unusual degree as to American politics. He is a great admirer of General Grant, whom he once entertained in Constantinople, and to whom he afterwards presented a splendid pair of horses. But probably his closest friend and ally among foreign rulers is Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, who did much during his famous Oriental tour to win the trust of the Sultan. Indeed, the Kaiser's visit was one of the epochs of recent Turkish history, the full effects of which are not yet appreciated by Westerners. The Sultan is supposed to be very wealthy in his own right, and it is significant of his suspicion of his own people that he keeps his money—so at least runs the report—invested with London bankers, so that if anything should happen to make him a fugitive in foreign lands he would have large means at his command.

Though the Sultan is gentleness itself in his dealings with foreigners, he is said to possess a fierce temper, which occasionally flames up in uncontrollable passion. It is then that his followers tremble. A story has it that he once found a man in his harem, a clock-tinker, who was there rightly enough to repair the clocks on the order of the chief of the harem. The Sultan fell upon him and killed him—

kicked him to death, the report says—and afterwards, finding out his mistake, he made reparation to the dead man's family.

Abdul Hamid is unquestionably a man of the best intentions, who has often sacrificed much to do what he thought was good—a man who dreamed of greatness and perhaps goodness, but who soon found himself floundering in the mire of a hopelessly rotten government. From his own purse he now contributes very largely to educational purposes; he has been the most liberal of any Sultan in yielding to the influences of Western civilization; he has admitted railroads, and he has been generally favorable to foreign enterprise. It must not be forgotten that the Turks are Asiatic. Looked at from European standards, they are hopelessly corrupt, inefficient, and cruel; but compared with their compeers in Asia, their progress has been in some respects extraordinary.

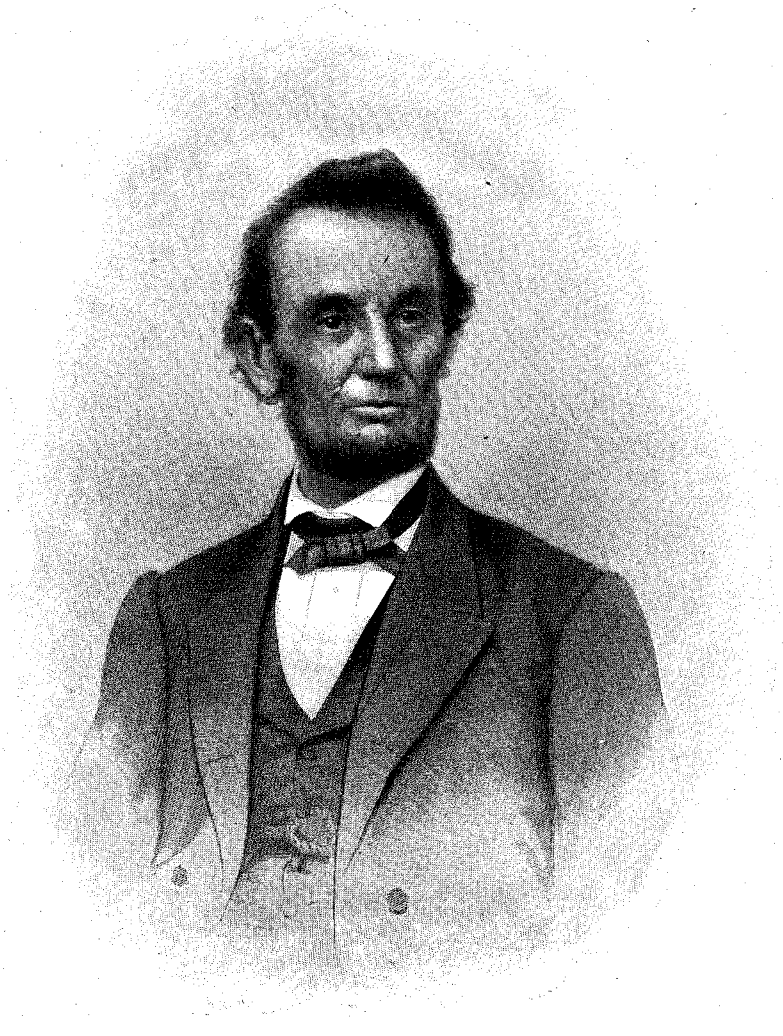
After all, what can the world expect of a Sultan trained as Sultans are, born in a harem of the commonest parentage, usually a slave mother, uneducated, wholly untraveled, and, until they come to the throne, without interests or ambitions; often locked up in practical captivity by the reigning monarch, with no society save that of the women of their harem; not infrequently fearing for their very lives. Is it any wonder that they make mistakes and worse! Should not the blame be placed where it belongs—upon a barbaric and antiquated system which must soon perish of its own limitations and iniquity? Without doubt the present Sultan stands far and away above the general rottenness that surrounds him, but he is nevertheless destined to be held responsible for the mortal errors of his leadership. History is implacable; it never accepts a plea of ignorance.

Widow Barror's Seining

By Francis Sterne Palmer

Madam Barror lets her farm run down—
Oats on the flats are like to drown;
Her buckwheat has no chance to grow,
Stumps and stones crowd on it so;
But Madam Barror she doesn't care,
Her better farm is the broad lake there,
And every night from her strip of beach
Seine-nets into the water reach:—
    "Buy a haul, you standin' dere,
        Come help de widow out;
      Dis net's so full it's almos' tear
        Wid whitefeesh an' wid trout!"

Around her bonfire the neighbors stand
To bid on the hauls that drag to land;
They like to watch the figure tall
Of the big madam as she bosses it all;
For Madam Barror is a driver at work
And now not one of her brood may shirk;
She stops the fooling of half-grown Pierre,
And boxes her Delphine's pretty ear:—
    "Come buy!" she cries; "afore he was dead
        My man was frien' to you all;
      His woman mus' fin' de children bread:
        Come, neighbor, buy dis haul!"



A. Lincoln

After a photograph by M. B. Brady.

Memories of a Hundred Years[1]

By Edward Everett Hale

XII.—THE WAR

ONE TO MAKE READY

THERE has been a great temptation to prepare for this part of these memoirs a severely condensed history of the Civil War. For eighteen months I had such a plan in mind, and it was with regret that I abandoned it. But I have abandoned it. I should like to write such a history. I think if I had ten years of life before me, with nothing else to do, I would do it. But I will not do it in eight pages of The Outlook.

No! The reader who has been kind enough to follow me for nearly a year understands, by this time, that he is looking at the century through my keyhole. We are taking snap-shots together, and of our snap-shot pictures I throw away nineteen before I let the reader see one.

I think there will be a certain interest in bringing together five or six separate glimpses of the war, which will show how a working minister in a Northern parish could be mixed up in it. I have had in mind, for nearly forty years, the bringing together of a set of papers in church history and printing them in a book which should be called "A Church in the War." But we cannot print that book in eight pages of The Outlook. Here are, however, a few personal memoranda, most of which date from the time, which will serve in their way as so many foreground lights for its history.

Whoever writes the history of the nineteenth century ought to remember that, after all the irritation and even savage rage of section against section, the war took the North by surprise. For myself, I regarded the Southern declarations as part of a game of brag, even up to the first shot on Sumter. I remember that a week or two before that happened, as I came out of church on what must have been the first Sunday in April, Wendell Phillips was passing the gateway of the little courtyard. I joined him and walked with him, and he told me that the Carolinians were throwing up batteries from which to fire on Fort Sumter. I knew the ground and water, or thought I did, and I pooh-poohed and said, "Batteries? What are they making them of—the waves of the sea?" and intimated that all this was the exuberance of a pretense which would cool down into nothing. Phillips said, "I hope so." But within a fortnight's time his hopes and my expectations were disappointed.

Yet I was myself at that same time drilling as an active member of Salignac's Rifle Corps. My connection with this drill club began one evening at a meeting of a college club which had existed twenty years. Edward Cabot, the distinguished architect, who was one of the members, told us that he and some other young gentlemen had formed a drill club for the training for war. In my own memory this marks the moment when anybody thought that war was impending. For me, as I say, I thought the bluster of the Southern States was the bragging of people used to playing cards, and I did not believe that things would come to that crisis. But all the same I wanted "to encourage the rest," as Voltaire said. I was minister of a large parish, and I wanted the young men of that parish to do their duty. I told Cabot that he might count me as a member. I think it was the next day that I went down to join, and from that time until the war was well advanced I went down to drill daily. Salignac had been an officer in the French service, and was quite master of all that we needed to learn from him. Amos A. Lawrence, the same with whom I had worked in the colonization of Kansas, and who gave his name to the city of Lawrence there, was very much interested in the club. He gave us the use of a large hall, the hall which Mr. Shuman now

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[1] Copyright, 1901, the Outlook Company.

occupies at the corner of Summer Street and Washington Street. There we drilled all winter.

I was, therefore, well up in regimental tactics and well enough up in the drilling of soldiers when, on the fatal Sunday morning of April, 1861, it was announced that Sumter had been fired on. Every young man who was worth his salt then wanted to fall into the ranks, and at Salignac's we had our hands full in drilling new recruits. I suppose I was a sergeant. Here is a reminiscence of one of those April days: How often have I preached in Chicago and General Bayley has met me on the pulpit stairs and said, "Can you see both screws of the musket, Dr. Hale?" He was a youngster in my own Sunday-school who had fallen in with the rest. Passing behind the file, in my duty as instructor, I had said to him, "Throw up your gun a little; I want to see both those screws." From such a beginning Bayley came out a Major-General in 1865.

The hall in Summer Street was not large enough for us to parade or drill in a straight line. It was bent as the letter E is bent, without the cross mark in the middle. I was one of the taller men, my friend Dr. Williams being taller than I. So we were at the extreme right of the battalion line, and when we presented arms we were opposite the extreme left of the line, which was made up of the men who were not so tall. So it was that, week in and week out, I presented arms at any dress parade to a fair-haired Saxon boy, a hundred feet away, whose name I did not know. And it was not until I assisted at his funeral that I learned that this charming, manly face which I had seen so often was that of young Will Putnam, Lowell's cousin, who had been killed at Ball's Bluff. In fact, nineteen-twentieths of Salignac's Drill Corps took commissions in the Massachusetts regiments and went to the war. To this day I cannot pass through the central memorial hall of Sanders at Cambridge without tears, there are so many of my college companions and of my other young friends whose names are engraved on the tablets there.

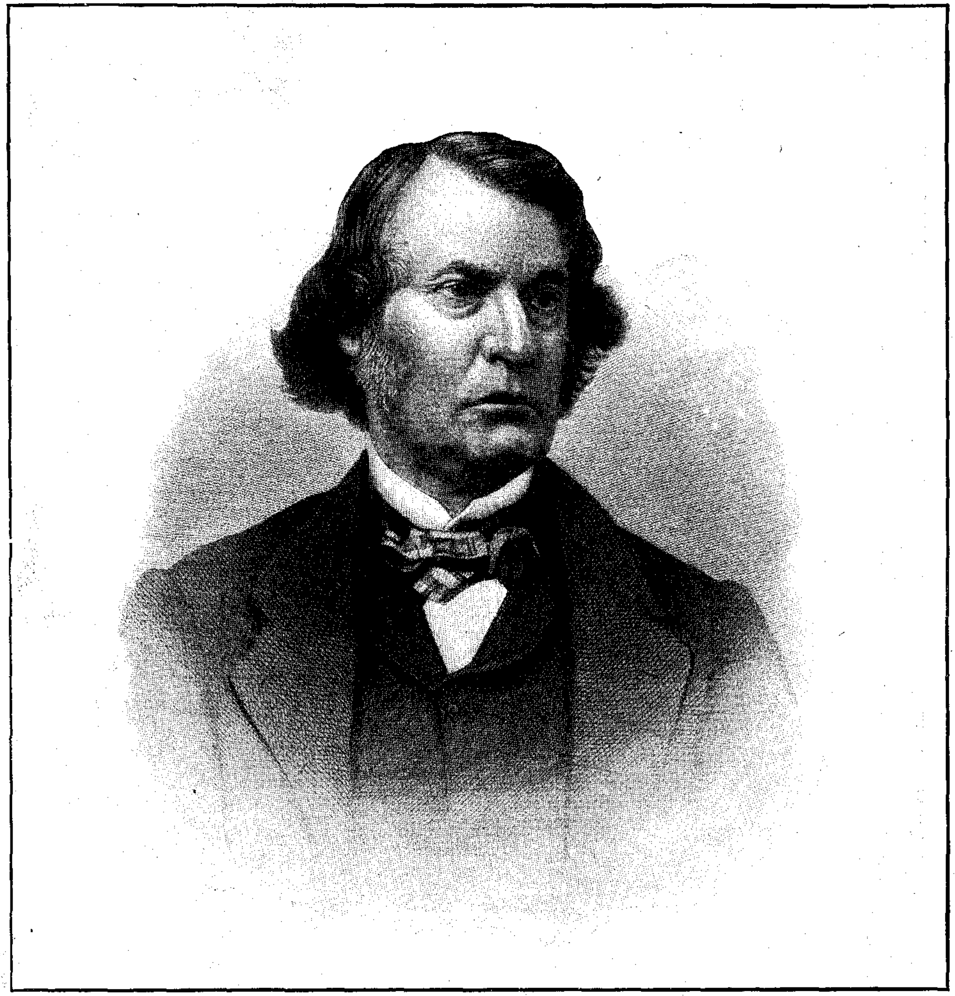
After the announcement that Sumter was fired on, it would be fair to say that nobody in Boston thought of anything but the war for four years. Everything turned on that pivot. In that first week, if a man asked another man if he could sell him a horse, the answer was, "You are going to the front? The horse is yours." The Street Railway Company placed all their horses at the disposal of the Governor. The Massachusetts Fifth was sent to Fortress Monroe directly under the advice of John Murray Forbes. Some one asked what were the arrangements for provisioning the steamer which took them from Providence, and Forbes said, "I have provisioned her myself."

My brother Charles, who was at that time Speaker of the House of Representatives, sent me a note one morning which showed me that he was too sick to be anywhere but in bed. I went over with a carriage to his bachelor quarters to bring him to my own house. The poor fellow said that he had in his hands some arrangements for vaccine which were to be sent to such and such regiments at the South. I told him that I would see to the vaccine, and went to the State House for that purpose. There was Henry Lee, well known to all Harvard men as the chief marshal for many years of their processions. He was an officer in Salignac's Drill Corps, and at that moment was acting as a volunteer military aid to Governor Andrew. While I waited for a letter I needed, Lee asked me if I could not go down to Fall River that afternoon and drill the Fall River companies. I was most eager to go, but I had in hand these vaccine arrangements and many other duties of the same sort; and I made the "great refusal." Which story I tell because I think if I had gone down to Fall River and had my experience of a drill-master's life, I should probably have stayed with the army until the war was over. Who knows but these might be the memoirs of a Major-General, as Bayley's would be?

But I laid down the rule for myself that I would not go in person to the war until I found nothing to do every day at home.

When all was over, on the 22d day of December, 1865, Governor Andrew had ordered a parade of representatives of each of the sixty-six Massachusetts regiments, who were to march to the State House and leave their smoked and ragged colors there. I noticed in the morning paper that they would pass our church.

I sent a note to the chairman of the right committee, and the women opened the church, they lighted their fires, and when, that morning, one or two thousand men marched through Union Park, hot coffee stood in full pails on the steps with enough for every man of the command, and they broke ranks and drank. In our little museum at church we show receipts of the State of Massachusetts for the flannel underclothes we sent them in April, 1861.



CHARLES SUMNER

From an engraving by Augustus Robin.

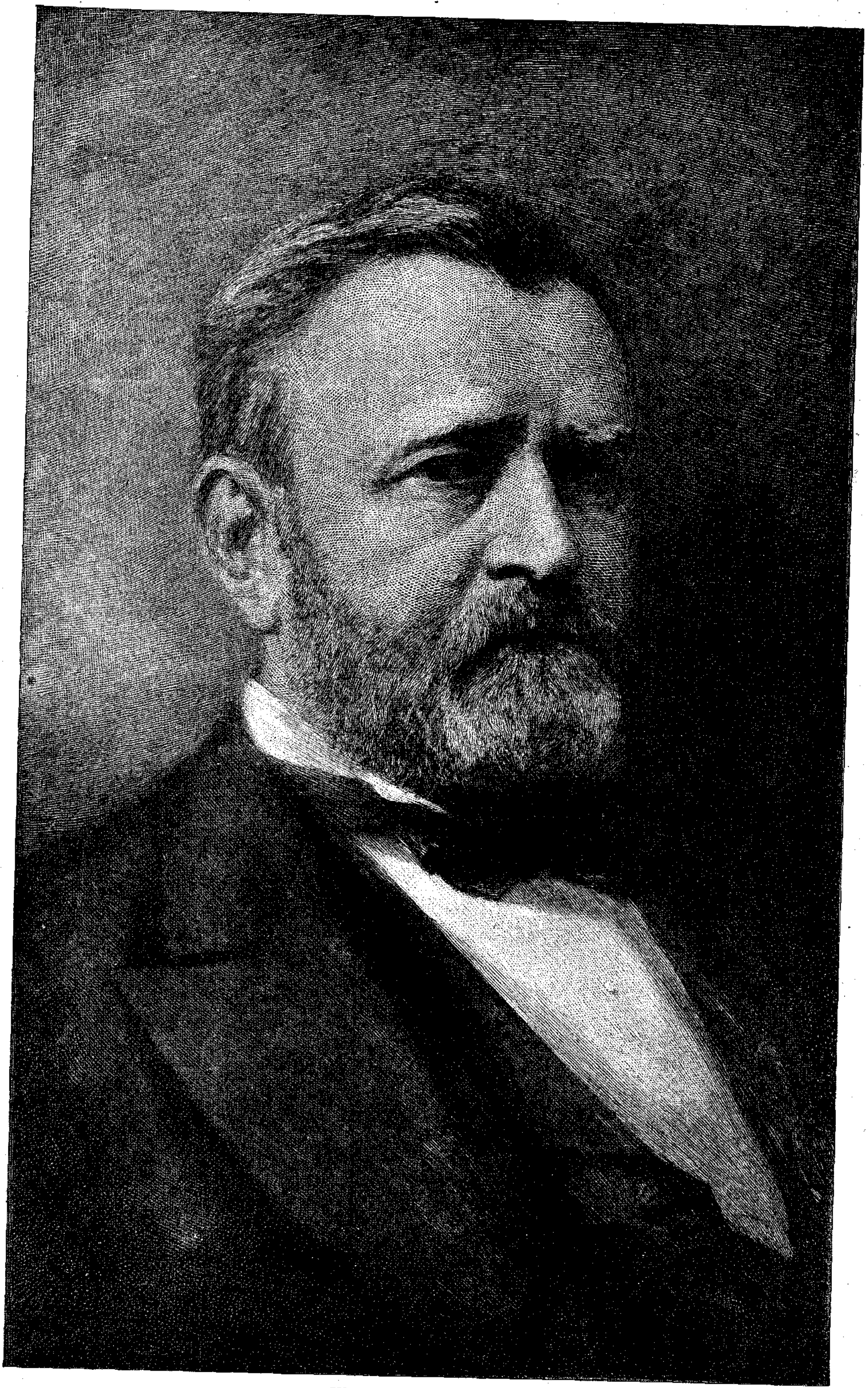
BULL'S RUN

Of other personal reminiscences, the papers which make up this chapter are all that I must now use. The first is a letter from a gentleman, in an important official position in Washington, describing his impressions as to the army, as he saw it in August, after the defeat at Manassas, or, as we say, Bull's Run. Even after thirty years it seems worth while to show out of what inexperience Grant's and Meade's armies began:

Treasury Building, August 6, 1861.

My Dear Sir: I have received your note, with inclosure, of 2d inst., and am sorry we are not to be more closely associated. However, there is much to do everywhere now, and what is most important is no longer in Washington. Yet one needs to be at Washington to see into what a terrible rut of inefficiency and humbug and twaddle our poor Nation has got. There seems no end to buncombe; we are saturated with it high and low.

Now what is the fact about this noble, etc., gallant, patriotic army? It was, in large part, a miserable rabble of sentimental actors and



ULYSSES S. GRANT

"foreign mercenaries." It had no real discipline, only a play of it, or so much of it as was pretty. Its officers were knaves and fools. They had never read history, they knew not the simplest elementary conditions of war, and they never really expected to fight, certainly not to *conduct* fighting. The consequences of the Bull's Run affair prove this if they prove anything. The exceptions count by thousands, it is true, but the central fact is that the army was good for nothing. I really believe that three regiments of regulars well commanded could take the capital to-day, if there were no regulars in it. And how does the country behave? The cruel, savage, senseless poltroons who took to the ambulances and ran over the wounded and left them to die of thirst, taking their water for themselves—the surgeons themselves who went mad with fright—have you hung any of them in Boston? They haven't been named yet; nobody has tried to get their names. But the vermin of various batteries send their names to a New York newspaper to testify that they deserted in spite of the earnest request of their officers on the eve of the first engagement, after having played soldier at the public expense three months, because "their time was out" and they "wanted to see their families"! God save their children from living. And the people of New York let these fellows "return to their business." Does the history of the world exhibit traces of the existence of anything meaner than that? And the men who did behave well—can you name them? Who cares for them? They are lost in our habit of buncombe.

We must strain every nerve to put things on an entirely different footing or we are lost. The very idea of order, precision, punctuality, complete honesty, and exact responsibility is generally lost among us. A man does the meanest things and does not know it; the most gallant things, and unless the spread-eagle takes them up nobody else knows it.

The women terribly want something to do. Couldn't they be got to form committees to hunt deserters and cowards, knavish contractors and speculating legislators, officers who give no care to their men except for parade and who throw away their coats in battle lest they should be known for officers, soldiers who can't be got to brush their coats or wash their faces or take care of a sick comrade or look twice at an enemy?

Until in some way or other something allied to discipline can be forced upon these creatures sent here for soldiers, all sanitary preaching is about useless. There ought to be a few hundred men hung here to-morrow. Then we might ask commanding officers to give orders for the health of their men. But orders go for nothing now. They are almost of as little value as promises.

Now I've told you the whole story. The Sanitary Commission can do nothing but poke sticks in at the edges. The whole kettle needs to be upset, and you are nearer the long end of the lever in Boston than you would be here.

As to the matter of Mr. Bishop's concern, I have thought much about it, and talked a good deal and done a little. The small Treasury notes are chiefly for the convenience of soldiers wishing to send to their families. I don't think Mr. Bishop's plan would accomplish much for its cost. The best that I can think of would be some sort of soldiers' savings bank, with agents preceding and following close upon the paymasters. This is a matter for solid men and financiers to think upon. But Dr. Howe has returned now, and you have the Brick Lane branch in full swing. I wish that you would have it talked about, and see if any scheme of the kind will bear beating out to details.

On the other side, here is the account of Bull Run by Mr. John S. Wise—a first-rate Virginian authority. It is in his charming book "The End of an Era:"

> The battle of Manassas [Bull Run] was one of the oddest episodes in military history. It was fought at right angles to the line of battle selected by both commanders, and was virtually won by the Union forces when they became panic-stricken and fled.

AS THE WAR WENT ON

It will give a hint of the variety of the work of a church at home when I say that we had our share, through the Sanitary Commission, in help to the hospitals of the army, the relief of its sick, the care of prisoners and refugees, and the education of freedmen. The first teachers who went to Port Royal to teach blacks were my assistant, the Rev. Charles E. Rich, now of California, and one of our Sunday-school teachers, Mr. George N. Boynton. Colonel Everett Peabody commanded the regiment most in advance at Shiloh. He was sure that Grant's army would be attacked, and gave in his report of that certainty. His men, ready for battle, met the first attack, in the gray of the morning, and he and most of them were killed in the onset. It is one of our proud recollections that the flannel shirts which were dyed again that day were made in our vestry.

Three days afterwards the young men who first appeared at the landing in charge of the hospital steamer after the horrors of the battle of Shiloh were two young physicians from our church, with supplies which we had forwarded—Dr. John Green, now of St. Louis, and Dr. Abram Wilder, of Kansas.

The editor of the first newspaper published in a rebel prison was one of our boys, who had volunteered the first day and had been taken prisoner at Bull Run. The news of the horrors of the second Bull Run came on Sunday morning. Ladies did not go home from the church, but stayed in the vestries to tear bandages, to pack boxes and see them forwarded by the right expresses. I have given notice from the pulpit that hospital attendants were needed by the Sanitary Commission, and men have started the same evening on service which lasted for years. I once had from Richmond a private intimation of methods by which Union officers could be supplied with home stores. We needed a hundred and ten private letters written to as many Northern homes; I told this to the ladies of my class, and the long letters were written and posted before night. I think—but I am not certain—that the only ether and chloroform which came to the hospital in Richmond where Union officers were treated in the spring of 1864 were boxed and sent from our church.

For all this time the system was going forward by which we forwarded the stores to hospitals, and even regiments, which exigencies outside the regulations suddenly required. And when you go beyond what was physically done within the walls of the South Congregational Church, there is no end to such stories. Men and women gave money like water. The words "public spirit" got an interpretation and meaning they have never lost. God grant they never may!

I have an old box of sermons labeled "War Sermons." I will not make the reader study them. I could not if I would. But the texts are suggestive: "Compel them to come in." "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." "Stand fast in the liberty wherein Christ has made us free." "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off." "The unity of the spirit." "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." "Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." (This on a sermon which is indorsed, "Take the loan.") "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; they are white already to harvest."

On a sermon indorsed, "Buchanan's Fast," "Put not your trust in princes." As early as March 28, 1859, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven." "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." In a sermon marked "Reaction," "The same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while." "His mercy endureth forever." On the President's Fast, April 30, 1863, "Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." "That they all may be one." "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "Forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those that are before." "And the children of Israel went up and wept before the Lord until even, and asked counsel of the Lord, saying, Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother? And the Lord said, Go up against him." "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give glory." This on the Thanksgiving Day after the return of peace.

I was at the annual commencement of the Andover Theological Seminary in August, 1861, just after our defeat at the first Bull's Run. The chaplain of the day prayed that McDowell might be forgiven "for having unnecessarily initiated a battle on the Lord's day." My kinsman, Professor Stowe, who was there, told this story of Longfellow, his classmate in college, whom he had met a few days before: Longfellow had stopped him in the street and asked him how things were going on at Andover; and said, "If New Testament will not do, you must give them Old."

Sometimes as an officer of the Sanitary Commission, sometimes to preach to my old parish at Washington, I went on to that city. I dare not say how often, as the four years went by.

Here is a curious memorandum of a conversation which I had with Charles Sumner about Lincoln's Compensated Emancipation Message:

> April 26, 1862, Washington.
>
> Nothing shows the power of the President more at the present moment than the way in which every person you meet thinks and gives you to think that he and the President are hand in glove, and, indeed, quite agree.
>
> I went through with this very pleasantly with Dr. Bellows on Tuesday. To-night I took tea with Judge Thomas, who spoke quite

freely of his intimacy with the President, and afterwards meeting George Livermore I went with him to call on Mr. Sumner. He entertained us, and very agreeably, with the history of the President's message for compensated emancipation, for which he took a good deal of credit to himself, and which he told me in much these words:

"That began a good while ago—as long ago as the extra session. But to speak of this session only, the night I got here, Saturday night—Congress meets on Monday—as soon as I had brushed off the dust of travel, I went down to see the President. I talked with him alone two hours about the principal subjects of the message. I talked to him about the Trent affair, about the conduct of the army and General McClellan, and about slavery. About them all we agreed, or agreed very nearly. For about the Trent affair we agreed entirely—that nothing should be said about it. About the army we agreed entirely, and General McClellan; and about slavery we agreed too, though some people would not believe this—the 'Daily Advertiser' would not believe it, Mr. Hale. But we did agree so precisely as this, that the President said after we had spoken of the subject in every detail—these were his very words—'Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on this subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time.' 'Mr. President,' said I, 'if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the longest time you name has passed by.' Nor should I have done so, but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored in his mind. At that time he had the hope that some one of the border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiative to hitch the whole thing to. He was in correspondence with some persons at a distance with this view, but he did not consult a person in Washington, excepting Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair and myself. Seward knew nothing about it. So it lagged along till the Trent matter came to its crisis. I was with him then, again and again. Lord Lyons sent in Lord Russell's letter. I went over with the President that whole subject. There were four ways of meeting it. We went over each of the four. We agreed entirely as to the course to be adopted. But I said to him then as I left him, 'Now, Mr. President, if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy upon slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not our friend. France is not. But if you had announced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety.' The Trent message was settled at 1 o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of December, and that day, or perhaps the next day, I drove him up to it again. I said to him, I remember; 'I want you to make Congress a New Year's present of your plan.' But he had some reason still for a delay. He was in correspondence with Kentucky; there was a Mr. Speed in Kentucky to whom he was writing; he read me one of his letters once; and he thought he should hear from there how people would be affected by such a plan. Every time I saw him, however, I spoke to him about it, and I saw him every two or three days. At one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year's Day—and I said something about what a glorious thing it would be. But he stopped me in a moment. 'Don't say a word about that,' said he. 'I know very well that the name which is connected with this matter will never be forgotten.' Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him, till one day, early in January, he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. And I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing else to the President about this or any other business, if I could help it, till that child were well, or were dead. And I did not. It was a long, complicated illness. It lasted four weeks. And the President attended to no business that could be avoided. He saw no one, he signed no commissions. There were mountains of commissions from the State and Navy and War Departments waiting for his signature. Seward presided at the Cabinet meetings. At last, after it was over—I had never said a word to the President again about it—one morning here, before I had breakfasted, before I was up, indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed at once and went over; and he said, 'I want to read you my message. I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.' So he read it to me, from his own manuscript. And I asked him to let me read it myself, so that I could take it in more carefully. Well, when I began there were some things in it, you know, that I wanted to change—now that word abolishment, that I did not want, but, you know, I said, 'There is to every man an idiosyncrasy, and this is so clearly an aboriginal, autochthonous style of its own that I will not suggest an alteration.'"

"Lucky you didn't," said E. E. H.; "you would have made a pretty botch of it." Mr. Sumner laughed and said, "Yes, I am afraid so. There was, as it was printed, an unfinished sentence. That was a mistake in copying; it was not in his manuscript. Of course, if I had observed a word left out, or any such thing, I would have told him. Well, there was one sentence where I told him that he must let me recast it. I took my pencil, and I said, 'Let me write it thus. I don't want people saying you think this and so.' I was going to turn the sentence round, you know, enough to emasculate it. But he said, 'I'll drop the whole sentence,' and took his pen and drew it through. I was delighted and so was Chase, who came afterwards to thank me for making him leave it out. I asked him how the Cabinet took it. He had called them together the night before to hear it. I do not know when there has been a Cabinet meeting in the evening. The Cabinet generally meets Tuesday and Friday at 12 and sits until 2. But the President had sent for them all to come to a Cabinet meeting in the evening. 'Oh,' he said, 'they all liked it.' 'Did Seward like it?' said I. 'Oh, yes, he liked it.' 'And old Bates, did he like it?' 'Oh, he liked it most of all.' 'And Smith?' 'Smith, he liked it thoroughly.' I did not ask him about the others, because of them, of course, I knew. Well, I sat with it in my hands, reading it over and not bearing to give it up, but he said, 'There, now, you've read it enough; run away, I must send it in to-day.' He had called his secretary already, and he was waiting. I gave him the first page, and he copied it while I was reading the rest. I rode down to the Senate, and then I went to General Lander's funeral. I was one of the pallbearers. I met the President there, but I said nothing about this, of course. I rode back to the Senate and found them in executive session. I went to the desk to see if the message had been sent in, and there it was. I went to one Senator and another, to ask them if they knew what the President had sent in. Oh, some more nominations, they supposed. But I sent them to the desk to see, and so one Senator and another read it there.

"But I had told the President that I should say nothing about it. It should be his act. I might, of course, have made a speech. I might have made some preparation for a speech of welcome to it. But I would not do this. And I said nothing, but to vote as every one else did. Yet I had been the only Senator consulted from the beginning to the end."

I copy the whole of this memorandum of one of Mr. Sumner's conversations, because it shows, in a way which is now as pathetic as it is amusing, what his quite unconscious habit was of patronizing the people with whom he had to do. I have been told that he was the most unpopular man who was ever in the United States Senate. I am afraid this is true. If it is true, it is simply because, without in the least meaning to do so, he would speak with this air of superiority, which was really droll. I do not think myself that he was an arrogant man. He did sometimes think of himself more highly than he ought to think. But that is a fault which most members of most Senates share with him. There was a certain frankness of manner, almost rustic or pagan, if one may say so, which ruffled people and made them cross when he did not even suspect that he was "riling them." It is interesting to see how good-naturedly Lincoln took this, and how well he understood Mr. Sumner, through and through.

A YEAR LATER

Here is a letter of a year later which shows how varied were the interests in Washington life in the year 1863:

The guests were Admiral Davis, General Force, just now from Vicksburg; Colonel Abbot, in command of the defenses opposite the city; Mr. Collins, from Asia, who spoke of a despatch he had just had from Irkutsk, and is engaged now in building the telegraph up to Behring's Straits;[1] Dr. Adams, of the Medical Bureau, a sort of aid of Surgeon-General Hammond's, fresh from a tour of inspection at the West, and a Colonel Cunningham. The ladies were only the three pretty Miss Abbots, and Mary certainly did the honors charmingly. I see I have not named Mr. Channing, who was very bright and came out very pleasantly. I do not know when I have been at a brighter party. What is striking, as soon as you are among the military or naval men, is their sweet, simple loyalty, their indifference to politics, and their confidence of success. General Force said that he rode down to Natchez to see a city which had *not* been injured by the war. There he found children playing in the streets, ladies in the verandas, and the city as beautiful as ever. "And the men?" we asked. The men, he said, had been strong enough and of influence enough to keep themselves from being hanged; they had sworn they would not go into the rebel army, had their property seized because they would not, but had protected their families against guerrillas, and so had roughed through. "And old Dr. Duncan," said he, "told me he counted himself worth a million and three hundred thousand dollars when the war began, that he would gladly take fifteen thousand dollars in greenbacks for all that was left; 'but the sight of the old flag,' said he, 'was worth it all.'" Is not that really touching—to know there is some such feeling somewhere? Admiral Davis told a curious story illustrating the English confidence in our ruin. After Bull Run, their Hydrographic Office did not send the annual relay of charts which it is their custom to send to the different departments of our Government. And for more than that year, through the next year, they discontinued them; but as soon as we opened the Mississippi last year, they thought the chance of the charts being taken care of amounted to more, and began to send them again. Mr. Channing gave a very interesting account of the exciting debate in the House on the proposed expulsion of Lane and Harris to-day. I had heard a part of this discussion, but had no sense of the feeling it had really excited upon the floor. All this sort of anecdote makes you feel that you really are in the midst of things.

MY FIRST AND LAST BATTLE

A year later still I saw an army for the first time. It seemed to me that I had seen every detail of preparation at Readville, where our own regiments were soldiered. I had followed along all the business where raw volunteers were taken into camp and regiments got in order for the front. At Fort Independence, in the harbor, there was apt to be a regiment, or more, going through the same process. On Sundays one or another of us went down there to see the boys and preach to them. We knew all about shirts and underclothing and hospital stores, and, alas! we began to know about pensions and State relief. We had more than enough to do with widows and children of men who had been killed, and with women who were virtually widowed, though their husbands were alive at the front. We had sent everything to the hospital stores—Testaments, playing-cards, fans, mosquito helmets, and havelocks. But, all the same, I wanted to see an army, and in April, 1864, I went to Washington determined to do so if I could. I stayed in Washington from the 8th of March until the 11th. On the Sunday the memorandum in my note-book is: "Preached at the capital, new brief, 'Compel them to come in.'" It was on this visit that I called on the President.

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[1] This telegraph was built some ten years before its time and was never of any use, but that the Indians regarded it as a Godsend magazine of wire. Indeed, I believe they use it as such to this day. Wire is a great treasure in savage land.

They all told me that no civilian would be permitted in the camp of Grant's army. But I found that I could go down to Fortress Monroe and see General Butler's army.

I had met General Butler that winter at a dinner given him in Boston, where I sat by him, and we had had an interesting conversation for the evening. He had invited me cordially to come and see him at Fortress Monroe. On this occasion I had Sanitary business of importance enough to justify my going down the bay to the fort. And I went to Norfolk on the 12th of April. There I was the guest of General Wilde—one of our Massachusetts Generals—who was at that moment very much interested in the mustering and employment of colored troops.

On the 14th of April I crossed to Fortress Monroe, where I was immediately welcomed by General Butler. And he fairly compelled me by his exuberant courtesy to make my home at his house. I spent four or five days very pleasantly there. On the afternoon of Sunday, the 17th, he ordered a review of colored troops on the broad beach to the east and north of the fortress. There were more than five thousand men under arms, mostly negroes, proud of their new position. Over at Hampton, opposite, they sing to this hour the hymn which General Armstrong liked so much:

> "We look like men,
> We look like men,
> We look like men of war,
> All armed and dressed in uniform,
> And ready for the war."

And Butler told me that in the movements of the Peninsula these men could be placed where you would think no troops could stand. They were paying off the debts of generations.

On Monday he sent me round to Yorktown and Gloucester, where my friend General Joseph Hawley was in command. I saw a little then of the life of soldiers in the field. When on Tuesday I bade General Butler good-by, I said to him: "The next time you see me I shall be a recruit, and I shall present arms to you at this gateway, as you are riding in." He said, eagerly, "Why, if you will come, Mr. Hale, we will take you to-day. We will put you in the forefront of the battle, as David put Uriel. I suppose there would have been nothing wrong in that if Uriel had asked David to place him there." With this farewell I came home, little thinking that I should so soon have his invitation—shall I say, to take Uriel's place?

But, as I knew, the joint movement by the Army of the James River, on the south, with Grant's army on the north, was impending. And I had been at home but little more than three weeks when I received a telegram from Colonel Shaffer, Butler's Chief of Staff, dated at Bermuda Hundred, a point which Butler had seized successfully at the junction of the Appomattox and the James Rivers. The despatch read, "Come on at once; we are more successful than our best hopes." Who could resist such an invitation? Not I; and I left my plow in the furrow. I arranged somehow for my pulpit and went at once to Washington. I called on my old friend Edward Townsend, who was Adjutant-General, I think, of the army. He had been a boy in the Latin School with me and was a few years my senior. I showed him my invitation, told him I thought I could be of use in Sanitary matters, and he gave me a despatch for General Butler. It proved to be a talisman such as Aladdin used to carry. From that moment I was a bearer of despatches and could take great airs on myself. I went down the river at once to Fortress Monroe and reported there, to find that all my friends of the staff, with one exception, were in the army at the front, and that a steamer was going up in the morning on which I could go.

We were rather more than half-way up the river when we were arrested for a little by the sound of firing on the shore. It proved that this was one of the days when Fitzhugh Lee had attempted to cut off General Butler's river communications. He had attacked the field works which we had on the south side of the river. As it happened, some of these works were held by negroes recruited in Virginia, and this was one of the earlier trials of those troops. After a little delay on this account, we pressed on, and just about nightfall arrived at the crowded water-front of Bermuda Hundred. The whole army of 25,000 men had arrived there suddenly a fortnight before, as if it had fallen from the skies. In that time wharves and landing-places had been improvised with marvelous rapidity; and although there was endless confusion, still things seemed to go forward with the kind of energy which marks the work of a well-disciplined army.

For me, I was as ignorant as a freshman is on entering college of what I was to do. I knew that General Butler and his staff were six or seven miles away. I knew that night was falling, and I did not know how I was to go to him. Fortunately for me, as I thought, there was on the boat a member of his staff with whom I had some acquaintance, and I relied upon him to help me through. When we landed, however, he was out of the way, and I could not find him. I suspected that he did not care to embarrass himself with a civilian and was intentionally keeping out of sight. I think so still.

I therefore did what I always do in life—struck as high as I could. I said to the sentinel that I was a bearer of despatches, and asked him the way to the headquarters of the commander of that post. This gentleman was Colonel Fuller, of Massachusetts. The Colonel said at once that his own orderly should go with me to General Butler; that he would lend me his own horse, and would send my valise on the ambulance the next morning. So the horse was saddled, and about the time when it became quite dark the soldier and I started on our way.

He knew no more of the road than I did, and a very bad road it was. I made my first acquaintance with the sacred soil of Virginia then and there. We lost ourselves sometimes, and then we found ourselves, the greater part of the road being the worst possible country road, all cut to pieces by the heavy army work, through woods, not of large trees, which were close enough on both sides to darken the passage. It was nine o'clock or later when we saw the welcome sight of the headquarters camp-fires.

We rode up, and I jumped from my horse to shake hands with General Butler, Colonel Shaffer, and the other gentlemen. They asked instantly how we had passed the batteries. I told the story, and General Butler, who was always effusively polite, and who to his other gracious ways added exquisite facility in flattery, said to me: "We are greatly obliged to you, Mr. Hale; I have been very anxious for two or three hours. I was afraid my despatches were cut off." I had already handed to him the utterly unimportant letter from the War Department which had been my talisman thus far.

Then and there I first heard soldiers talk of what had been done and what had not been done in that day. I knew beforehand that, in the push toward Richmond, we had been flung back on Fort Darling. I did not know, till I came there, exactly how the command was impressed by this delay. But in the headquarters circle I found nothing but confidence, and I very soon saw that I was to understand that we should have taken Richmond but for the heavy fog of the day of battle and some other infelicities. I think now this is probably true.

The fires were kept burning, and we sat and chatted there hour after hour. When we had been there perhaps two hours, up came my dilatory military friend of the General's staff, and with sufficient profanity exorcised the roads over which we had ridden. He had never been there before. General Butler heard him through, and then said, "But here is Mr. Hale, who has been here two hours." The soldier turned on me, a little crestfallen—all the other members of the staff sufficiently amused—and he asked me with another oath how I found the way. I said, "We followed the telegraph wire;" and from that day I was rather a favorite with the staff for this civilian snub on a gentleman who was not a favorite.

Meanwhile, somebody had been ordered to pitch a tent for me, and about eleven o'clock, I suppose, I went to bed in my new quarters. I had slept an hour, however, as it proved, when I was awakened by the firing of cannon. I had never heard such firing; as it proved afterwards, they were the heaviest guns which I have ever heard in my life. Of course I wanted to jump up, but I said to myself, "It will seem very green if I walk out on the first sound of firing. I suppose this is what I came to the front for. If they want me they will call me, and I shall hear firing enough before I have done." So I turned over and tried to go to sleep—did go to sleep—and was awakened again by louder and louder firing. All this lasted, I suppose, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Then all was still and I went to sleep for the night.

You are awakened in camp, if you are at a major-general's, by the bugles of his cavalry escort, and the next morning I heard their reveillé also for the first time. I washed myself, was already dressed of course, and in a little time an orderly told me that breakfast was ready. I met at breakfast Captain Laurie, a fine old officer of the navy whom I had known slightly in Boston. He said to me, "And how did you like our firing last night, Mr. Hale?" I said that to me, as a civilian, it seemed very loud; but I supposed that that was what I had come to the war for, and I did not get up from my bed. Laurie answered, as if he would rebuke me for my ignorance, "I have been in the service for thirty-nine years and I have never heard such firing before." I found then, for the first time, that the whole staff had been up and on horseback, had been at the front to try to find out what this firing was, and had returned almost as much perplexed as they went.

It was thus that it happened to me that I spent my first and last battle in bed.

I was acting on the principle of doing the duty which came next my hand and obeying all orders which were given to me by constituted authorities. I had not run away; I was pleased with that. And if I had not personally received the surrender of three or four battle-flags, that was my misfortune.

I had occasion afterward to hear, not to say report, much of the testimony, and to read all the rest of it, which related to this remarkable battle. Any one who will read the history of the time, as told in the Richmond newspapers and those of New York City, and will put them together, will learn that on that night a reconnoissance was sent out from our lines into the tangled shrubbery which separated our newly built works from those of the rebels. He will learn that the rebel guns mowed down these columns as corn is mowed down before a tempest. Or, if you read a Northern newspaper, you will learn that a certain column of the rebel troops, who were named, were worse than decimated by similar artillery from our works.

Every word of this was entirely false. In fact, there was a very heavy cannonading from the newly erected works on both sides. As I have said, it lasted an hour or two. Much of it on our side was from heavy guns which had been landed from the navy to strengthen the battery which we had near the river. But as the result of it all, there was never any evidence that a rabbit was scratched. Certainly no drop of human blood was shed in that encounter of giants.

How it happened so late in the evening I do not know. But what happened was this: A party of ladies had been entertained on board of one of our ships of war. As they left, an officer, with the gallantry of his profession, asked one of the ladies if she would like to see how a gun was fired, and to do pleasure to her he fired one of the guns in the darkness. At that moment everything was on the *qui vive* ashore, and our land-battery men, eager for something to do, finding that one shot was fired, thought that another had better be fired, and continued firing. This started the successive artillerists for nearly a mile, as our works ran up into the country toward the Appomattox River, and, not to be belated or accused of sleepiness, successive batteries began firing in turn. Of course this roused the equally ready artillerists on the rebel side, and they fired—I suppose at the flashes which they saw a mile or two away. And this was the famous cannonade which made the whole of my first battle.

The naval officers were dreadfully mortified, our gentlemen at headquarters were indignant beyond account, and the thing almost came to courts martial and courts of inquiry. But it was wisely thought better to leave the record of it to be made at the end of thirty years by the only person who was at all concerned, who spent the hours of the battle in his bed under canvas. Such was my first and last battle.

I soon found that since Shaffer's triumphant despatch to me things had not taken so cheerful a turn. As soon as General Butler had established his position at Bermuda Hundred he had felt his enemy on the side of Richmond, which is hardly fifteen miles away. He had a good army of men under good leaders and in great spirits, and he made a bold forward movement. I think, as I said, a good many of them felt to the day of their death that they would have been in Richmond the night of that movement but for a heavy fog which disconcerted all plans. Men and companies, not to say regiments, were lost in the fog. They all called it "fighting in a fog." The gentleman who commanded our right wing told me that he made his aides carry little sticks with them which they drove down in this place and that place, that they might be able to mark in the darkness the direction of their routes. And although there was no defeat, at the end of the day nothing had happened.

For me, as soon as I arrived I was most cordially welcomed by the staff. I was immediately registered as a member of the staff and I spent the better part of a fortnight under canvas. After one day I saw that a civilian was entirely out of place in camp; that I was in everybody's way. Of course I was very anxious to make myself useful. I was sitting with General Butler himself in his tent—a tent, by the way, which had a curious history—when he asked me to strike a bell on a table. An orderly came in and the General said, "Go tell Lieutenant Davenport that I want him." I said, "You are going to call Davenport to write shorthand. He is at work with the court martial. Do not send for him. Use me." Butler, as I said, was always profuse in his courtesies, and he affected at once that it would be a great service to him if I would write; that he did not want to detach Davenport from the court martial; and so it happened that all the time I was with him I acted as his personal secretary from eight in the morning until one every day. Somebody else then took my place, and I in the afternoon wrote out the letters and other notes which we had made in the morning. Thus for that week and more I was behind the scenes, seeing the administration of a great army in all its largest affairs and in its smallest detail. This was the good I then got out of learning to write shorthand in the Brattle Street Meeting-House when I was ten years old.

My campaign ended just when General William F. Smith was ordered off with his army corps to strengthen Grant's army on its advance from the north. Butler was sick that afternoon—sick from rage and disappointment that half his command was taken away from him. He said to me, "General Smith is coming to dine with me, but I must go to bed and you must entertain him." So Smith and I sat together at a rather gruesome dinner. I said to him, "You are all disappointed that your corps is ordered to the north." Smith said, "Humanly speaking, Mr. Hale, I was as sure of being in Petersburg to-morrow morning at eight o'clock as you are that you are sitting on that chair."

The truth was that we had planned this attack on Petersburg, and the Department at Washington, which had but little confidence in us, had ordered Smith off just in time to defeat us. Instead of taking Petersburg his corps were thrown into the carnage of Cold Harbor.

That afternoon, Sunday, General Butler sat with me on the side of a hill, as we saw Smith's division pass from his command. He told me a good deal of his early life. Among other incidents he told me of a curious chance by which he was compelled to give up his plans for serving under the Emperor of China, plans in which he would have taken the place which Chinese Gordon took afterwards. For those plans the marquee had been made in which I had dined that day.

Alas! we were not in Petersburg for well-nigh a year. But in the next April the end came. I have had the account of the sixty miles' march up the Appomattox Valley, which brought the war to an end, from the lips of Robert Lincoln, who was on Grant's staff, and of General Ord himself, who directed that wing of the army. Ord told me the story as in Texas we sat by the marble table on which the articles of surrender were written. General Ord had bought it as a historical memorial from the Virginian owner at the Appomattox Court-House. I have heard Bouvé of Washburn's force give his dramatic account of the gallant movement of the headquarters cavalry under our Colonel Washburn, of Lancaster, the last martyr of the war in Massachusetts, which met the enemy at High Bridge and really determined Lee to surrender. That battle at High Bridge ended the war, and in my judgment is the most dramatic event in the war. As yet we have no "Ballad of High Bridge," but let us hope that the boy is living who will write one.

Sister Ann

By Alice Brown

Author of "King's End," "Margaret Warrener," "The Days of His Youth," etc.

THE two Brownlow sisters came up the path at dusk, and Linda, scuttling ahead, fitted the key into their door. She did it hastily, with futile scratchings, for the matter of the key promised a mild contention between them sure to be begun upon if Ann were delayed in entering. As the lock yielded, Ann also reached the sill. She threw back her bonnet-strings and took a farewell glance at the summer twilight sifting down.

"My soul!" said she, "anybody'd think you'd been carried off every day o' your life for fifty year. Who do you s'pose wants two old maids jest let out o' prayer-meetin'?"

They walked into the house according to an established order, Ann in advance. She struck a match at the kitchen stove, and began lighting the lamp, taking pleasure meantime in its brilliant cleanliness and the bit of red flannel floating in the oil. But Linda stood motionless, her bonnet dangling from one hand.

"Ann," she whispered, piercingly, "I b'lieve I hear suthin'. Do be still a minute, an' le's see."

Ann swept relentlessly past her, and set the lamp on the table. Then she took off her own bonnet, and examined it with a loving solicitude. It was a gay creation loaded with flowers from many harvestings in drawer and bandbox. She was a slight, short woman, with gleaming eyes and a wide, satirical mouth. Her face, through laughter and the habit of mirthful comment, had fallen into lines distinctly humorous. "On'y you look at this bunnit," said she, her dry voice moved to laughter. "Ain't it been through the wars? I b'lieve I'll put on them old roses to-morrow, the ones mother wore so many year."

Linda still stood listening. In this near contrast they were an amazing pair. Ann was covered with rags and tags of finery. A sprigged muslin fell about her in scanty folds, and a scarlet bow and large cameo pin emphasized the meeting of her embroidered collar. Ann was the slave of dress, and she stood there and almost fondled her bonnet. She loved youth, and even her coarse hair had refused to turn gray. She loved happiness, and found it everywhere, little parings of it even, and heaped them together to make a pile, as she did with the scraps that formed her bonnet. Linda, much her junior, looked like a decent little old lady, with her smooth white braids and black dress. Her face was delicate in its thin transparency, and at this moment its deprecating look had deepened into fright. She put one hand upon her sister's arm and held it there.

"Oh, Ann!" she breathed, "I'm 'most sure somebody's in this house. I kinder feel so."

Ann tossed her bonnet on the table and sat down in the old-fashioned chair by the window.

"Law, no, there ain't," said she, comfortably, with the tolerant kindliness responsive to a long-familiar plaint; "you locked the door yourself." Then she fell into rocking, and struck up rather stridently:

"Fly like a youthful hart or roe!"

They had sung it at prayer-meeting that evening, and the abandon of it moved her blood. The invocation to "hills where spices grow" meant other lands and other people—countries, perhaps, where the monkeys lived and hand-organs were no passing dream.

Linda tiptoed out into the shed, and came back quivering.

"It's jest as I thought," she whispered, a pathetic hand over her heart. "You left open that shed winder after I'd locked the door an' all!"

"Why, yes," said Ann, cheerfully, pausing between slurs; "I guess the cat's got to git in. You will keep the kittens there in the shed."

Linda gave a little moan, and Ann, recalled from more robust imaginings, turned upon her an apprehending glance.

"The land alive!" said she, with kindly energy; "if you ain't the beater! You've 'most worked yourself up into a fever. Lindy, you stop your twittterin' an' set down in that chair an' act like a Christian woman."

Linda obeyed, partly because her knees failed under her, but chiefly in deference to her sister's will. But though she sank into a chair, she sat gingerly, as she had often done in a carriage when the horse was "high." She seemed to be perching like a frail and uncertain butterfly, ready for flight. Ann began a cheerful cannonade of talk to reassure her. That was a habit of hers, an ill-considered one, as Linda might have told her; for nerves are seldom stilled by much philosophy.

"You never heard what I said to Becca's mother when I was walkin' home with her?" she asked, rocking happily. "You was so took up with the minister. Wa'n't he carryin' your hymn-book? Budge as you please. Well, Mis' Waterman she says, 'It's awful queer, ain't it, your aunt Mary left that clock to Lindy, when she'd promised it to Solon over 'n' over again?' 'I guess that's the reason,' says I. 'He wore her all out thornin' her.' 'But she promised,' says she. You know how that voice o' hern gits away from her. Jest like Becca's for all the world! 'Oh, well,' says I, 'mebbe she promised to git red on him.' 'Solon says it's 'most criminal,' says she. You must ha' heard her squeakin' higher 'n higher, when you was tiptoein' along there with the minister. 'He says he should feel jestified in goin' in an' takin' down that clock off'n your wall an' carryin' on't home.' 'That the trouble betwixt him an' Becca?' says I. 'That why she's left him an' gone home to you?' Mis' Waterman never could hold her tongue. You know that as well as I do. She put her mouth up to my ear, and says she, 'Well, I don't mind tellin' ye that begun it. Becca got tired to death hearin' him go on about it, an' she told him so, an' then he fired up an' they had a great to-do, an' fit an' parted, an' Becca run off home. Put two o' that kind together an' it's fire an' tow.' 'Well,' says I, 'it's a terrible small thing to part husband an' wife; a kitchen clock 'most a hundred years old.'" Ann cast an indifferent eye at the banjo-shaped clock on the opposite wall. Its door had swung open, and the pendulum swayed in drowsy time.

Linda leaped from her chair, and with one swooping movement gained her sister's side.

"There's somebody in the sullar-way!" said she, below her breath. "Suthin' fell."

Something was falling then, bump upon bump, down the cellar stairs.

Ann shook off her sister's hand and smiled at her. "Law!" said she, "that's on'y the cat. You se' down. I went on talkin' to Mis' Waterman, but I kep' my own counsel. Law! thinks I, if Solon was mad the day he an' Becca fit, I guess ye wouldn't ha' known him to-day. For ye see I crossed the lot this arternoon, where he was hoein', and I stopped an' kinder led up to the clock. I touched him off like gunpowder. My soul! but I did put him through! Didn't say much of anything neither. A little here an' a little there! 'A word in season,' says the minister to-night. 'Well, Solon,' says I, when I walked away, 'look out ye don't bust a blood-vessel.'"

Linda crept nearer and put her mouth to her sister's ear. "Ann," she said, in the smallest whisper, "there's a man in the sullar-way. I hear him breathe."

"Well! well! you le' me git over there. I'll rout him out!"

"No! no! he'll fall foul of us!"

"Why don't ye bolt the door then? If you're afraid to git him out, lock him in." At least Ann was alive to the situation. There was no hidden man. In all these years of expectation they had never been molested, though Linda was perpetually afraid. If she was not afraid of one thing she was of another. Moreover, when her fright proved groundless, she fell into such relief that it almost seemed a blessing to have had the panic. Ann so liked a little drama that now she had an unfeigned joy in watching Linda stealing across the floor. She called to her between gusts of laughter:

"Law, you poor soul! if it's goin' to be any comfort to ye, you le' me." She strode across the room to the cellar door and shot the bolt. Then, at once, she recoiled, as if the mate of Linda's timorous soul had crept into her own flesh. From the other side of the door a man's voice issued:

"Here! you le' me out! you've fastened me down sullar!"

The crisis had arrived. Somebody had got into the house at last, and Linda, after one clutch at her heart, felt a strong reaction. It had come. It was no worse than she expected. It was even better. She had a sudden, unreasoned certainty that it was over now, and need never happen again. But Ann stood silent for an instant only, and then her voice rang out:

"That you, Solon Green?"

"Who'd ye think it was?" returned the voice. "You le' me up!"

"My soul!" breathed Linda, and put out a hand to draw the bolt; but Ann withstood her. Ann's eyes were gleaming. She saw her chance and loved it.

"Well, Solon Green," said she, "what you on our sullar stairs for? Speak up now! Account for yourself!"

Solon was silent, and she called again:

"Come! come! you answer up, or I'll have in the neighbors, an' prove ye've been breakin' an' enterin'. What ye down there for?"

"I heard ye comin'," remarked Solon in a muffled tone. "I stepped in."

"You heard us comin'! Well, what were you up to when ye heard us comin'?"

"Oh, Ann," put in Linda, pleadingly, "don't ye keep on maddin' him. You jest let him up, or we sha'n't get to bed this night."

But Ann had turned a swift look at the wall behind her. "My land alive!" she cried, "you've been takin' down that clock. There's one screw half out now. Solon Green, how do you dast to do such a thing? You a professin' Christian and runnin' for selec'man!"

"It's my clock," shouted Solon. "I told ye so this arternoon. I give ye warnin'!"

Ann drew the large rocking-chair in front of the door and sat down in it. She began swaying happily backward and forward, and as she rocked, she sang. Her voice rose piercingly upon "Invocation." It seemed a song of triumph.

"Le' me up," roared Solon from behind the door, and Linda kept on with her pattering staccato:

"Ann, you let him out. Like's not he'll do us mischief. Fust thing you know he'll burn the barn."

"He won't burn the barn while he's down sullar," said Ann, at the end of a measure.

"Oh, Ann, you ain't going to keep him down there as long as he lives, be ye?"

"I don't know as I be, an' I don't know *but* I be!" replied Ann, with a gigantic calm, and returned to her singing. But at that moment Solon's voice was far sweeter to her than her own, and presently she was listening with a model courtesy while he alternately raged and pleaded.

"Now, Solon," said she, finally, "I'll tell ye what I'll do. You make a bargain with me, and I'll let ye up. You give me your word you won't meddle nor make with that clock! Will ye?"

"No, I won't! I'll bust the door in fust."

"So do," returned Ann, suavely, "an' I'll have ye arrested before the break o' day."

Linda moaned a little, and began walking the floor. The latch of the outer door was rattling. It lifted, and a woman stepped swiftly in. It was Becca, Solon's wife.

Becca was a little woman, with a thin, freckled face, and sandy hair twisted into a knot. Her light blue eyes were sharp as needles, and a red rim about them told the tale of recent tears. She was trembling, and when she began at once to speak, her high voice also quivered to the point of breaking.

"I know all about it," she announced. "Mother came home from prayer-meetin' an' she let it out."

"Do tell," inquired Ann, with a specious courtesy. "What she say? I should admire to know."

"It's about that clock," said Becca, accumulating fury as she spoke. "That clock was Solon's, if ever anything was. An' it's a sin an' shame for Aunt Mary to go an' leave it to Lindy. Solon's got the rights on't."

"Law me!" said Ann, with a rejoicing eye on the cellar door, "seems to me you're terrible fond o' Solon all to once. I thought you'd left him."

"It's nothing to nobody whether I've left him or not. That's between him an' me. Solon Green's as good a man as ever drawed the breath o' life."

"Mebbe he is," agreed Ann, craftily. "You can't say much for his temper, though, now, Becca. You know that."

"His temper's his own," said Becca, justly.

"Ann, Ann!" breathed Linda, "there's somebody knockin' at the door. Oh, Ann, we can't have nobody else in here this night!"

"Open the door," said Ann, expansively. "The more the merrier!"

Linda, with a little complaining note under her breath, drew the door timorously open, and stood behind it. She was prepared for anything. There was a halting step on the sill, and a man came looming in, looking about him in a futile fashion with mild blue eyes.

"Law me! If it ain't the minister!" cried Ann.

Mr. Grigsby was a bulky person, a little stooping, with a plain and thoughtful face. In winter he wore a shawl, and even on a summer night like this, a little muffler. He had a delicate throat. Linda adored him tremulously, as her spiritual head; but to-night she stood before him in a quivering resistance, as if to keep him out.

"I carried away your hymn-book," he said to her. "I thought you might be wondering."

"Sit down, Mr. Grigsby," said Ann, with great cheerfulness, holding her place by the cellar door. "We're all down in the mouth here, three women folks together. 'Law,' says I to myself—'twa'n't half an hour ago—'I wish't some men folks'd drop in.'"

"Oh, Ann!" said Linda.

But the minister had no ears for them. He was holding Becca's hand, and Becca was struggling between her official reverence and her wifely zeal. Mr. Grigsby was speaking with a veiled reproach.

"Sister Green, you were not at our gathering to-night!"

Becca drew away her hand. "No, Mr. Grigsby," said she, "I wa'n't."

"Your husband was not there either."

"He's busy," said Becca, unblushingly.

"Yes," corroborated Ann; "I'll answer for Solon. He ain't had sca'cely a minute to himself the whole evenin' long."

The minister shifted his bulk from one uneasy foot to the other. He felt the trammels of his office.

"I am told," said he, "that there is some slight trouble between you and your husband. I trust the rumor—"

Becca grew taller. She seemed to rise before him like a flame of fire. Her cheeks were hot, and her eyes shot forth little darts of defiance. Her voice shrilled like an insect on a summer noon.

"I dunno what's got into this place, that anybody can't make a week's visit in peace. Thinks I, I'll go an' stay a spell at my old home, an' nothin' 'll do but I've gone for good. I ain't livin' with my husband, says you. Well, what if I ain't? Is that anything ag'inst him? or me either, for that matter? Solon Green's as good a man as ever walked the earth, an' if a woman can't git along with him she deserves to be switched." She stopped tremulously upon the word, and the minister cleared his throat.

"I am glad," said he, "sincerely glad."

"Lindy," commanded Ann, alight with glee, "you take the minister into the fore-room an' show him Aunt Mary's picture. We've had it enlarged from that old ambrotype. Becca, you go too."

There was a thud in the cellar-way. Solon had hit his head against a shelf.

"What's that?" asked Becca.

"Oh, Ann," cried Linda. "My suz!"

"It's only the cat," said Ann, with the large carelessness of one who dominates the situation. "We've got a terrible queer kind of a cat. 'Most like a human bein'! You couldn't tell 'em apart. Come, come, Lindy! You take this lamp and show the folks into t'other room. I'll light up here."

Linda threw open the entry door with a trembling haste. She seemed to be wafting the others before her, and Ann, lighting the lamp at the mantel, chuckled richly. When the minister's halting step had crossed the sill, she shut the door behind him and flew back to Solon. She put her lips to the crack between them.

"Solon," said she in a whisper, "ever hear the beat o' that?" There was no answer, but she almost thought she heard low laughter from the other side. "Solon, you listen! I'm goin' to read ye a sermon. You dunno women folks, an' I do. Ain't Becca gi'n you a character? Ain't she took all the blame on her own shoulders? Now you hear to me. When you make up with her, don't ye never tell ye heard her say that, till your dyin' day. You hear to me!" Solon did not speak. "Solon," said Ann, "I hear 'em movin' round in there. They're comin'. An' I'm goin' to let ye out right in their face an' eyes."

Solon kicked the stairs, and Ann shook with silent laughter. So had he raged in their school-days. So had she baited him then.

"I give ye one more chance," said she, "jest one. You swear you'll never bother Lindy about that clock?"

"I won't swear to nothin'!"

"They're comin'. I'm going to do it, Solon. You know I will. Do you give up all claim to that 'ere clock?"

"No!"

Ann raised her voice.

"Lindy, you come right back here and bring Mr. Grigsby! Solon, you promise?"

"No!"

"Lindy, come now! Bring the minister. I got suthin' to show him. Solon, will ye?"

There was a fateful pause. The minister's step was on the entry floor. Solon heard it.

"Yes!" he bellowed. "Open the door!"

"Ye give up all right and title to it?"

"Yes!"

"Ye promise not to thorn Lindy about it?"

"Yes, yes." He could not answer fast enough.

Ann shot the bolt. He stumbled into the kitchen, and Becca met him face to face. As for Ann, there was no time to close the door, and she leaned forward into the cellar-way and called speciously, "Kitty! kitty! kitty!"

"For mercy sake, Solon Green!" said Becca, fractiously; "what's the matter o' you?" Solon was rumpled like a bird of prey. His red hair stood erect; even his hairy hands seemed bristling.

"Anything happened?" asked the minister, concernedly.

But Solon addressed his wife.

"Well, Becca," said he, "you ready to come home?"

The tone was gruff, but Becca flushed a little, happily. It was a tongue she knew.

"I guess so," said she, indifferently, yet with an involuntary triumph in her look at Ann. Ann laughed light-heartedly.

"Got pretty tired o' bachin' on't, Solon, didn't ye?" said she. "Law! I never'd be married if I had to be so tied to anybody's apron-strings I couldn't let 'em stay a day or two with their own mother."

Solon and his wife were walking toward the door, with an odd look of kinship and defiance of all the world beside. At the sill, Ann called to them:

"Here! here! hold on a minute! Solon, you jest as soon tighten up the screw in that old clock? It's come part way out. There's a screw-driver in your coat pocket. I see the end on't."

Solon regarded her for a perceptible second with a look of unwilling admiration. Then he walked slowly back across the floor, lifted his hand to the clock, tightened the screw, and shut the little glass door. A slow smile widened his mouth.

"Ann," said he, regardless of the minister, "if you ain't the Old One himself, you're pretty nigh kin to him."

"Much obliged, cousin Solon," returned Ann, with delicate meaning; "good-night!"

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Babel and Bible: A Lecture on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Translated from the German by Thomas J. McCormack. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 6×9 in. 66 pages.

A good instance of the way in which conclusions of scholarly research may be put into popular and readable form without impairing their interest for scholars. In compact form is here presented much that is of value in showing the indebtedness of the Hebrew writers to Babylonian civilization and literature. Some points, however, are unquestionably pressed too far after the fashion of those writers on mythology upon whose methods Andrew Lang has so effectively cast doubt.

Creation-Story of Genesis I. (The). By Dr. Hugo Radau. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 6×9 in. 70 pages.

This attempt to show how the priestly author of the first chapter of Genesis became "the first higher critic," and thus eliminated the mythical element of the Babylonian account of creation from the Hebrew story, is painstaking, but is too technical to interest the ordinary reader, who will hardly agree with the author that "especially interesting is the dingir Innanna nin-char-sag," though he may be somewhat amused to learn the distinction between gods and goddesses according to the formula, "Mr. ZU is EN-ZU and Mrs. ZU is NIN-ZU." The author's conclusion that the creation-story is the description of "an evolution" sounds like one of those attempts to harmonize that story with the results of modern natural science which Dr. Delitzsch in his "Babel and Bible" justly characterizes as "absolutely futile." Such dry and minute scholarship, very necessary as it is, and in this case of interest to students of Babylonian inscriptions, needs something more than academic exactness to be convincing—namely, a practical knowledge of human nature and the ways of men. Of such knowledge this monograph gives no evidence.

Elementary Commercial Geography (An). By Cyrus C. Adams. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., 5×3 in. 351 pages. $1.10.

An abridgment of a larger work by a man who has made a thorough study of his subject. There are many maps and apt illustrations.

European and Japanese Gardens. By A. D. F. Hamlin and Others. Edited by Glenn Brown. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 6½×10 in. 162 pages. $2, net.

A well-made volume, handsomely illustrated, which contains four papers read before the American Institute of Architects on Italian, English, and Japanese gardens, and edited for the Institute of Architects by Mr. Glenn Brown, who tells us in his introduction that it is only within a very recent period that American architects have appreciated the fact that the garden should be designed in connection with the house, and that at its thirty-fourth annual convention the American Institute of Architects made gardens one of the principal subjects of discussion in order to emphasize their relation to domestic architecture. The papers read on that occasion are reprinted in this book, the aim of which is both æsthetic and practical; to present to the eye, both by description and illustration, the most beautiful examples of gardens of different kinds, and to stimulate the treatment of gardens in connection with houses.

Folly in the Forest. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 282 pages. $1.

A jolly little book in which an imagined forest is peopled with many famous animals and people of fiction and mythology—the Sphinx, Poe's Raven, Robinson Crusoe's Goat, *et al.*—all for the pleasure of the little child Folly.

Harmless Revolution (A). By Grace Miller White. Illustrated. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 7×5 in. 38 pages. 50c.

An attempt to teach the principles of punctuation through dialogues between the different marks, which are personified and presented in comic pictures.

Neither Bond Nor Free. (A Plea.) By G. Langhorne Pryor. The J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 239 pages. $1.

New Living Hymns (The). Compiled by John Wanamaker. (Living Hymns No. 2.) John J. Hood, Philadelphia. 5¼×8 in. 351 pages. 45c.

This is one of those religious song-books that depress one with a sense of the amazing triviality which seems to satisfy hosts of Americans in the expression of their religious emotions. In fairness, it ought to be said, however, that this book prints a larger minority of dignified hymns and tunes than can be found in many hymn-books which, on the other hand, do not contain the inanities that appear here.

Practice of Immortality (The). By Washington Gladden. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 24 pages.

Urbs Beata: A Vision of the Perfect Life. By Herbert Cushing Tolman, Ph.D., D.D. The Young Churchman Co., Milwaukee. 5×8 in. 87 pages. 75c., net.

A series of five-minute addresses, thirty in all, at morning prayer in the chapel of Vanderbilt University is comprised under the above title. Profoundly spiritual thought blends here with fine simplicity, and the wisdom of an accomplished scholar with the truth as it is in Jesus. The thought that gives unity to the series is that "ideal life is ideal manhood, and ideal manhood is the Christ life"—the life that is eternal. It is just the sort of book for any busy man or woman to take up for five minutes' reading day by day, as food for the soul.

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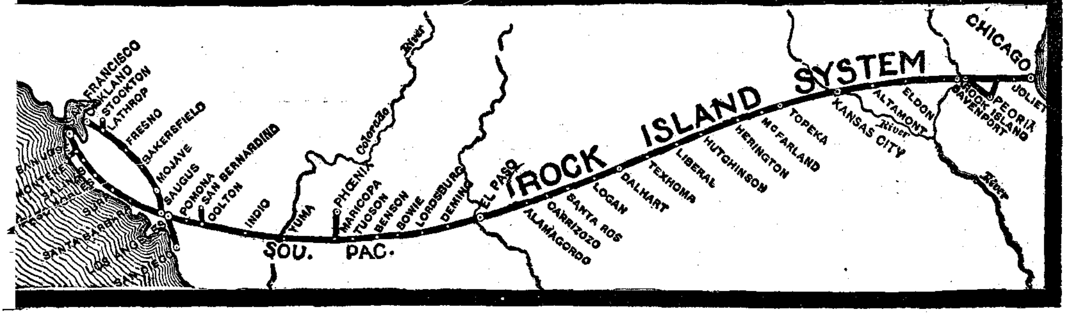
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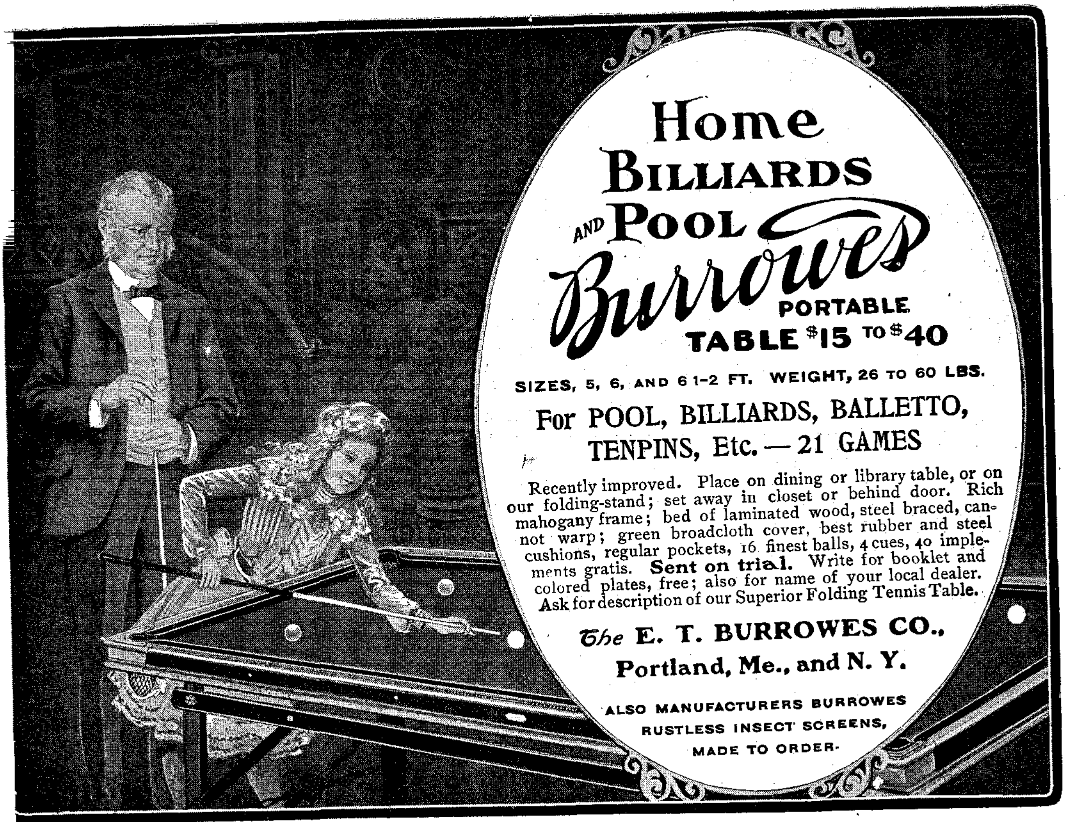

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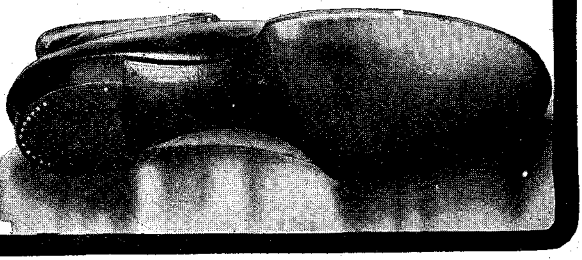

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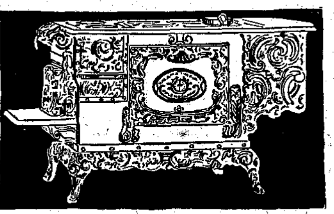

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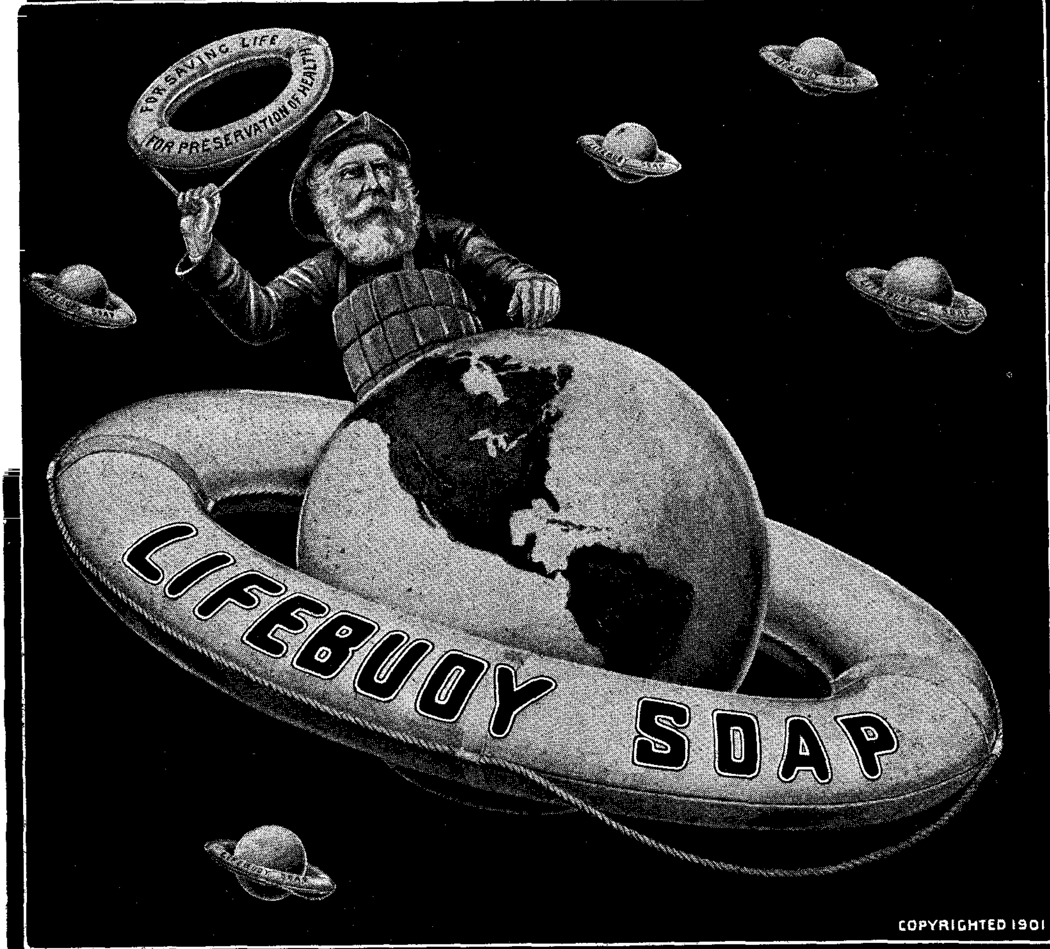
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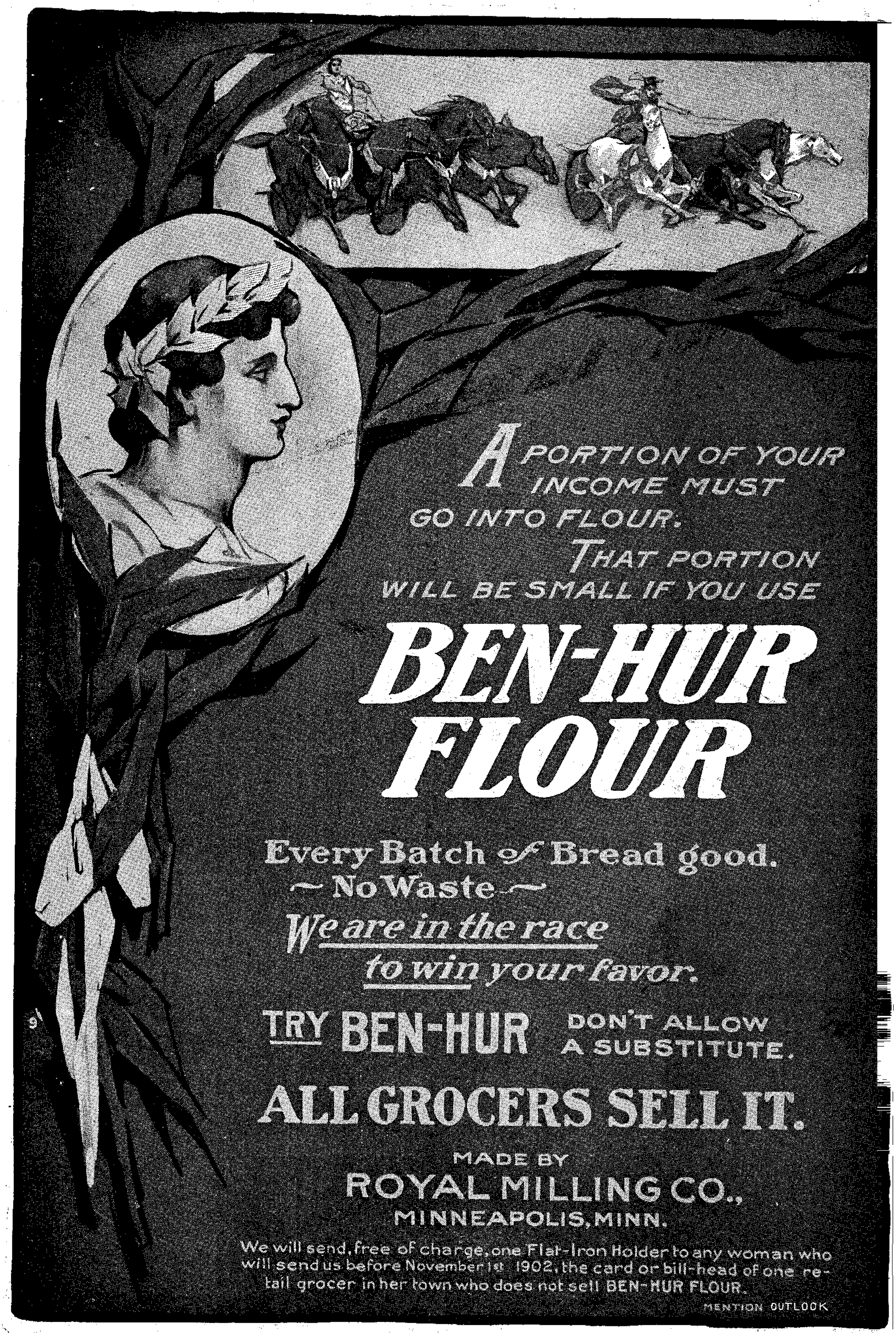

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